

Kichen, 20. Nov. 1936

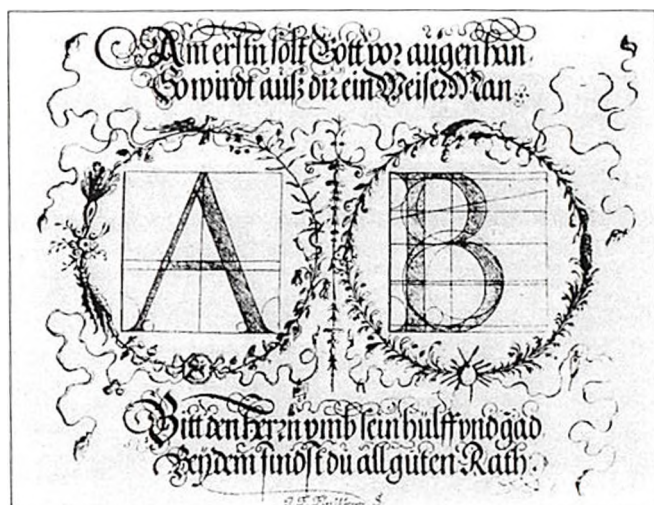


Adolf Busch

LETTERS — PICTURES — MEMORIES

VOLUME TWO





Ex libris...



Adolf Busch

LETTERS — PICTURES — MEMORIES

Compiled by
IRENE BUSCH SERKIN

Translated by
RUSSELL STOCKMAN

VOLUME TWO

ARTS & LETTERS PRESS
WALPOLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

© Copyright 1991 by Irene Serkin-Busch.
All rights reserved.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 91-72612

This first edition of 600 copies is not intended for the trade. For orders
and information, kindly write:

Arts & Letters Press
P. O. Box 101
Walpole, New Hampshire 03608-0101

*Manufactured in the United States of America
at The Book Press,
Brattleboro, Vermont*

CONTENTS

VOLUME ONE

<i>Foreword</i> , Ernst Gombrich	vii
<i>Inspiration</i> , Dorothy Canfield Fisher	xiii
<i>Appreciation</i> , Irene Busch Serkin	xv
<i>Earliest Recollections</i>	xvii
LETTERS 1906-09	1
LETTERS 1910-19	23
LETTERS 1920-29	213

VOLUME TWO

LETTERS 1930-39	267
LETTERS 1940-49	397
LETTERS 1950-52	515
<i>Remembrances</i>	541
<i>Chronology</i>	559
<i>Members of the Busch Quartet</i>	562
<i>Family Trees</i>	563
<i>Permissions</i>	567
<i>Index</i>	569

*Letters and phrases within letters that are in English in the originals
are here reproduced in Italics.*



Letters 1930-39



FROM YEHUDI MENUHIN

San Francisco
April 12, [1930]

Dear Prof. Busch!

I can't begin to tell you anything compared to what I would like to tell you. I am now counting the seconds until we see each other again. Now it is barely a month away. Then we can discuss everything.

My work with Hupsie¹ is a delight. I look forward to each morning that we rehearse together. I know that you will be very proud when you hear him. But now it is very late and Father wants me to go to bed.

See you soon!

Best regards and love to Frau Prof., Irene, and Rudy.

Yehudi

TO HERMANN BUSCH

Munich
[June 1930]

Dear Hermann,

It hasn't happened, for I haven't been able to talk with Paul yet. It wasn't possible during the concerts, and last night (after the last concert) Paul had to leave immediately. I don't want to write him, so I will have to wait for a chance to meet with him. I am only writing you to say that you should already start studying all the Beethoven quartets thoroughly, learning all the solo passages in them by heart. Also the quartets of Mozart (especially the solo quartets), Brahms, Reger, at least those for which you can find the parts (don't buy them specially!), Schubert D-major, Mendelssohn, etc. The most important thing is Beethoven, I have to be certain that technically everything is secure. — Please continue to keep it absolutely quiet. — I will be happy when it has happened and I have the pleasure of working with you more intensively than before. Please, my dear boy, prepare yourself as well as you possibly can. All of the solos by heart!

All the best to you, sincerely, and very best regards to Lotte from all of us,
Your Adolf

TO HERMANN BUSCH

Basel
June 8, 1930

My dear Hermann,

It's happened. I talked with Paul day before yesterday — it was just as I thought it would be, and I am glad that one has to do something like that so seldom in life. I am very sorry for Paul, although he is not showing himself to be especially worthy just now. He wants the quartet to be dissolved, and reorganized after a year. I don't agree — and so far neither does Gösta — for in the fact that you (as my brother) are to be his successor and not any old cellist, I don't see anything hurtful to Paul. — Of course I don't know yet what the situation will look like to people later, that will become clear soon enough. In any case, you are now a member of the quartet and that makes me

¹ Hubert Giessen, Yehudi's accompanist.

very happy. I anticipate the very best from our collaboration in every respect. I am definitely expecting you on the 27th of June for a week of rehearsals, the actual rehearsals (in Holzdorf, at Dr. Krebs's) don't begin until August (12!), and go on there for two weeks, to be continued then, presumably, in Basel in September. On June 27, then, we will make our first assault (here in Basel), in order to see what all needs to be done. We have to "come through," and we will come through. The amount of work ahead of us is tremendous, but it will also be very pleasant, you will enjoy it a lot. It is important that you make yourself free immediately (which you ought to have done anyway, that sort of work in Pymont isn't appropriate for you), that you get a little rest before the work begins, and that you count on having to be here possibly even earlier than the start of rehearsals (27th of June). We all — Frieda, Rudi, and I — think it best that you move to Freiburg im Breisgau. You would then be close to Basel, which is of greatest importance to me in the interest of working together more easily, and we hope that you would have a good chance at a supplemental income there (through connections that we have there — mainly through Gerdes¹). But for the moment don't worry about a thing in that regard. We will work on all of that together. I will be in Basel the whole time from now on; if you want to talk to me, you can come (with cello) at any time. Living expenses and an apartment in Freiburg will not be expensive, and the surroundings are wonderful. I'm certain that is a good idea. And we would all be delighted to have you nearby. But mostly I am looking forward to seeing you and to all the beautiful things we have ahead of us and our working together — I can ask Riri² if he would possibly like to go to Dresden as 2nd "solo" cellist and take your place in Pymont. You've got to quit that job right away.

Stay well, dear boy. All best to Lotte from all of us.

Write!

Sincerely,

Your (hurried) Adolf

FROM YEHUDI MENUHIN

Munich

October 11 [1930]

Dear Prof. Busch:

I will try to write in German, but I'm afraid that I'm better on the violin.

The concert yesterday was very nice, and Hupsie played decently. In the Beethoven we were perfectly together, and we understood each other musically. In the Bach I used lots of bow and didn't press much. The Dvorák never went better, and the smaller pieces were truly flawless. I played

¹ Justice Hermann (?) Gerdes, a friend in Freiburg.

² Henri Honegger, cellist in Geneva and a good friend.

cleanly on the whole.

Munich is a pretty city. We are now going to the German Museum, and this afternoon to a "lake" near the high mountains.

Stay well! I hope that we see you sometime.

As always, your (too) grateful

Yehudi

FROM MOSHE MENUHIN

Basel

October 13, 1930

Dear Professor Busch!

We are here a few days, and would have wished nothing better than have the joy of seeing you and yours again before continuing our tour.

I am happy to report to you, which you undoubtedly appreciate uppermost as I do, that Yehudi looks and feels splendidly! He has returned to Basel after the concerts of Geneva and Zurich, looking so well that it made our hearts glad.

About Yehudi's playing, you will no doubt hear from your friends in the above cities. I am also enclosing reviews from Geneva. I have not seen any reviews as yet from Zurich. Personally, watching closely Yehudi's development as I do and being an objective observer, in spite of being father, I can see tremendous growth in Yehudi's musical development as well as intellectual and physical. Your constant influence over him, during your absence almost as effective as during the summer months, can be seen always. He loves you, your person, your art, your sincerity!

Needless on my part to tell you in words how happy I am over this touching regard Yehudi has for you and your art.

With greetings to you, Frau Busch, Irene, and dear Mr. Serkin (whom we did not want to disturb in his practice when we were at your home to say goodbye),

Sincerely,

Moshe Menuhin

FROM YEHUDI MENUHIN

Basel

October 13, 1930

Dear Prof. Busch!

Ever since I last saw you I have been thinking of you very often and have been inspired by the thought many times.

It would be lovely if we could meet sometimes before I leave for America. That would be grand.

I feel just fine; I hope you do too.

Please remember me to Frau Busch, Irene, and "Rudy"!

With much love and best wishes,

Your Yehudi

"Watch your step!"¹

FROM YEHUDI MENUHIN

Cologne

November 7, 1930

Dear Prof. Busch!

You have so many friends here. I must send you best wishes from Prof. Eldering. He was so happy that I was studying with you and said that I made great progress since last year, which made me very happy. I think one learns a lot from such a tour.

Well, father says I have to go to bed now, so I will wish you a fine and successful tour, above all good health, and best wishes to Frau Busch and Irene and to "Rudy."

Always, your loving

Yehudi

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Basel

May 31, 1931

Dearest Otto,

So, you're not satisfied with being 11 years older than I — for 2 months you insist on having a 12-year head start on me in age and wisdom. I guess I'll have to come to terms with that. Since you are geographically far enough away from me and in any case in no position to take physical advantage of the increased difference in age (forgive me) should we happen to quarrel, it is easier for me to accept it. Besides, today I am in a decidedly conciliatory mood and very tractable, for this morning I had my last concert for this "winter" (the next to last in Milan with 90° in the shade), and only now do I realize how hard I worked this winter — and am "completely" down. Tomorrow Rudi and I may go to the mountains — then I want to start writing on some quartet pieces and later a larger work for orchestra.

We will miss you tomorrow on our tour, as we always do when we are seeing and enjoying anything beautiful. To me it will be especially long this time before we are really together again, and it does seem as though it will be a month and a half before we have any time together. (?) Frieda has probably written you everything interesting and new about our lives in the last few days.

The disgraceful treatment of Toscanini upset us terribly, and continues to

¹ Yehudi's father was forever saying this to the boy so as to prevent him from possibly hurting himself, and the Busch family liked to tease him with it.

do so. It is obscene what they did.¹ I have to close, Dr. Ansbacher will be coming shortly on his way from Berlin to Milan, and we first have to eat.

Stay well, dear boy. All the best on your birthday, for which I seem to be empty-handed. However you will receive some recordings of Rudi and me "belatedly," which you will enjoy. I embrace you as one of your oldest and dearest friends, at least I flatter myself in thinking so, and moreover as your brother-in-law, pupil, and debtor for all eternity.

Your Adolf

TO RUDOLF SERKIN

[America]

November 29, 1931

My dear Boy,

A thousand thanks for your nice letter, which arrived the day of the 1st rehearsal with T.¹ I had a chance to read it in the car. Meanwhile I am feeling considerably better — in fact I haven't felt so terrific as I do now for a long time. Everything has gone well, in the 1st rehearsal I was tense but not unduly agitated, and by that afternoon things were already a lot better — I felt freer — I had 2 rehearsals (on Wednesday), and in the concert I felt much more secure. The maestro projects a tremendous calm, because he doesn't make any "fuss" at all — I think that is probably the main reason for it, shows incredible concentration even in rehearsals. It is impossible to describe it in a few words. He always makes music as though he were performing in a concert. And from the very first moment as though this was it. He doesn't

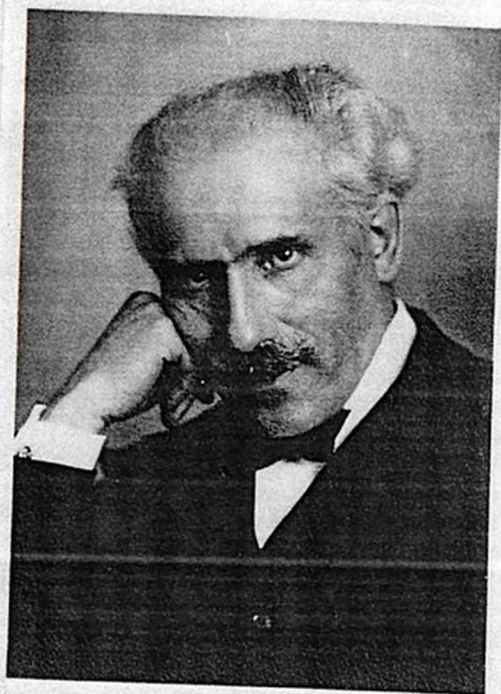
¹ Before a memorial concert in Bologna, Toscanini had refused to conduct the Fascist anthem. In retaliation, a gang of Party members attacked him and beat him, also wounding his chauffeur. He was forced to take refuge in his Milan apartment, where his passport was taken away and he was treated like a prisoner. The Busches and Serkin left for Italy sooner than necessary for a concert in Milan, and once there they were constantly observed, even in their hotel, where the outer doors to their rooms were constantly being opened. For this reason they arranged to meet with Toscanini's good friend Dr. Luigi Ansbacher in the Galleria, where they could talk without being overheard, and there he told them everything that had happened. They then called on Toscanini and his family, who otherwise did not see a soul, as the building entrance was filled with Party thugs in leather jackets and their motorcycles. Toscanini sat impassively in his easy chair until Adolf struck a few chords on the piano. He then jumped up, and immediately they were involved in a musical discussion. Sometime before, Winifred Wagner had invited Toscanini to conduct at Bayreuth. He gave the Busches his written acceptance, for if he had tried to mail it the censors would surely have confiscated it. They took the letter back with them to Switzerland, being careful to take a seldom-used route, and forwarded it from there. Bayreuth requested that Toscanini come, and thus he was able to get out of Italy.

¹ Adolf played the Bach A-minor and the Beethoven concerto with Toscanini and the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. In Boston He played the Brahms under Koussevitzky, in Chicago the Beethoven with Stock.



With Toscanini in Bayreuth, Villa Wahnfried, July 1931.

comprehend stupidities, mistakes, etc., and for that reason all the thousand things one otherwise has to think about and be afraid of simply do not occur. Under him one plays precisely (I am thinking especially of the orch.) — one cannot do otherwise. You play with the proper dynamics because you understand immediately what he wants. The only thing that has to be “studied” — paradoxical as it seems — is the “*expressson*” — and that to his extreme annoyance. He doesn’t comprehend that either. Especially in Mozart. He doesn’t want anything written in the parts, preferring that you play it out of your own feeling. He certainly doesn’t tell you how. But he curses when someone doesn’t understand and feel what he wants from his movements. “It seems to me you don’t like this music! Don’t play, sing!” — and everybody freezes. All of this work is wonderful. And something altogether extraordinary. To my mind, Fritz is the only other conductor of equal (if not superior) talent who demonstrates this degree of integrity and courtesy, and while playing with Maestro I was constantly reminded of him — but this kind of seriousness and this immense concentration, and concentration solely on the music (not diffused by incidentals such as conducting

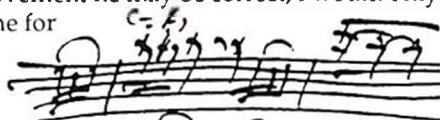


alla Carolina 1^a Trene Busch.
 con una simpatia e tenerezza
 di cui sempre sono tra i più
 grandi ammiratori del mio
 meraviglioso papà.


Maggio 28-431 Enrico Toscanini

Toscanini autograph.

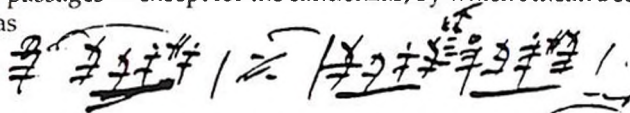
technique, worry about precision if not worse, etc.) even Fritz doesn't have. Much as it saddens me to say so. At least not often. And rarely through an entire piece. You will understand what I mean. — It is particularly interesting that in order to play with him (with T.), you have to be in agreement with him. For that reason he cannot abide soloists in the usual sense. He told me himself: "I cannot accompany, I can only make music." We had a piano rehearsal ahead of time, and he requested it, so that we would feel comfortable. We discussed a few things, he was right about Beethoven. In the Bach I feel that a bit more calm in the 1st and 2nd movements wouldn't do any harm. In the 2nd movement, in order to have the time I needed (for all of the Bach phrasings and bowings), I also had to play with extreme tension with regard to expression. I don't know whether you understand. I didn't choose to change my "tempo," and he can't change his. So finally it was something in between, and I believe it was very beautiful. In the first movement he may be correct, I would only have liked to have a little more time for



But since I don't require more

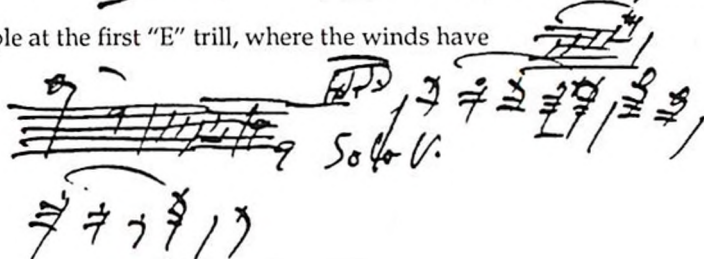
for  , etc., I don't get any more here either.

He is much more strict about sticking to the basic tempo than I am — though exercising the greatest freedom in details. And I was under the impression (or feared) that I was the "non plus ultra." In the Beethoven he even conducts my solo passages — except for the cadenzas, by which I mean Beethoven's cadenzas



etc., for

example at the first "E" trill, where the winds have



he calmly keeps conducting as though I were his concertmaster, and I have to tell you, all that is wonderful. In the slow movement he gives the quarter notes (relaxed ones), and I don't have to be in control, and this way one feels terrifically at ease. But it is necessary to stay together, and truly — except with Fritz (I am only speaking of conductors) — I'm not used to that. But a "battle" would take the same forms as one between you and me, think of the

Beethoven G-major:



111

And it could only come to that as seldom as it does between us. Of course you and I know each other even better, and have done so longer, and with him I am "only" playing 2 pieces. — But for the moment enough of that. You will have to listen to a lot of what I have to tell about making music with Toscanini, and when you write about it, it is too imprecise. — I was very happy about the Romantic Suite¹ under Fritz — what you said about it. A wonderful piece, which I then recommended to the maestro most forcefully, telling him what you wrote. I feel that he is a little afraid of the work involved — especially now that his pains keep him feeling depressed. — We had a wonderful concert (poor acoustics) in the Metropolitan — the one that I hope you heard on the radio. But he is unhappy about his arm, which troubles him a lot. He keeps talking about sailing back with us,² and he also tells everyone, whether



With Rudolf Serkin, early 1930s.

¹ Reger's op. 125.

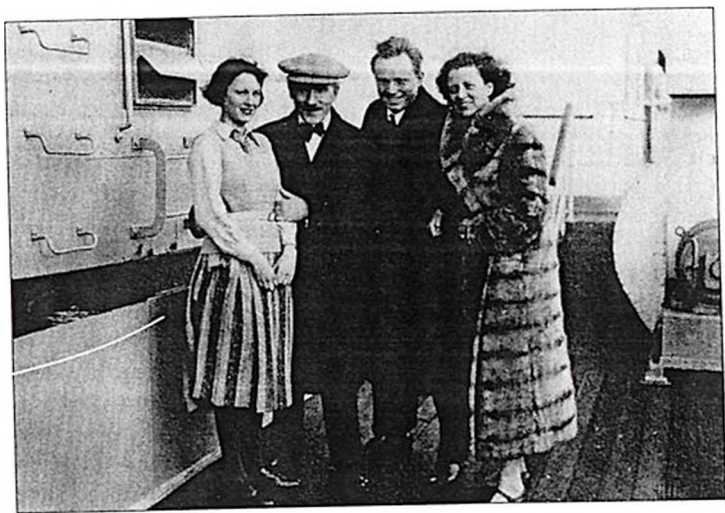
² Which in fact he did.

or not they want to hear it, that it was only for my sake that he came! That otherwise he would have cancelled. But he still wants to finish the concerts with me! I hope that things get better and he stays, it would be unfortunate in every respect if he did otherwise, or had to do so. Don't say anything about it!! If Männe³ is there, tell him to keep his mouth shut! I haven't said anything to Fritz about the "Feierlicher," but in Berlin it was rushed, and lacked the proper expression in puncto tranquility. Ultimately he has to have his own tempo. And also in future I won't find fault with things like that, it is always the wrong thing to do.

So, my dear boy, I look forward to coming home every day, for your sake, as I miss you terribly — above all because I can't bear making music without you, but also a little bit for other reasons. I am looking forward to the quartet a lot, and here I am thinking especially of Hermann and Gösta, I don't think too happily about Doktorchen — but here too I have learned something from the maestro. He enhances the abilities of all musicians, mainly by...but I'll get into that in my next letter, or when I see you.

I embrace you with all the old love and friendship,

Your A.



*Irene Busch, Toscanini, and Adolf and Frieda Busch returning
from the American tour, December 1931.*

³ Hermann Busch.

TO HERMANN BUSCH

Badenweiler
May 30, 1932

Dear boy,

Many thanks for your marvellous letter in English. But as you notice, I am not customed to write in English, and so I prefer to answer in German. Only I wish to say, that I am very proud to have a brother so clever, intelligent and energetic (I don't know the orthographie of the last word). Now then, you miserable wretch, I don't like writing letters as it is, and now I'm supposed to jabber at you in English? I am only writing you to say that I recently spoke to Herr von Müller about your nose and your need to have it beautified. The doctor's name is Lexer; I don't know which hospital he does his repairs in. You could find out, if necessary, through Frau Horn at the South German Concert Agency, Munich, Wurzerstrasse. Herr Councilor Prof. Dr. von M[üller] (Bavariaring 47) told me, when I mentioned that you had not come into a large inheritance (at that time I hadn't yet heard about your pupil!), that he could speak to Lexer, and that he felt you wouldn't have to worry about it. But I don't know whether you would now do better to ask Müller to talk to Lexer, or to approach L. yourself, and tell him that Herr von M. had kindly offered to speak with him about your case. I would write to Lexer, telling him that you feel you should not postpone the cosmetic surgery, given the fact that you spend so much time before the public, and request him to undertake the correction. That he might be so good as to inform you what expense would be as unavoidable for you as the surgery itself, so that you could plan accordingly. I would presume that M. has already talked to him. You could also write both of them. And if you would then tell me what is happening I would be delighted. — We are here for the "cure," and it is a wonderful spot — we take "thermal" baths and run around in the Black Forest, and drive from here to the building lot¹, where things are still not progressing as we would like them to. Nevertheless, we would be very happy if we weren't so troubled about Mother's situation. Quite probably — and nothing is likely to change in this regard — it won't be possible to achieve any kind of stability in her condition from here on, neither with the help of doctors nor with some kind of move, and that these fluctuations between feeling terrible and only somewhat better will simply continue. It's a pity. —

It appears that we will not be able to fulfill our intention to see her in our new house. The trip (even in the car, with rest stops), would probably be too tiring. We'll have to see. — I am not writing you anything about concerts as yet because we are still hoping for more — but we're off to a good start. I am looking forward to the double and triple concertos. So stay well, my dear fellow, give our best to your wife and child. Don't forget your mother tongue,

¹ The Busches and Serkin were having adjoining houses built in Riehen, a suburb of Basel.

and join your brother in hoping that our tortured fatherland comes up with some more inspired political ideas. How nice it would be if this kind of patriarchy in the world were to cease, and we all had only a single father. All the best to you all,

Your Adolf



Drawing by Olaf Gulbransson

TO FRITZ GRÜTERS

{probably 1932}

Dear Fritz,

In great haste: it is impossible to tell anything from the contrapuntal studies.¹ They are competent but *not* particularly inspired. This would be unimportant if there is something else there. I have to see real "compositions" as soon as possible before I can say anything at all. The chorales, by the

¹ Adolf had been asked to evaluate the work of W. von Eicken.

way, have been set very well, harmonically unobjectionable, natural (not artificial), yet even so quite charming. Better than the actual counterpoint assignments. To judge from these, there is hope. In any case, it is reassuring that he is a serious worker and not a swindler — which is the main thing, after all.

Best regards to you all,

Your friend and brother-in-law

Adolf

The choral arrangements are not good — very stiff. The 4-voice one much better than the one for 3 voices. The 3-voice sonnet to a text by Rilke is also not good. Tortured and unfortunately “affected” as well. I assume that these were “sins of youth.”

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Dresden

September 5, 1932

Dear Adolf!

Enclosed you'll find my list of errors, which of course includes the few mistakes you discovered yourself. I'm still not done! The corrected score is being sent to Eulenburg¹ by express mail before the day is out, so that things can be put right in the small edition. Many thanks for my trouble!

Today we played through the whole piece, the presto in a slow 4/4 (♩ = 72). I won't say anything about the mistakes we found in the orchestra parts. Here too, many thanks for my trouble!

Very best regards,

Fritz

TO DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

September 23, 1932

Dear Donald,

I was very sorry to hear that you are ill. I was told right away — but also that you are already feeling better. I sincerely hope you will soon be fully recovered. But be careful, and don't get up too soon. Now and again a person needs a proper illness for his health. I've tried it out. It gives you a “good” opportunity for a complete rest! I was very happy to get your cheerful card. The “Forget-me-not” was a radio distortion, of course! I didn't notice it.) — I hope you did not listen to our sonatas on Broadcasting. It was terrible playing them; the piano 10 yards away from me — we didn't know anything, either whether we were together or whether the “balance” was any good. The playing was gruesome for both of us. — Also it was not so pleasant

¹ The publisher.

playing the Beethoven concerto as the Brahms (no time to rehearse is more unpleasant for me with Beethoven than with Brahms). — I read what and how beautifully you wrote about dear Roentgen. His death upset me greatly; one good person and musician fewer. —

I am really looking forward to seeing you and playing some music — I will practice hard! Stay well, greetings to your family, all the best from your
Adolf Busch

Kammermusikverein Weinheim

gegr. 24. Januar 1914

Dienstag, den 18. Oktober 1932, abends 8 Uhr
im Turnsaal des Realgymnasiums

I. KONZERT.

Busch-Quartett

Prof. Adolf Busch, 1. Violine Karl Doktor, Bratsche
Gösta Andreasson, 2. Violine Hermann Busch, Cello

Vortragsfolge:

Beethoven: Cavatina aus dem B-dur-Quartett, op. 130
(zum Gedächtnis an den Orléander und langjähriges Vor-
sitzen des Herrn Marx Rader)

1. Haydn: Quartett D-dur, Oeuvre 76, Liv. 2
a) Allegretto b) Largo (Cantabile e mesto)
c) Menuetto (Allegro) d) Finale (Presto)
2. Schubert: Streichtrio B-dur (Violine, Viola, Cello)
a) Allegro moderato b) Andante
c) Menuetto (Allegretto) d) Ronde (Allegretto)
3. Beethoven: Quartett cis-moll, op. 131
Adagio ma non troppo e molto espressivo —
Allegro molto vivace — Andante sostenuto —
Andante, ma non troppo e molto cantabile — Presto —
Adagio quasi un poco Andante — Allegro.

Kassenöffnung $\frac{1}{8}$ Uhr.
Anfang pünktlich 8 Uhr.

2. Konzert: Donnerstag, 17. November 1932
Liederabend Hans Hoellm
am Flügel Fr. Pauline Hoffmann

FROM HERMANN HESSE

Montagnola
January 2, 1933

Dear Herr Busch,

To my surprise I received from you and Serkin an invitation to visit your new house. The invitation was addressed to Baden, and if I were there just now I would naturally have been glad to come to Basel and see you. However I am at home in Montagnola, that is too far away. Since I too built a house a short time ago, and once wrote a poem in the period before moving in, I am here enclosing that poem as my contribution to your housewarming.

Best regards to you, along with your wife and Serkin, from me and my wife. And should you ever come through Lugano, be sure to come have a look at our little house.

With all best wishes and regards,

Your

Hesse

Best regards and congratulations! — Ninon Hesse

On Entering a New House

Thrust forth from the womb.
And destined to moulder in the ground,
Man stands dumbfounded:
A memory of the divine grazes his morning dream,
But then he turns earthward, his back to heaven,
And drudges and strives. In awe and fear
Of his origin and the end of his restless life,
He builds and adorns his house,
Paints his walls, fills his cupboards,
Celebrates holidays with friends, and plants
Bright laughing flowers before his door.

Greetings to Adolf Busch from
Hermann Hesse



Drawing by Hermann Hesse

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Berlin
March 12, 1933

Dear people,

Your telegram from London was a great treat and a comfort. Rudi, do you remember the dream of mine that I told you about in Hamburg? Since I can't perform any music just now, and also don't wish to under the altered circumstances in Dresden¹, I have been given a leave for the time being, at my request, and am in Berlin waiting to be recalled, as I could not bear being in Dresden and hope to be able to fight for my cause better here. My address is: Ilmenauerstrasse 9, c/o Dr. Boettcher, Grunewald.

Anyway, the situation changes almost hourly, and I cannot tell you anything definite about the future. Please write me right away with your plans, where you'll be etc., for the next 4 weeks. Grete is here with me. As always in adversity, capable and brave. Hans is helping me, and soon hopes to be able to go to Italy, something he had planned for a long time. We took the girls out of school for a few days. *Difficile est, satiram non scribere.*

More when I see you, and I hope that is soon!

Sincerely,

Your Fritz — and Grete,

who found your telegram to be a veritable tonic!!

¹ Fritz had made himself unpopular with the Nazis by defending Jewish musicians and with his habit of making pointed remarks, such as: "Odd that you don't seem to play any better since you became a Party member!" Some of his enemies wanted to kill him, but since Grete and he were friends of the actress Emmi Sonnemann, who would become Göring's wife, they were prevented from doing so. Nonetheless, the Nazis threatened him before a performance in the Dresden opera, and he was forced to leave the city.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Berlin
March 19, 1933

Dear people,

Enclosed a clipping from a Berlin newspaper.¹ Commentary unnecessary. The longtime friend of the family Tino Pattiera was one of the ones responsible for drafting the resolution against me. Few singers refused to sign. The orchestra is not involved, though that doesn't guarantee that it won't join them later, although I am told that all of the good elements, which are at the same time the best musicians, "stand on my side"!?

Since Hans's departure has been delayed under the circumstances, I am sending you 2 statements I felt it necessary to compose. I will be staying in Berlin, and hope to welcome you on April 1.² Juju is going to Dresden one of these days. He, Grete and Hans, and also a few friends are helping me magnificently. The statements are not intended for the press. Only for private circulation and as orientation.

Write or wire when you are coming and where we can meet.

Sincerely,

Your suddenly gray-haired Fritz

TO AN UNNAMED GERMAN CONCERT AGENCY

Riehen
April 4, 1933

Dear Sir!

I regret that with my sudden cancellation by telegram I necessarily placed you in an unpleasant position. Thanks to the impression made on me by the actions of Christian countrymen against German Jews, with the intention of forcing Jews from their professions and robbing them of their honor, I have come to the end of my emotional and physical strength, so that I felt obliged to break off my concert tour in Germany.

Respectfully yours
[Adolf Busch]

¹ Which read: "*Mediocrity Puts on Airs*. Our own correspondent reports from Dresden: All of the directors and most of the members of the State Opera of Saxony have accepted a resolution and forwarded it to the Saxon ministry of culture, requesting that the general director of the commission prevent Fritz Busch from returning to the State Opera in any capacity. In the resolution it is maintained that Fritz Busch is neither artistically or personally qualified to work at the State Opera. — We are convinced that these sorts of servile pronouncements, by no means seriously substantiated, will not be considered by the authorities in question."

² The Busch Quartet played Haydn's "Seven Last Words" in Berlin on April 1. On the way to the concert hall Adolf witnessed several incidents in which Jews were being persecuted, and before leaving Berlin he cancelled all further German concerts.

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

Telegram

[1933]

Sento et comprendo suo immenso dolore carissimo amico stop. Mio cuore
il mio pensiero sono vicino a Lei con affettuosa amicizia

Arturo Toscanini

TO IRENE BUSCH

S.S. "Albert Ballin"¹

April 15, 1933

My Dearest,

Very quickly one more brief greeting. Mami will tell you why I am still able to send it. I think it is only 2 people getting off, and that's why we've stopped. We are doing fine, it is only a pity that you two can't be here. The ocean is calm! Mami would be happy. We have the same rooms and I have seen some familiar faces — the physician Dr. Kickton. The food is still good, but too skimpy for Rudi. He is very disappointed. From here in the writing room you can hear them playing ping-pong. But nothing seems quite right. It's because you're not along. Yesterday in Cherbourg a young prodigy (violin) had her feet stepped on — thank God, said the mother. No father has introduced himself to me yet. Once again it would appear that there are better prospects for you. But at sixteen there's not much more one can do as far as prodigies go. Practice nicely, my sweet, I am very curious about your progress without your evil teacher. Otherwise I am your fervently loving father, Paps, and whatever you like, who kisses you and hugs you and wishes both of you dearest ones all the nicest and loveliest and best until he can do so again in person. I have to close.

All my love, 1,000 kisses,
Your Paps

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires

July 4, 1933

Dear people,

I would have liked to hear something more from you before I left, but I will be decent about it even though I don't have to be. So: trip wonderful. In Dakar a fantastic night and Senegal negroes. Rio de Janeiro in its situation the

¹ Adolf was on his way to America with the quartet and Rudolf Serkin for concerts at the Library of Congress.

most beautiful city in the world. Buenos Aires one of the most vital and interesting ones. We have a charming apartamento in the City Hotel and are nicely settled in. It is lucky that we got here early with the Eberts¹ and can make preparations. Otherwise there could have been a real disaster! The Teatro Colón is the largest and most beautiful modern theater I know. A wonderful auditorium and excellent accoustics. I have already heard some performances and the better part of the dress rehearsal of "La forza del destino." Orchestra first rate, mostly Italians. 16 firsts, 16 seconds, 10 violas, etc. They have a terrific lot to do; except for Mondays, when they have their riposo, it seems that they have 2 operas or equivalent rehearsals every day. Very intelligent, disciplined, and willing. Chorus also outstanding. However the stage-direction, sets, etc., 50 years behind. Poor Ebert! A lot of unfathomable politics — for the moment, thanks to our constant pleasant-ries, we still have everybody on our side. "La forza" is conducted by Marinuzzi. Perfectly decent, by and large, a capable man and also a musician. A few bits of foolishness, but otherwise good — because he agrees with my conception of it. Overture better than in Dresden. On the stage Claudio Muzio and Gigli — most encouraging.

The ciudad, città, town, la capital, completely cosmopolitan. The audiences highly elegant and quiet, listening as they should. Gorgeous women with bass voices. If you scratch the surface, it turns out they're Indian. But this between us. So far I haven't had any opportunity to do anything wicked. I begin on August 1 with a Wagner concert, Beethoven's "Eroica" — and then off we go. A person has to be successful, and all I have to do is copy Toscanini's New York programs. We read with some regret in the newspapers that "at home" the honorable person of our Reichs-President is having his troubles. One hopes that "he" too has some good liquor² (and coffee!) like they have here, though I am scarcely drinking any alcohol now that the seriousness of life is approaching. "Life is serious, art to the right." For that reason on the 4th of August "Parsifal." But with cuts. Somehow Toscanini did "Die Meistersinger" in 1908 without any. But since operas don't begin until 9 o'clock at night, the entire audience was asleep in the 3rd act. Concertmaster excellent. I like him better than Dahmen. —

Since I have found the cheapest ways to travel and am plagued with terrible homesickness, I sent a wire yesterday, requesting that wife and remaining children³ set out on July 22, so as to be here on the 15th of August. Living expenses, with exceptions, very cheap. An ox costs 18 marks. Pity that the export of such an article to people at home is out of the question. And you? How many concerts do we have together? I assume that you are scrambling about in the Swiss hills? We have mountains over 7,000 meters

¹ Carl Ebert, regisseur and friend.

² An allusion to the Wilhelm Busch saying "Whoever has troubles, has liquor at hand."

³ His son Hans had sailed with him. Grete and the two daughters followed.

high; you can take a train up as high as 5,000 meters, but from there on I can't tolerate the thin air, unfortunately. Write! "The moon stands on its head, so right for those in love." Incredible. I can see the Rio de la Plata from my window, here only 250 km wide.

Sincerely,

Your Fritz

I wish you would all write immediately, par avion!

TO FRITZ BUSCH

Riehen

July 26, 1933

Dearest boy,

We were all delighted that you decided to be "decent." But it isn't true that you would not have had to. I still can't comprehend how you could sit there with Grete for 4 days in Zurich at the Reiffs'¹ and leave us with the impression that you were in Prague. What was the reason? Che cosa è? — Fra! — In any case, I would have written you, despite the many disappointments with you I have suffered in my life, if I hadn't been hard at work. But after receiving your cheerful and nice letter I'll take a break (there aren't enough pauses in my music anyway), and answer you. — You can probably have a pretty good idea of how things are going here with us. When we aren't working (for Rudi working consists of feeding the lizards, turtles, and fish), we sit — either by ourselves or with the continuous stream of visitors from Germany, refugees, Jews, etc. — and talk about what is happening 10 minutes away, and wait for something to happen. — Sitting here abroad in safety, as we are, we tend to take almost every remark made by people from Germany as an accusation that we've been shirkers somehow. This is unaffected by the fact that people like us would rather have been living in Switzerland even during the "system" or all previous regimes — if only to be free of politics (not to mention other reasons). We, the exile Germans and refugees, etc., find that those who have no enthusiasm for the new Germany (any more than we do) seem "indifferent," that they are dealing in half measures, know nothing but concern for their own existences (the pittance cast their way by the National Socialists, dependent on their whims, living for the moment), and from this standpoint wait and watch to see how they themselves can somehow fit in. — That with this attitude — which we have no right to criticize — nothing good comes out of it for anyone, actually, and does not protect a single person from humiliations, etc., as new proof is brought us daily, the people in question only grasp what is happening when

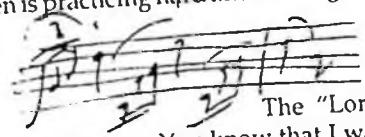
¹ The silk manufacturer Hermann Reiff and his wife Lily, a pianist, who welcomed all sorts of artists into their home in Zurich.

² The punch line from a joke.

it is too late. Some of them believe that if only they "play along," the atrocities and injustice that are part and parcel of the "national" movement will be tempered, can be turned around, and in so doing they do not notice that they can only have a retarding effect, that the atrocities will still take place, only perhaps a bit later. — You probably learn from the newspapers everything that is going on in the Third Reich. Things don't look all that rosy even for the Nazis. Never in my whole life have I worried so much about politics etc. and worried about external events as I now do in a single day. — In Germany they say it is the same for everyone. Hermann was here day before yesterday with Lotte — Lotte had won 250 M. on the street with a lottery ticket for welfare, and with that they had been in Italy for a few days — and he told how in Stuttgart they are constantly (in closed rooms, their own homes) talking "politics" and nothing else. In public everybody keeps his mouth shut. Did you already know about the new prayer: "Dear Lord make me dumb, so I don't end up in Dachau." One has the definite impression that all the better Germans, those who stand above the common run, are keeping themselves absolutely aloof, that no one is participating unless they are forced to (simply in order to live), and that only the ordinary bloke and the ubiquitous, gullible mob are capable of being led like a dumb herd of sheep. There are individual, altogether magnificent people who say what they think, and in no uncertain terms — you can imagine what happens to them when they are caught, when they don't catch them they take their family members instead as hostages. Communists are still being shot as they try to escape. But recently they have begun shooting back, and behaving very courageously (I don't know whether you pick up details like this from your newspapers.) According to a decree of the N.S.D.A.P., anyone caught torturing animals will be sent to a concentration camp. But people who torture other human beings and mistreat Jews occupy the highest positions in the state. Wherever there aren't enough swindlers, they put liars in authority. — On a somewhat happier note: Furtwängler has been made a councilor to the N.S.D.A.P. I wasn't certain whether I was supposed to give expression to my delight in that by sending him a congratulatory telegram. I was delighted, for now his vague and misty attitude, both private and public, is starting to take on firmer and more "unequivocal" contours. — Whether he himself was altogether happy about his appointment this time, I don't know. Göring was by no means stupid in offering the cowardly wretch this "honorary office," through which he is bound to the new regime more intimately than before. — I see to my horror that this letter is turning out to be not at all what you deserve in response to your hilarious letter, which gives us and all who wish to listen to it such incredible delight. — But we are living only 10 minutes away from Germany, after all, and you a bit farther. — We are all happy that you will soon be all together. It seems to us that you could not have made a better decision. The news about the wonderful orchestra in Buenos Aires delighted me immensely. I should think, by the way, that a stage manager

like Ebert will be able to accomplish marvels, even with outmoded decor. I wish I could be there to listen and watch. — Bayreuth must be awful. The first reviews are out. Twisted like everything coming out of Germany, especially since the government is most actively sponsoring this year's performances. The state bought 30,000 M. worth of tickets and either gave them to anybody interested or sold them off cheap. The whole thing a national celebration with enraptured Nazi faces, even though Herr Burg from Dresden sang a hearty Germanic Meister. — There's not much to tell about us. Whenever we have half an hour without visitors, Friedchen works on her revised doctoral dissertation, the very subject matter of which Salin changed after the fact. I spoke about Rudi, but he also has a secondary pursuit, namely driving the car around the vicinity, either taking Frieda someplace and picking her up, since she can't drive the Fiat any more on account of its bad brakes, or going swimming. Irenchen is practicing hard and making very good progress, just now she is playing:

that is, I'll buy
you can collect
am composing.



finished a couple of weeks now. You know that I wanted to add orchestra and organ parts to it. I didn't change anything in the chorus. I am very proud of the work and it gave me a lot of pleasure. Now I am working on a complete revision of a string sextet that I wrote years ago. First movement almost totally new (except for a little material from before), the last movement all new with echos of earlier stuff in 2 themes. I hope to get the 2nd and 3rd movements done in the next few days. I am giving lessons, mainly to non-paying pupils, now and again others as well. My weight has dropped back to 195. If I start practicing soon, I'll lose faster, for then I walk around and don't sit still. My dear boy, I hope that everything is going well for you over there where the moon stands on its head and one mustn't scratch the women. We wish you all a marvelous reunion. I embrace you with all brotherly love and in general as your old

Georg Wilhelm

I no longer use my other first name.

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

Telegram

July 29, 1933

Spedisco concerto spiacente che Lei perda pensiero tempo con quella musica affettuosita

Toscanini

TO RUDOLF PETERS

(undated draft)

Dear Rudolf Peters,

It was difficult for me to bring myself to respond to your letter at all, and I do so only so as to avoid having you misinterpret my silence. The "reproaches" you level at us are as I see it wholly unjustified. You get to them on the basis of absolutely false assumptions that you have developed over the course of the years. I have no intention of defending myself against them. The connection between your accusations and your request for the loan of 30 to 40,000 marks is fascinating, but not compelling enough for me to lend you the money, even if I had it. I did not inherit a thing, and have always lived on what I have earned myself. The anti-semitic movement in Germany has closed my homeland to me — as a German I feel so repulsed by what is happening in this respect within the nationalistic movement in Germany that I have lost all the joy I require for making music in that kind of atmosphere. —

Thanks to my decision not to play in G. as long as these circumstances prevail, I have lost my chief source of income, and am forced to worry about my family's future, especially since I have shouldered the debt burden of a new house, which I built in anticipation of happier times. —

Given your attitude toward National Socialism and anti-semitism, which does not prevent you from labeling Jews as inferior and regarding them as such, but accepting their hospitality and assistance every chance you get (you call that objectivity, I call it filthy-mindedness), it must be easy for you to make your way just now in Germany, after all. I wish you luck on this way of yours, but request that you by-pass my house.

Yours,

[Adolf Busch]

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 3, 1933

Dear Adolf,

I find it odd that you folks haven't written me a word. I can only assume that you fell into a crack in a glacier or that you are composing; neither one of which is any reason not to write me, living out here in the pampas as I am! Aside from this, we are doing fine, Hans and I. Even better once Grete arrives with the girls the middle of August. At the moment she is floating somewhere along the equator. If you have enough to do for next season, then send me a cable sometime for 20 francs; you have no idea how happy that would make us. Once again there has been a change of plan. This is the third postponement for which I am not to blame. This time the minister of

agriculture died, for which reason there are two days of national mourning. Here they make use of every opportunity to take a few days off. It's too bad about the concentration, which is easily lost. The concert and the first performance of the "Maëstri cantores" are or were completely sold out. Now I start on Monday, I hope it will then be just as good. Musically, I get a great deal of pleasure, though the work is incredible. The orchestra is absolutely first-rate; many Italians trained by Toscanini and others. Very sensitive, brilliant first violins and cellos; second violins and violas better in Dresden. As a whole, however, by no means inferior to Dresden, and with greater verve. No mere time-servers. Our ensemble superb: Melchior, Bohnen, Toscanini's friend Editha Fleisher (Frau von Engel), all first-rate, so that yesterday after the dress rehearsal there was great enthusiasm on the part of the press etc. The chorus is a wonder, a splendid Ital. chorus master — it enters each [?]. But: afternoon 2 1/2 hours of orchestra rehearsal, evening "Die Meistersinger"! Or:

Friday: "Meistersinger"

Saturday: "Tristan"

Sunday: "Meistersinger"

With rehearsals on top of that. All of my bones ache. Never in bed before 4 o'clock in the morning. The orchestra parts and such in utter chaos. The stage sets mediocre or hideous; but on the other hand the technical personnel excellent. Wonderful acoustics. A funny country. I speak Italian almost exclusively, goes quite well. At the moment a crisis among the directors, quite unnecessarily. Many Casals pupils among the cellists. I conduct "Meisters." by heart in rehearsals, at night with the score open on my stand, as the German singers not reliable enough at this working pace. But lovely voices. I have still seen little of the city etc., since I am always at work. Not making any cuts in Wagner, so the 3rd act of "Meisters." takes a full hour and a half. I'll be curious to see how the audience reacts. I was still supposed to conduct in Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro, but have no time, as the whole winter is filled; among other things a few months at the Vienna Staatsoper. Councilor Furti, probably at the urging of Göring, offered me half of the Berlin Phil. concerts! Grete writes that I shouldn't respond for the time being; that it's enough that she has it in writing from Geismar (!!!)¹. I'm not going to do it, quite apart from the fact that I have no time. In Rome on Dec. 31 and January 3, couldn't you join me there? What are you up to otherwise? So now, avanti, cable and letters. I am here until the 19th of October!!

Sincere regards to all,

your old

Fritz

¹ Furtwänglers secretary, Berta Geismar.

FROM ALBERT EINSTEIN

August 12, 1933

Esteemed Herr Busch!

To my great delight I heard how steadfastly you behaved vis-à-vis the Germans. If a greater number of German intellectuals had your moral format, the Germans would have been spared the humiliation they are now suffering. In times like this the wheat is clearly separated from the chaff. All better people can only rejoice in you, and add to their admiration of the artist a genuine fellow feeling for the honorable man.

Sincere best regards,
Albert Einstein

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 15, 1933

My dear Adolf,

You certainly don't deserve any of my interesting and unusual letters, but after all I am, as the folks here say, "*molto sympatico*," and so I will tell you: I am happy. Tomorrow morning, after 8 weeks (!) of being separated, Grete and the girls arrive. I just put "*Tristan*" behind me. Musically I am experiencing the best performances of my career. The singers first-rate, the best today's German stage has to offer. Orchestra a joy! Full of dedication and feeling, with an uncommon tonal finesse. The thinner French woodwinds and brass take away all of the density from the Wagner sound. Since above all they are extraordinarily responsive dynamically, I can achieve utter transparency. You can understand every word from the stage. All performances sold out, despite the crisis. Reviewers absolutely unanimous in their total admiration for my work. Which is hard, to be sure. Now, following "*Tristan*," I was supposed to have a rehearsal of the chorus scenes in "*Fidelio*," but I decided to strike. With good conscience, as the Ital. chorus master is a veritable Toscanini! It is generally said that there haven't been such good performances since Toscanini (1912). I am only telling you this because I know it will please you, and then too I can bait the Saxons so nicely. The prompter who concocted the scandal, and was then persona gratissima, is now sitting in jail for embezzlement! Hans is regularly sending all the reviews, and photographs of the public standing in long lines for tickets, to Germany and Dresden! Many thanks to Rudi for his nice letter. I am still supposed to conduct in Montevideo, Rosario, Rio de Janeiro (the most beautiful city in the world!), but I don't see how I can. Anyway: there is a real frenzy of enthusiasm, and we are making decent music. Splendid concert-master, 10 times better than Dahmen. No time-servers. Mere children, many of them, but uncommonly gifted. Now comes "*Fidelio*," 6-7 orchestra

rehearsals. Following today's "Tristan" the orchestra is having to rehearse for a ballet evening! I am making a lot of propaganda for you and your compositions. Am writing to Breitkopf etc., as the local quartets want to play the 6 preludes and fugues after hearing my glowing descriptions of them. Heard the Guarneri Quartet yesterday: "Harp" quartet and Beethoven op. 29. Mediocre! They say hello! They came to hear "Tristan," and were beside themselves!, but I really have to slave! It's good that I know all the operas nearly by heart, and have first-rate collaborators in Hans, Ebert, Engel¹, and Kinsky². Also we should now earn our money. I am doing your Mozart variations, if only to irritate Eulenburg. By the way, in the "Harp" quartet does one have to continually play *detaché*, at the tip, whenever Beethoven writes " " or even " "? The nicest thing is: we are free people, without any "strings" on us. Now write and tell us how you are doing. Is Rudi playing with me in Zurich? Do we have any other concerts together? I can now conduct again. I never perspire, but I make the others sweat!

Sincerely,

Your Fritz

Many thanks to all of you, including Irenchen, for the nice letters, which just arrived. More soon. Everyone cheerful here. Dear Georg W.³, I send sincere regards along with those of the girls. A crazy country! —

Grete

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
September 7, 1933

My dear Adolf,

It is 3 o'clock in the morning, the time when I regularly wake up on those rare occasions when I have gotten to bed before midnight, apparently because the European rhythm — namely 8:30 in the morning — is still in my blood. Today is the premier of "Der Rosenkavalier," tomorrow come the "Meistersinger," and on Sunday is the last opera performance. Then the concerts begin (which I am sharing with Ansermet), and then I hope a few more restful days. For weeks now I have been conducting every day, in rehearsals or performances, including an opera — "Parsifal," "Tristan," or "Meistersinger"! Enough for the strength of one man if one realizes all the other things that go with it. My success could not have been greater, and before I leave I am still supposed to get a new contract for 1934. A novum that has never happened before in the history of the Teatro Colón. Now that I am well acquainted with the situation, a number of things will have to be

¹ Erich Engel, assistant conductor.

² Robert Kinsky, coach.

³ See the closing of Adolf's letter to Fritz dated July 26.

changed at that time. But I am happy because I am free. I am not conducting in Germany, and am traveling, despite the inconvenience and expense, from Genoa, where we land at the beginning of November, via England to Copenhagen. The girls have been attending school here for a few days now, in the winter in Zurich. Grete plans to establish a temporary home for all of us there. Hans will be attending the university in Geneva, so as to learn French. I will be spending my brief days in express trains, whenever I'm not at the Vienna Staatsoper.

Your letter, my dear Adolf, was a great delight for me. Unfortunately I don't have it at hand, as the others are asleep. We were equally delighted by your charming telegram. I am just as eager to see your revised sextet as the local musicians are for your Mozart variations, which are scheduled for the 3rd concert. When not provoked, I don't talk about politics with anyone anymore. The Germans' mendacity gets on my nerves so that I simply can't take it any more. Through my endeavors and my influence here I hope to be able to provide employment and bread for a number of proficient and poor people in 1934, when I have to be here longer — among other things, "Cosi fan tutte" etc. in Italian, in part with Italian singers. Of the entire present ensemble, roughly 20 singers, I could see rehiring only some 3-4 as people, the rest are perfect beasts. Artistically, however, the ensemble was by and large the best one could hope for, and its reception sensational, but I have suffered a lot; perhaps even more my friend Ebert. Thank God I can get my revenge by looking for others who also have human qualities, of which more when we can talk. When and where are we likely to see each other? Write me once again here where you'll be during the time between roughly November 3 to Nov. 11. On Nov. 12 I have my first rehearsal in Copenhagen.

If this letter sounds more "muted" than my earlier ones, it is only because of the burden of work and my lack of sleep. All in all things are going wonderfully for me, also for Grete and the children. In their English school, by the way, the girls have suffered greatly from animosity toward the Germans! Hans is at an age where he can sleep standing up, whenever the opportunity presents itself (he works hardest of all, like a madman, 14 hours a day in the theater). Grete can now take over my correspondence, once the girls are provided for. I am truly looking forward to the concerts with this beautiful orchestra, among other things the Brahms Requiem in Spanish! All the performances are sold out in spite of the crisis, so of course we are becoming quite spoiled. Personally, I have never conducted better; at least never with so little strain. Here the woodwinds can really play "pp," and the thinner French brass, with a few exceptions, also has its distinct advantages. The only thing that spoils my delight in my triumph is the thought that Kleiber enjoyed a similar one years ago, though a number of people, in order to comfort me, insist that mine is more genuine. Even so, decent musicians like Toscanini, Weingartner, Nikisch, and a number of good Italians have also conducted here.

Anyway, stay well. Grete will want to add her greetings. You all have embraces and love from

Your F.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
September 22, 1933

My dear ones,

You will have gotten Grete's letter. You know how close I was to Juju, how much I appreciated his odd sense of humor, and how much he did for me in word and deed. And I am certain that the unhappy turn of events upset him so deeply inside that one has to consider him a victim of them. Now I am even less interested in returning to Germany. I simply cannot live in such an atmosphere and make music in it. I will hold my tongue and stay away. Also I cannot even travel through Germany, but have to go from Genoa to Copenhagen by way of London in November, and likewise via London on my way back to Vienna! I am booked up until January 1935, by the way, as I am about to sign what is possibly a 3-year contract here. From May 1 to October 1, perhaps even November 1. Plenty of money — I am being spoiled in every respect. So if you have any financial worries, be sure to talk to me. But we'll talk about that when we see each other, which will be soon I hope.

Only the work is formidable, though in general rewarding. 1st symphony concert with the "Eroica" etc. a particular triumph. Even the great councilor himself¹ can't get better reviews! In my opinion I haven't ever had a better "Eroica," not even in Dresden. The orchestra has such complete faith in its German maestro that it is always there with devotion. To me its naiveté is 10,000 times preferable to the Saxon civil-servant mentality. I have plein pouvoir to put together a top-notch ensemble for 1935, and it is with pleasure that I leave the Dresden swine at home to mourn the fact — their most sensitive spot — that they are missing out on the nice money here. I want to commit all the respectable singers, however, and I also want to do in the Italian stagione Verdi's "Macbeth," and also in Ital. "Cosi," then in German the "Ring" etc. Tomorrow there's a Brahms concert, the double concerto and the Requiem. A lot of work with the soloists: violinist accurate and decent, but a bit "longhair," which is to say boring. Much better in the orchestra, because he's never obtrusive and always attentive. Chorus first-rate, sings the Requiem mostly by heart: in Spanish!

Hans is going off tomorrow alone for three weeks in the Gran Chaco, is planning to ride 70 km on horseback through the jungle, then sail on the Parana in a maté boat, and he's blissfully happy; we worried. Eta would prefer to stay here and get her diploma in 1934, partly in Spanish, which she

¹ Furtwängler.

speaks well already. Those are our worries. Unfortunately I scarcely see my wife and children. In the mornings I go over the music with Kinsky, who is superb, then from 1:30 to 4:00 there is an orchestra rehearsal, and again from 8:30 to midnight, etc. Next year I'll be responsible for 120 orchestra rehearsals! Write me air mail when and where we can see each other. Anyway: with "Tullio"¹ beginning of Nov. in Genoa, then around the 5th/6th Nov. in Zurich (address, let's say Reiffs), then from the 12th to 27th Nov. Copenhagen etc.

Love to you all from all of us,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Telegram

Buenos Aires
October 5, 1933

Te recordamos afectuosamente primera audicion Variaciones Mozart
gran exito perfecta ejucion

Fritz y Admiradores

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Telegram
October 23, 1933

Can accept concerts residency requested terms direct Conte Grande


Many thanks
Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
November 11, 1933

Dear Adolf,

Just to reassure you: today the North Sea is flatter than a billiard table. You scarcely notice that the ship is moving. I hope Rudi has the same calm seas, and later you. The ship is "small but adequate."

I urgently request that Rudi bring along the parts to the Brahms D-minor with appropriate  markings in the strings. Naturally it would be enough if only the score were marked or one copy of each of the string parts. The concertmaster in Copenhagen is not particularly intelligent, and by no

¹ The well-known Italian conductor Tullio Serafin.

means as clever as you. Ultimately I don't want to spend agonizing days accomplishing what you could do, out of love for Rudi and me, in an hour. And this with a piece that I really know. And I prefer to spend the brief time remaining to me by going to a good varietée, i.e. one that isn't English, with Rudi, and introducing him to the night life (most interesting!) of Copenhagen instead of marking parts. Are we still meeting in London on the morning of Nov. 19? Request precise instructions. Card sufficient, pay the highest postage.

As always,
Your old Fritz

TO IRENE BUSCH

[London
December 1, 1933]

Dearest Schatzilein,

I thank you for your nice letter. Rudi tells me that by the time he left you were already without fever. I hope you are now completely recovered. We wanted to telephone yesterday, but didn't dare ask Peggy¹, as I had phoned 2 days earlier. Perhaps we can today. — I got a kick out of what you wrote in my concert calendar (on the last page), you little good-for-nothing. Is that the way to treat serious, business things?! Rudi gave me the newspaper clipping with the ghastly inquiries about the Jews that upset you so much, Yes, my sweet, that is absolutely dreadful that people can be so inhuman. Thank God it's not these people who matter in the world, but precisely the others. And in the long run it is what good people do that is important, even though it may seem at the moment as though they were insignificant compared to the rabble. It's just that one notices too much rabble sometimes. That doesn't mean that the other element has disappeared. —

Dear Schnaps, don't worry about all the Kreutzers, I only said that you could practice all of them, not that you had to. Rudi told me that you had really tackled the Vivaldi². That made me very happy. Don't start practicing before you are feeling completely well again. A thousand kisses, I look forward to seeing you immensely.

Stay well, my darling,

Your Paps

¹ Peggy Pearce, an American friend who lived in England.

² The A-minor violin concerto.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
January 21, 1934

Dear Adolf,

Your telegram made us very happy. I had been somewhat worried, after all, as I felt that you were not entirely comfortable with the business¹, and because I had strongly urged it. If you should fly again in future, it will be your own responsibility.

Frances² is still here, as we were expecting Mr. Christie³, who telephoned today that he isn't coming, and announced his visit to Amsterdam this coming Friday. Frances will stay here long enough to hear the next Busch concert, and is trying to decide at the moment whether she ought to fly to Amsterdam or get there by normal means. In any case, she will be present at the interview in Amsterdam. This English opera project means a lot of work for me, since as I now realize I will have to take care of organizing it down to the smallest detail. I find such things relatively easy, to be sure, but they also take a great deal of time, which I would prefer to devote to musical matters. For that reason I will have to set aside a quartet in G major, of which I had 16 bars completed in my head. I will start a new one in F-sharp minor when I have the time.

Grete wrote me enthusiastically about her stay in your lovely house in Basel. I'll be seeing her next Saturday, when we go to Winterthur.

All the best for all of you for today,

Your Fritz

TO DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

London
February 23, 1934

Dearest Donald,

I can't tell you how happy I was to learn that Fritz and I have become doctors of the University of Edinburgh. I feel honored as never before in my life, and I know that it is something quite special to be singled out for such a distinction by a university as fine as the one in Edinburgh — with which you are affiliated, after all. I don't know whether it is proper for me to express

¹ Adolf was concerned about flying from Copenhagen to Switzerland on account of a landing in Germany.

² Frances Dakyns, a Scottish music lover who had befriended both of the Busch brothers years before, and did a great deal to promote them in England.

³ John Christie had built an opera house on his estate at Glyndebourne, and hoped to present Mozart operas in it for two weeks during the summer. Through Frances Dakyns he had asked Fritz to direct this first season of what would later become the world-famous Glyndebourne Festival.

my thanks to the university (the rector?) now already, or whether I need to ask you to do so in my name. Would you be so kind as to tell me what is correct in such a case, and what is expected of a person who has been well brought up? I only received your nice letter a few days ago. Frances Dakyns had first intended to give it to me in person, but then finally it was sent to Basel, where it was waiting for me when I got back from Italy. I had to leave again immediately for Holland, and have been here since last night. Forgive me for not thanking you and writing you earlier. I gather that you are now discussing all the specifics of the award ceremony. The 14th of December is fine with me,¹ but also October (20th) is possible. I defer to you: the university, you, and Fritz. Possibly we could even get together here in England (London or Bristol?). That would be wonderful, if you could come to Bristol and wished to hear whether or not we play the var. well. Unfortunately I can't start rehearsing the really very beautiful, masterful piece until Sunday, but everyone has studied it thoroughly ahead of time, and I hope that we will get by with the amount of time available to us. It is damnably difficult, in my opinion, but I hope it will go well — perhaps we'll succeed in getting you some better reviews for a change. We'll do our best! —

Otherwise I can't think of anything — oh yes: will you be very disappointed if I do not do some of the repeats? I feel it would not hurt the piece to leave out a few repeats! Please respond.

Stay well, give my regards to your dear wife. I embrace you and thank you once again from the bottom of my heart for the great, great pleasure you have given me. Please write me what I need to do for the university. What is the least that one expects of me as a musician. I am prepared to write a few symphonies or various psalms etc. Academic festival overtures would be difficult for me, as I don't know any Scottish student songs. Will you provide me with them?

Give my regards to Fritz or Folf if the two of you ever stop talking about music.

All the best to you from your grateful

Adolf, Aditz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
April 17, 1934

Dear Adolf,

I have no idea where you might be knocking about at the moment. We stayed here for a few days following the "Ninth," as I wanted to rest up a little before England and America, and didn't want to rush. The "Ninth" was in my opinion the best performance, of the nearly 100 I have done, of my life;

¹ See the newspaper clipping from December 15 of this year.

the orchestra terrific, full of earnestness and dedication, with 6 rehearsals; the chorus, all professional singers, in every respect the best in the world (they sang from memory), and the enthusiasm in the hall, which had been sold out in half an hour, as genuine as one could wish. I am looking forward to next year's work, and especially to having you and Rudi come as soloists once again.

The Glyndebourne business appears to be moving forward better now. Even so, I still have a "strange feeling," and only hope that it goes well in every respect. Any day now I should have word about whether the arrangements with you, Rudi, and the quartet are being properly settled. I wrote Mr. Christie a forceful letter about them.

Now a favor and a question: the first concertmaster of my orchestra here is a very nice and gifted man¹, who is nevertheless in need of further training. He has now been given a scholarship so that he can study abroad for 6 weeks or so, and naturally he would like to come to you (in the time after June 15). For me personally it would of course be very nice if you could take him, and he were to get a whiff of your spirit, since I will have a lot of work to do with him next year. So please tell me whether you can and will, and what you charge for a lesson. What are your immediate plans? All the best for all of you from all of us,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

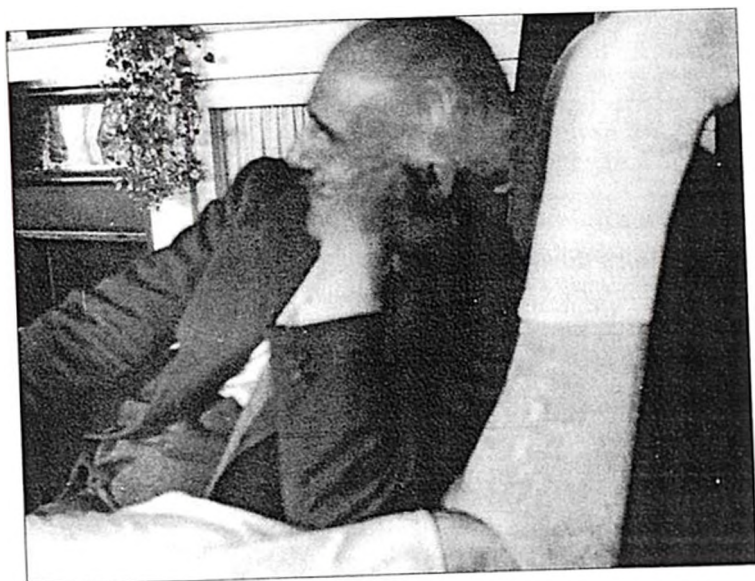
[fragment, probably 1934]

... Tomorrow, Sunday, I am going for a few days to Glyndebourne, Sussex (c/o Mr. Christie), so as bring some order into the mess. After Wednesday I will be will still be in Paris with Hans, through Friday. Address: Osborne Hotel, Rue Saint-Roch. Please address anything after that to Reiff, 24 Mythenstrasse, Zurich. They will forward my mail.

Best regards,

F.

¹ Otto Fassel.



Toscanini listening to the quartet play the Cavatina from Beethoven's op. 130 in the Busches' house in Riehen, 1934.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Paris
April 21, 1934

Dear Adolf, dear Frieda,

Since I assume you both bear the responsibility, I am writing to the two of you together. From Berlin and from Engel in Dresden I learned about your note to the publisher Kistner¹, and the bad impression it made in all sorts of circles of the most diverse political persuasions. The consequences not only affect you, but even more your friends and relatives, some of whom are forced to live in Germany, and above all me and my family, whom you care for, as you have often demonstrated and insisted.

You know Grete's and my attitude about the new regime; it can and will not ever change. It is understandable that to us, for countless emotional and practical reasons, the voluntary renunciation of Germany means something quite different from what it does to you. Nevertheless, there was only one decision for us; especially after the 1st of April, about which Grete recently wrote to good friends abroad, who are closely associated with the movement: "Anyone who experienced it could only feel ashamed to the depths of his soul. That was by no means statecraft!" So Grete also followed me, which I will never forget, and accepted homelessness without ever thinking about herself; a condition that is more difficult for a wife and mother of three children to bear than you perhaps realize there in your own house.

Although for many years, and even now — aside from a few exceptions, very special people and genuine friends who happen to be Jews — I myself have not been particularly well liked in Jewish circles, either within Germany or abroad, and have frequently even been harmed by the Jewish press, we share Adolf's standpoint, out of revulsion at the means employed in this struggle, as well as for love of Frieda and Rudi and out of friendship with a number of people to whom we are indebted for life. We simply followed our hearts, and in our voluntary acceptance of a life of vagabondage we demonstrate every day the sincerity of our feelings. While I thought you understood us, you prove to me the contrary by your gratuitous note to Kistner, gratuitous in that it did nothing to help anyone or any cause. Instead of throwing such communications into the wastebasket, as one does with hundreds of similar ones, you commit an affront, make fools of yourselves in front of your right-thinking friends, and make their lives difficult in a way that you perhaps cannot understand, but doubtless would have had to suspect or feel, if — yes if — you thought so much of others when making important decisions as others do of you. I can't believe that Otto Grüters, for example, who still enjoys a pension in Germany, is altogether enchanted

¹ A letter to the Busches from the publisher closed with the words "Heil Hitler!" They wrote back: "We reside here in Switzerland, where we find your form of salutation insulting."

with this act of yours!

Anyway, the derailment has occurred, and I cannot think that you will put things back on the right track, necessary as the repair of the damage you have caused might be, if you would stop and think about it calmly and reasonably. I can only hope that grass will grow over the whole affair and that the worst mischief — consequences for you and your friends that you cannot conceive of, or dispatching such a note would have been unthinkable — will be avoided with the support of good friends in Germany.

I beg you as seriously and urgently as possible, however, if the wonderful relationship we have enjoyed up to now is not to be threatened, to refrain from such aggressive acts in the future. You know, dear Adolf, that when push comes to shove I defend your actions even when I don't agree with them. It only pains me that your splendid conduct in April last year, splendid inasmuch as to all decent people it was the obvious thing to do, should be diminished by petty behavior in no way related to the decisive issues. For — in this we are in agreement, that we are all desirous of the same thing, namely what is right. But today there are more important things in art and politics worth fighting about, God knows, than a publisher's letter and its salutation!

Yours,

Fritz

P.S. So as to nip any silly misunderstandings in the bud, I will add that I have neither seen Grete nor spoken with her, since I only learned of the affair this morning, before my flight to Paris, at which time Grete was on the train to Zurich, which she boarded last night in Berlin.

TO FRITZ BUSCH

[Riehn
draft of a letter, 1934]

D. F.

I don't know how I should respond to your letter — which is altogether incomprehensible to me. If I don't say anything at all, you will possibly think that I found it appropriate for you to reproach me and — what is worse — to threaten that our nice relationship is in danger if my aggressive actions do not cease.

Above all, I have to say that your position in all these matters is unclear to me, and it strikes me as very strange that you and your family should be most affected by my opinion with regard to these things, and my behavior arising from that opinion. I should have thought that our relatives in Germany would be the first and only ones affected, that you personally would by no means have to suffer from them if your position is clear. I now recall that you have been unhappy whenever I was not altogether certain about you in this regard, and now and again feared that your considerable reflection and rethinking of the facts could ultimately lead you to a conclusion I would

regret. And regret solely because I would like for you to always be as I want you to be. You may laugh at that, but it only serves to show you how dear to me you are. When you tell me today that you are affected by "aggressiveness" on my part that to your thinking is unnecessary (I see it as something quite different), that only proves, after all, that you still have something to do with present-day Germany. — I can't comprehend that at all, needless to say, and if you could think at this late date that I could comprehend it, Grete can set you straight about how I think about such matters. She told me on the train to Zurich how you still had relations with Germany on account of Buenos Aires (through consulates etc.), and also warned us about being careless in that connection. It is my opinion that all of Germany is to blame for what happened to you in Dresden, for which you never received an apology. You ought to have a slightly better sense of your own worth, and at least be proud enough not to have anything to do with representatives of this country and this government. If you are of another opinion on these decisive points, you do of course have a "right" to be angry with me about my "carelessnesses." But you must not be surprised if I — since I have my view of these issues, which does not happen to conform to yours — am forced to ignore that. So long as I don't know what you really think, quite apart from Grete (Grete's [position] I know, of course, from our conversation on the train between Basel and Zurich), I cannot say anything more in response to your letter. But if you think the way that in my love for you I would like you to think, we would surely see eye to eye, and then you would approve of the way I behave in such situations, which will only come up again and again in similar ways, and in which I will always behave the same, namely according to my own feelings!

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Glyndebourne
April 25, 1934

Dear Adolf,

When I learned in Paris about the difficulties relating to the participation of "foreign musicians" in Glyndebourne, I gave up the idea of Karlsbad and came straight to London, so as to do what I could in person. I saw the president of the Trade-Union with Frances, and we found out that there is a law that says that no "foreigner" can perform in an opera orchestra. Since — this is their, or rather his, ridiculous justification — opera is accompaniment, and that the English can do themselves; on the other hand, playing in a concert orchestra is more difficult. So the Berlin or Vienna Philharmonic is permitted to play concerts here, even though years ago the latter was once forbidden from taking part in opera performances in London. He assured us that no one in the Trade-Union had anything personal against the "great artists" Adolf Busch and his colleagues, but the "law," their "instructions,"

must be obeyed.

At first I was boggled by this kind of logic. But then Frances and I peppered the worthy functionary with questions for over an hour. There was not, and is not, a single counter-argument that we did not raise, starting with the fact that if the quartet were not permitted to participate, Mr. Christie would give up the whole undertaking and a couple of hundred English "workers" would be out of a job. Nothing helped against their stubborn adherence to a doctrine that probably even seems absurd to the man himself, but that he will not surrender for the sake of a mere "whim." —

We are still working on it. I phoned Tovey, who is a member and on good terms with the people, and he immediately sent me a clever and convincing letter that is going off (to the Musicians Union) today. Frances was at the Ministry of Labour for a few hours yesterday, and mobilized everyone there. These people are absolutely in favor of your coming, and will do all they can to soften up the Trade-Union, among other things because we threatened to go public with it, and since they are afraid your admirers will make a stink — also Mr. Christie has signed a "petition" we wrote to the Labour Minister. Anyway, we are fighting and still optimistic, and for the moment it is only important that I was able to determine without any doubt that there isn't a soul in England opposed to Adolf Busch and his quartet; on the contrary (that would make it easier! given the craziness of today's world) — not even, as they keep assuring us, the Trade-Union. You can play as many solos, quartets, and orchestra concerts as you'd like — just not opera. (Since in fact England actually has a superb concert culture today but a miserable operatic tradition, it is especially silly; from an artistic point of view, precisely the opposite would be appropriate.)

Be patient a little longer! I will write or wire you the decision as soon as I have it; I hope by the end of this week.

Meanwhile all the best,

Your Fritz

I am staying here, address as above, since otherwise everything goes wrong. But it could be wonderful!

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Glyndebourne
May 1, 1934

Dear Adolf,

My "position" is perfectly clear, and in no way different from yours. I feel I have demonstrated that often enough and said as much in my last letter. We are of a different opinion only with regard to "methods," which I certainly do not need to ponder over very much. (Though it is never wrong if to one's "feelings" — in which we are united — one adds a dose of reason.) In my opinion you put too much emphasis on the second aspects and in so doing

make the first ones meaningless. That's all.

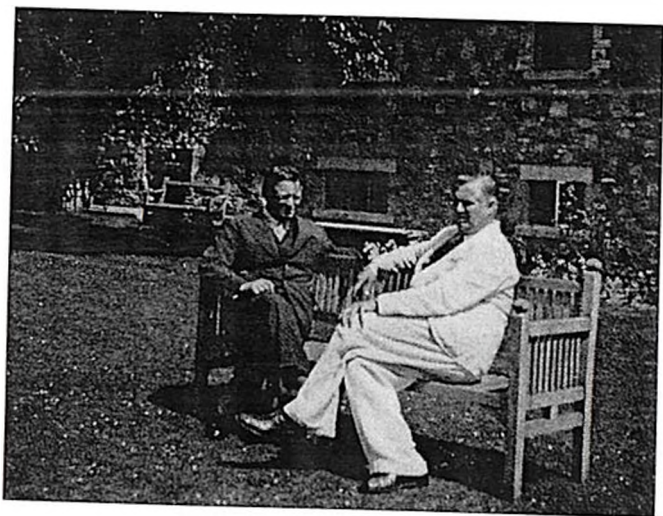
It is wonderful here, but my work is difficult. If I were to obey my feelings, I would have packed up and left several times already, despite the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Christie, but would have made a number of people unhappy had I done so. So I hope that finally something very beautiful comes out of it after all. There is, you see, a distinct difference between our two professions; it is easier for you with a violin under your arm and three obliging colleagues than dealing with orchestras, patrons, city administrations, radio officials, and...singers. And all of this in at least 5 languages.—

I am waiting hourly for the decision of the Ministry of Labour regarding your permits, and the response to a dozen other questions from Mr. Christie, which keeps being postponed. A separate letter about these will follow immediately. I hope, dear Adolf, that you are convinced that I am doing everything I can to get this most distressing permit business settled.¹

All the best to all of you,

Your Fritz

Address remains as above until 11 June '34 (I hope!).



Adolf and Fritz in Glyndebourne.

¹The quartet was not in fact permitted to perform in the Glyndebourne orchestra, however the Busches and Serkin attended the first performances.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Zurich
June 13, 1934

Dear Adolf,

Once again I thank you sincerely for coming and for your work on the "Passion"¹. A lot of it I know myself, much of it is interesting to me by way of comparison or confirmation. However: there are only roughly 50 pages covered with markings, and the whole work has 300. Therefore: I am still missing five-sixths of it. So I am being so bold as to send you the small score that Tovey forgot and left behind with me in Glyndebourne. If you should ever get to sit down in Karlsbad — which I hope is frequently the case, you know "where" — simply write in whatever occurs to you. (I know that one of your best ideas — the B-minor variation in the E-flat major variation on Mozart's theme — also came to you there.) Send the little score, so marked, by Zeppelin or air mail to B. A., Teatro Colón. If I get it there by your birthday, it will be soon enough for my work and you will also get a telegram.

I am staying in bed,² haven't smoked anymore since yesterday, and have forsworn the demon alcohol for the same amount of time, and am otherwise keeping still, except for my reading in the "Passion."

All the best to you both from the cure, from all of us, sincerely,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

S.S. "Oceania," off Vernambuco
June 20, 1934

Dear people,

I hope you are enjoying Karlsbad as much as we are enjoying this charming skiff. I am lying on deck all day, studying Spanish, reading scores, and looking forward to the remainder of the (your) markings for the "Passion," which I will then neatly enter into my score! What are your plans? Should I undertake something regarding the engagement of the quartet in Copenhagen, or will that happen "anyway"? From Nov. 1-7 I will be in Barcelona (Casals), and from the 10th of Nov. on through Dec. 6 in Copenhagen. From January 5 to March 14 likewise. So please schedule your concerts accordingly. All the best from all of us,

Your Fritz

No longer have any particular pains.

¹ Fritz was preparing for a performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion in Buenos Aires in the fall.

² As the result of overwork during the first Glyndebourne season, Fritz had suffered his first heart attack.



TO RUDOLF SERKIN
Picture Postcard (above)

Karlsbad
 June 25, 1934

Dear boy,

This is the sort of thing you can see and hear here! And perhaps I too will soon be this pretty. It is questionable whether or not you will still be permitted to be seen with me. All the best to you, and very best regards. A thousand kisses to Irenchen.

Your Adolf

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
 July 4, 1934

Dear people,

We're here! Balance of the trip also very lovely and calm. Eta boarded the ship to see us in Montevideo; great treat. She has become a proper lady, but still sensible, critical, and well-behaved as always. In Rio de Janeiro (truly a

fairytale city) they are remodeling the theater, and 700 people are working on it day and night, so that it will be done by the beginning of September, when our season begins. Just now it is still a heap of ruins. The orchestra is made up of 50% blacks, and did not sound bad at all when it was rehearsing a symphony by Chausson. But when I think of soon performing "Tristan" and possibly "Cosi" with them, I tremble nonetheless.

When Heifetz heard that Elman was announced in Buenos A., his manager took an airplane, shoved Heifetz inside, and he began playing here unexpectedly with a lead of a week, 6 sold-out concerts, so that Elman is finding a grazed-over field. In the opera the Italians predominate, with Panizza, a better Kutzschbach, and they are driving the audiences wild with Lily Pons, Tito Schipa, etc. and wonderful works like "La Somnambula," "L'Elisir d'amore," "Lucia," etc. Tomorrow Respighi is conducting his newest opera, "Fiamma," boring stuff, as I was able to tell in the rehearsal, but I'll have to listen to all of it in the premiere.

We had lunch with M. Horszowsky¹ yesterday. He was very well received, but had no audience. Ebert, Hans, Engel, Kinsky, and Erede² are rehearsing "Cosi"; I join them tomorrow. The singers are supposed to be excellent, however the Ital. baritone is ill at the moment. Day after tomorrow is the first orchestra rehearsal, then later that afternoon among other things a performance of the "Walküre," with cuts, thank God, but still lasting 4 hours, and in the evening the dress rehearsal of "The Bartered Bride"! This is roughly what the work is like every day.

The local doctor, very competent, confirmed everything about the diagnosis and treatment by Plesch, Hämmerli, and Müller, but absolutely forbade smoking. Since he convinced me, I resignedly packed up my nice assortment of the loveliest, yet least expensive cigars in the world, which I had bought myself in Rio — since leaving Zurich I hadn't smoked anymore anyway! — and said my farewells to life, or at least that part of it that was pleasurable. Wine is permitted in small doses, which Grete strictly measures out for me with a thimble, to which she has attached a drip-catcher. Under these conditions, my only hope, the only thing that could raise my sunken spirits even slightly, is a score of the St. Matthew Passion that you, dear Adolf, have annotated down to the smallest detail, to which you, dear Rudi, have possibly added flawless organ and harpsichord parts, as I assume that it will be distressing for you to see Adolf working so hard for me by himself! But I have to have my hands on these things soon, so it would be best if they were sent by air mail. I'll reimburse you for the postage. Hermann can take on the job of wrapping it etc., after he has completed the gamba part. Many, many thanks ahead of time! —

We learn of events in Germany regularly and immediately, and follow

¹ The pianist Mieczyslaw Horszowsky.

² Alberto Erede, assistant conductor.

them with extreme suspense. Now the avalanche has started³, but it still grieves me when I think of the battles that are in store. Lots of them rightly belong on the gallows, and I will not shed a single tear for them, and a few I hope to be able to thrash myself — but I feel sorry even now for the far too many whose only culpability is their stupidity.

So stay well, let us hear from you soon, and know that I embrace you all.
Fritz

The whole family sends greetings as well. How was Karlsbad? How many tons did you drop?

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
July 30, 1934

Dear Adolf,

The small St. Matthew score arrived day before yesterday and made me immensely happy. A thousand thanks for everything! Also to Frieda for the interesting enclosures. My doctor here says exactly the same thing as his German colleagues; ever since I arrived here, that is for precisely a month, I have not touched a cigar, and I suppose that that is proper. Tomorrow comes "Walküre," yesterday the first symphony concert. Among other things the "Egmont" Overture and the 5th symphony, played wonderfully by the orchestra and received with unanimous enthusiasm. But one's nerves go kaputt with all the disorganization — before the actual music making begins, one trudges a *via dolorosa* compared to which the one to Golgatha is like a stroll on the *Ütliberg*! The German ensemble is made up of nicer people and is more bearable than last year's, somewhat less distinguished artistically, however. But one can work.

We have seen a lot of Horszowsky, a kind, intelligent person and an excellent musician. There is a lot I will have to tell you, it is impossible to write about it. For example, the fact that the "Pantheon," a society of Argentine painters, sculptors, and musicians, has graciously invited me to be buried here — since the organization places some importance in the knowledge that there are foreign artists of note lying among their ranks. The only prerequisite in my case is the prepayment of a certain sum, as the society is actually close to bankruptcy. You see? Life and death have all kinds of enticements for people like us, and we would like to know how you are doing.

How many kilos did you leave behind in Karlsbad? I am currently attempting to avoid all politics and to ignore them, now that I have discovered that they render me kaputt. So a most intensive study of Bach's

³ Doubtless an allusion to the executions of Röhm, Schleicher, et al. on June 30.

¹ A "hill" near Zurich.

"Passion" will be a wonderful remedy, and again sincerest thanks and regards from my wife, children, and especially your brother, brother-in-law, uncle, and friend

Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 4, 1934

Dear People,

A thousand thanks for Frieda's letter, which came today. But next time please write on only one side of the air mail paper! After reading this letter I'm going to have to wear glasses! I am being good, and am taking it relatively easy. Dr. Hämmerli in Zurich prophesied correctly: it would take months before the pains disappear. So it is not always a pleasant feeling that I get when I am conducting. Even so, I sincerely hope that the attacks do not recur, especially since my wife's tyranny and my own surviving residue of reason are helping to guard against such a thing. Also I have excellent collaborators in Engel, Kinsky, and Erede. False notes are automatically corrected by the latter two, so that aside from the "detail" work that is left I have only to bask in the "success." They are going wild over "Walküre," and the performances are jammed. *Poor people*, when you consider that some bearded, light-blond Wotan stands there arguing with his busty daughter for a half an hour, and that the audience doesn't comprehend a word of these unhappy and very "Germanic" family affairs — yet somehow these Indians feel that a certain short, unimposing Saxon, without being terribly musical, managed to create colossal stuff here!! — How we managed to bring about such effects, how the rehearsals go, etc. — these are things I'll have to tell you in person. Otherwise this would end up being an epic à la Thomas Mann's "Joseph and his Brothers." — Enough, the orchestra is the most virtuosic one you can imagine. "At night" there are almost never mistakes, despite the horrendous work the people have. An incredibly gifted race.

"On the side," I am at the moment rehearsing to general enthusiasm the Brahms C-minor with a quartet made up of the last string players, and it is turning out to be quite decent. At first they took the "Allegretto molto moderato e comodo" simply "amabile," and off they went — now I have ordered your records, so I can give them to them. All of the violinists in the orchestra talk about Adolf, and ask nearly every day when he is coming. I respond: "Next time for sure"! Tomorrow "Walküre," which is done here almost daily, as elsewhere "The Merry Widow"; in the afternoon "Popolare" at 2:30 — ending at 7:00. And at 9:30 at night full rehearsal of "Sposa venduta" ("Bartered Bride") — for 3 hours, with the same orchestra and some of the same singers! In between, my slaves work on checking the parts, rehearsing with the singers, etc.

The children are happy in school, Hans is working himself kaputt in the Teatro, a hopeless case. Grete and I are now parked in a departamento, quite modern, only all too richly furnished with "cucarachas," that is to say cockroaches, the size of your thumb. You can kill them with Flit, but then they take hours to die, and if as a pantheist you decide to hasten their death, you have the feeling that perhaps you are once again helping some dear, departed friend or relative to the pleasures of the happy hunting grounds! But enough about us! For your birthday, dear Adolf, all the best from all of us, and above all: health and lots of high-paying and worthwhile concerts!; good ideas and the technique of a Mozart in your composing; flawless strings that never go out of tune, deft fingers, and a light staccato; a sure memory when playing by heart; and quiet, appreciative audiences! A kiss for Irenchen from tutta la famiglia; for Rudi a voice to sing Bartolo with, a part he is otherwise so naturally suited for, etc.

I am making a desperate effort to forget politics, and am every day awash in the St. Matthew Passion. There was an organ there for this performance, newly repaired, but now it has disappeared, and at the moment no one knows where it has gone!! Such are my joys!

All the best,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 14, 1934

Dear people,

Out there on the stage of the loveliest (modern) and filthiest teatro in the world, Ebert is rehearsing with piano, and I am waiting for Kinsky or Erede to call me to settle quarrels over tempi. Tomorrow afternoon from 12:30 to 3:30, full rehearsal of "Arabella" (oh God!), at 6:00 a performance of "The Bartered Bride" under my direction. Thursday night premiere of "Arabella," with first orchestra rehearsal of "Flying Dutchman" that afternoon. Then comes "Tristan," and on Aug. 28 we leave for Rio de J. — How Toscanini managed to produce 18 operas here in approximately 4 months a good 20 years ago remains a mystery to me, one that I still have to solve before we die. The last "Walküre" was truly first-rate, too bad that you couldn't hear it. As soon as we are back from Brazil, the "Passion" rehearsals begin. I am leaving Erede here to do the groundwork. —

I now have pains only rarely, no more attacks, so that the storm has passed without leaving any damage. However since the 2nd of July I have most strictly refrained from smoking! Hans is a walking corpse, as he drudges in the teatro 14-16 hours every day, splendid fellow and universally well liked. Ebert, Engel, Erede, and Kinsky are the best of coworkers. The teatro is always completely sold out, the public discriminating but with little un-

derstanding, often snobbish. In the concerts I am now risking the Brahms "Second." — If I should come back here again next year, which one can never assume, you absolutely must come for 3 appearances with the orchestra and some sonata concerts. —

Write me your winter schedule. It is possible that I could do something with you somewhere the end of March/first of April, if you wanted to. Now they're screaming for me. —

All the best from all of us,

Your old Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 20, 1934

Dear people,

After tremendous effort, I just managed to get my hands on your quartet record, op. 59, No. 3, so as to be able to present it to the Weinstein Quartet, with which I recently rehearsed the Brahms C-minor. For the young people most graciously invited me to study this with them, and it is my feeling that it will go better with recordings. "Arabella" only modestly successful, now behind me, thank God. *No more Strauss* — yesterday the 2nd and last performance. If it hadn't been for the virtuoso achievement of the orchestra, it would not have given me any pleasure at all. As it is, it was good practice for both conductor and orchestra. In the evening, after a 2-hour rest, there was a 2-hour "Tristan" rehearsal with orchestra, a real deliverance. Today I am working alternately on "Flying Dutchman" and St. Matthew Passion. I am hoping to be able to bring off a short-wave broadcast to Europe, so that you can all hear it, without cuts, in the afternoon from 5 to 7, roughly 9:30 to 11:30 in the evening. So you will have to start listening at 11:00 at night! Wonderful soloists — I am looking forward to it like a child waiting for Christmas. Have arranged the rehearsals so that we can work for 12 hours a day for 5 days after I get back from Rio de Janeiro.

I dream sometimes that I am smoking cigars. Otherwise I am almost doing fine.

Write soon! All the best from all of us,

Your Fritz,

Dear Adolf, if you have time and if you would like to, do send me an annotated score of the Haffner Serenade, without cuts, par avion! I am doing it here the end of September/beginning of October, and we can also make good use of it later!! Why isn't the Copenhagen fellow Fassel studying with you now? Too bad!

TO FRITZ BUSCH

Telegram

August 21, 1934

Reuters bureau falsely reported you cancelled concert of the Jew Elman under pressure from German government. We stopped publication in all of Switzerland. Send denial England at once.

Greetings,
Adolf

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Telegram

[August 21, 1934]

Naturally all lies. Merely declined invitation to conduct accompaniment Elman's solo concert. English denial sent off long since.

Thanks,
Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

[fragment, 1934]

...4 flutes, 4 oboes (incl. di caccia and d'amore) all together, 3 bassoons (few notes D F G B), 4 clarinets — 1 viola da gamba, piano, organ. Excellent musicians — Erede rehearsed in advance, 4 separate string rehearsals (1st and 2nd orchestras), 6 wind rehearsals. I had 9 rehearsals with orchestra and later with chorus added. Latter of first-rate quality and superbly prepared. Excellent! The boys choir is provided by the Jewish congregation! Soloists as in the enclosed program, terrific. — No cuts. — Great enthusiasm. Anyway, perhaps you'll hear some of it! "Passion" scheduled for three performances, from 9 at night to 1 in the morning. What a work!!! I still find the E-major chorus (No. 35) very, very difficult. All the rest of it seems "right" to me.

So for today stay well, I am writing before the rehearsal and they're just now bringing out the parts...

All the best,
Your Fritz

ALLGEMEINE MUSIKGESELLSCHAFT BASEL

Samstag, den 13. Oktober 1934

I. SYMPHONIE-KONZERT
IM MUSIKSAALE

Leitung: Dr. FELIX WEINGARTNER

Solisten: ADOLF BUSCH, Violine
JOSEPH BOPP, FlöteWERKE VON WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
1756—1791

Symphonie in D-dur, K.-V. 303

Molto Allegro
Andantino con moto
Menuetto
Finale Zum ersten MaleAndante für Flöte und Orchester in C-dur, K.-V. 315
Zum ersten MaleKonzert in A-dur für Violine und Orchester, K.-V. 319
Allegro aperto
Adagio
Tempo di Menuetto

Pause

Symphonie in C-dur mit Schlussfuge (Jupiter), K.-V. 551

Allegro vivace
Andante cantabile
Menuetto: Allegro
Finale: Allegro molto

Verstärktes Orchester der Basler Orchestergesellschaft — Konzertmeister: Fritz Hirt.

Einlass 7½ Uhr

Anfang 8 Uhr abends

Ende 10 Uhr

Sonntag, den 17. Oktober 1934: II. SYMPHONIE-KONZERT

RICHARD STRAUSS-ABEND

Solisten: Elisabeth Schumann, Sopran

Programm: „Macbeth“, symphonische Dichtung, op. 65; Lieder mit Orchesterbegleitung: „Ein Heldenleben“, symphonische Dichtung, op. 40

Dienstag, den 6. November 1934: II. KAMMERMUSIK-ABEND

Ausführende: Das Basler Streichquartett unter Mitwirkung von Felix Löffel, Bass
Programm: Mozart, Streichquartett D-moll, K.-V. 465
Schubert, Notturno für Streichquartett und eine Singstimme, op. 47

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
September 28, 1934

Dear Adolf,

In my first concert in Copenhagen I have to do some Mozart minuets. Since I also feel that there are lovelier ones than the ones Tovey selected, but here among the "Araucanos" there isn't a Mozart edition to be found, I beg you to do me a great favor and choose 6-8 minuets, make a list of them with Köchel-Verzeichnis numbers and key signatures, and kindly send it to Dir. Hohn, Statsradiofonien, Copenhagen. Further: lend us — I will be happy to do anything in exchange! — the corresponding volume of your Mozart edition, which you would have to send to Copenhagen in such a way as to get it there by early November. I will write to Hohn so that he can contract for the proper copying of the parts; the selection etc. (possibly with the addition of "German" or contra-dances — 2/4) I leave up to you. I am very sorry to trouble you, dear Adolf, and it is a shame that I can't ask my former friend Rudi to do it, for given his lethargy it would be a waste of time. Oh well, my life is approaching its end, and I won't have to be annoyed with him for long! For Frieda, Irenchen, and you, I managed, with great effort, to talk them into a short-wave transmission to Europe of the entire St. Matthew Passion, and am terribly curious to learn whether you were able to hear anything! The performance made a most profound impression here. — The artistic forces were superb, and the people were overcome. Am here until Oct. 15, can then be reached until Oct. 22 Conte Grande in Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 1-7 Ritz Hotel, Barcelona.

All best to the three of you,

Your old F.

TO THE PIPER-VERLAG, MUNICH

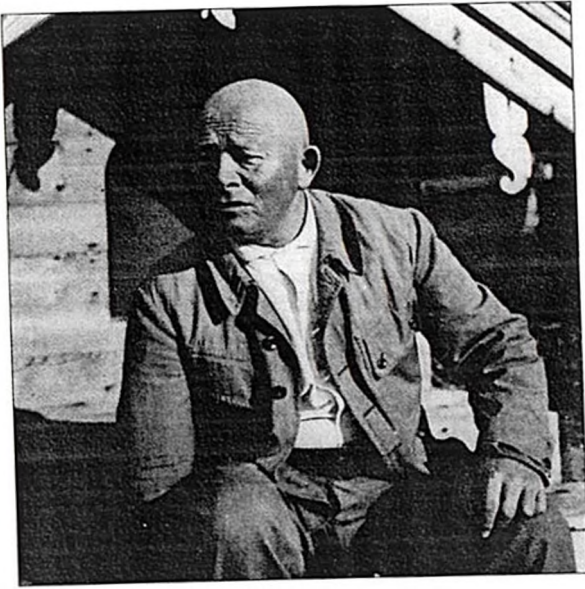
Riehen
November 3, 1934

Dear Sir,

I cannot accept the book you kindly sent me by Olaf Gulbransson¹ with its dedication — I am sending it back to you. Herr Gulbransson has behaved toward his friends Th. Heine and Thomas Mann in such a way that I do not wish to be counted among his friends.

Respectfully yours,
Adolf Busch

¹ Artist and former friend. Contributor to the Munich satirical magazine *Simplizissimus*.



Olaf Gulbransson

FROM OLAF GULBRANSSON

November 7, 1934

My dear Adolf,

You have been misled or falsely informed, the story is the other way around.

But I would need too big an inkwell to describe that to you objectively and in precise detail.

I hope we both live long enough for you to be able to hear the truth from some neutral source. I, at least, can't think so completely differently about you from one day to the next.

Your old Olaf

TO IRENE BUSCH

Copenhagen

[December 4 or 5, 1934]

Dearest Sweetheart,

You can see from this greeting that I don't think of you as a "horrid daughter." Although I delight in every line from you, I don't expect you to write constantly and regularly. For I also hear about you from Mamilein.

And I also know that Lalo is still causing difficulties. Now I am very eager to hear about your lesson with Gösta! That you took the "lead" in the César Franck (one of your favorite composers) pleased me a lot — but apparently you also led in the clowning department. —

Uncle Fritz just phoned, asking me to come right away, he has nothing to do until 8 o'clock, and so he wants to have me there to talk to. — Yesterday we played trios with him at Heymanns', and he played really very well — a marvel, since he doesn't practice the piano at all. On his piano, to be sure, there are copies of the 250 Czerny Etudes etc., and I have heard the first 3 or 4 bars of some of them, but I don't think he has yet played a whole one. There were 2 other pianists there who didn't feel up to playing a Beethoven trio, so Fritz did that too. Today he had a wonderful rehearsal with chorus, orchestra, and as yet only one of the soloists for Haydn's "Creation." That is such a beautiful work it makes you cry, and besides I was sorry that you couldn't be hearing it. In all probability it is going to be a perfect performance. The chorus isn't large, but the best that you could imagine, has been preparing for months etc. Perhaps you will have more luck with the radio this time (I think it is once again Thursday at 8), so try it (it is also being broadcast from a different hall).

I am delighted that you have Ernst and Lisbeth¹ there with you, and that you are all cheerful. I just received a long letter from your dear Mamilein that made me happy. I am taking the ship from Göteborg to London. That is above all less expensive. —

I just gave a lesson to the wife of a Danish professor, and had her pay 100 Danish Kr. anyway. Her husband has money, but she was horrified when I said 100 Kr. (she had apparently thought it would be 30), so I settled for 100, she learned 200 Kr. worth. Extremely talented, it was time that she got one lesson from me!

So now I give you as many dear kisses as you want, any left over you can pass on to Mami, who is not so "insatiable"!! — If Rudi is going from Paris to London, he can meet Fritz there, who has concerts in L., B.B.C., and we can also see each other there (Ford's Hotel).

EDINBURGH GRADUATION

Clipping from the *Edinburgh Scotsman* from December 15, 1934

The Brothers Busch Honoured

The winter graduation ceremony of Edinburgh University yesterday was notable for the conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Music on two distinguished brothers, Herr Adolf Busch, Professor of Music at Basel, and

¹ Gombrich.



Herr Fritz Busch, formerly conductor of the Opera at Dresden, who took part in the Reid Orchestra concert in Edinburgh on the previous evening.

The ceremony was held in the Upper Library of the Old College, and there was a large attendance. Degrees were conferred upon about 60 graduates. Sir Thomas Holland, the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, presided. There were 14 recipients of the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and 29 of the degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery.

Distinguished Musical Careers

Professor Tovey, Dean of the faculty of Music, in presenting Herren Adolf Busch and Fritz Busch for the degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*, said they were two brothers whose musical careers had run on lines parallel and complementary to one another. Both brothers received their musical education at Cologne when Steinbach, the friend and orchestral interpreter of Brahms, was General-Musikdirektor, and both soon became closely associated with Max Reger, who recognized in them his most enthusiastic supporters and efficient interpreters. This association ensured for them a wide outlook upon both classical and modern music.

The career of Adolf Busch developed as that of a violinist. He was already

distinguished in that capacity when, before he was twenty years of age, Steinbach introduced him to London audiences; and he was now one of the greatest living violinists, both as a solo player and as the leader of one of the most perfect string-quartet groups now existing. Simultaneously with his development as a violinist Adolf Busch had always been a prolific and thoughtful composer. The influence of Reger upon Busch was discernible by all who had heard of it. The personality already expressed in Adolf Busch's music was independent of obvious influences, and its independence would reveal itself later as mountains overtopped hillocks when the hillocks become remote.

Fritz Busch, the elder brother by a year and a half, was from childhood destined to be an orchestral conductor, and was an efficient player on most orchestral instruments in his early teens. At the age of 19 he was conductor of the theatre at Riga, where Wagner began his career; and he pursued, with abnormal success and rapidity, the normal course of a conductor's progress in a country where musical civilisation had for centuries established orchestras in every town, from the size of Moffat up to and beyond the sizes of Edinburgh and Glasgow, so that there was a musical *carrière ouverte aux talents*, and every student with an all-round musical talent carried in his exercise-portfolio the baton of the General-Musikdirektorship of Dresden, a post to which Fritz Busch attained at the age of 32. Like his brother, he had what Walter Bagehot called "an experiencing nature"; the nature that did not allow an enormous literary memory to usurp the function of personal experience. He had always had as much contact with opera and choral music as with the symphonic orchestra, and there was no limit to the range of music in which he was a supreme expert, with a capacity for getting his performers to achieve their best in the shortest possible time, and to raise their standards permanently.

In the most anxious of times, the musicians could take comfort from the fact that they had in Fritz and Adolf Busch examples of artists who had never made any concession to vulgar demands, and who had constantly insisted on a hearing for things beyond the range of contemporary fashions, but who had nevertheless pursued careers of hitherto unbroken success. Might the success remain unbroken, and might it continue to give them faith in the existence of a solid core of true love of art and humanity which mass-production and demagoguery might conceal for a time but could never destroy.

As each of the brothers received his degree he was enthusiastically applauded...

TO MRS. TOVEY

[Riehn]

December 26, 1934

Dear, esteemed Frau Tovey,

On this lovely Christmas paper¹ I would like to thank you and Donald once again for the wonderful time in your house. Everything was delightful, the music-making with Donald's musicians, the relatively peaceful reunion of my brother and me and Rudi with you and our beloved and highly respected Donald, the honors, etc., etc. — you both doubtless felt as much. Many thanks for everything, also for the considerable trouble I caused you by my disorderliness. I have received everything — the shaving brush and trio copy and also the check. Thanks for the newspapers with the nice pictures! Everyone here is delighted with my pretty doctor's robe. A complete success! Very best regards, also from my wife, and all the best in the new year!

Your grateful
Adolf Busch

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen

February 5, 1935

My dear Adolf,

You should at least get a belated but no less sincere handshake and embrace from me on becoming a father-in-law.¹ Pass it along to Rudi, and may you all be as happy with each other as good people, and you especially, deserve to be. Lovely German, but I am writing in haste before the rehearsal. I think the Missa solennis is going to be very good, performance scheduled for January 14.

Passigli² was unable (or unwilling) to tell me anything definite about the St. Matthew Passion in Florence. I suspect they are still counting on Furtwängler's acceptance, or that the latter has heard of our plan and is trying to sabotage it. That is my feeling at any rate. Passigli now writes me that he wants to talk with you on February 9/10, when you are there. Watch out for the following, please, when you do: if you and I would like to, we could do

¹ Printed with the letterhead "Dr. h. c. Adolf Busch."

¹ Rudolf Serkin and Irene Busch had become engaged on January 17.

² Alberto Passigli, the director of the Maggio Musicale in Florence, arranged for the performance of all six of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos in two concerts in the Palazzo Pitti in May 1935. The chamber orchestra Adolf assembled for these performances was made up of the members of the Busch Quartet in the first chairs, pupils, and various Swiss musician friends.

the "Passion" this time very beautifully together. All of your people that you have collected for the Brandenb. Concertos and Irenchen would have to participate in the orchestra. The local forces are listed in the long letter that I wrote P. some time ago. The musicians would thus be as good as one could hope for, and the financial aspect could doubtless be worked out somehow. It would be best if you were to discuss what you and your colleagues have to have for fees with P. yourself, just as I did not include my fee in the budget from here. However: P. (please tell him this!) has to wire me immediately, as the rehearsals would have to start — I have to be in Turin from the 8th of March (!) until April! So I would have to begin here at once and rehearse with the chorus daily, and there isn't an hour to spare. In Florence we could have a total of 3 more rehearsals with your people, and that would be enough, as I will get everything "ready" here.

How are things otherwise? Where all have you been? Can the wedding be scheduled for sometime when uncle, aunt, and cousins can be there?

Meanwhile all the best,

Your old Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
February 7, 1935

Dear Adolf,

The local "radio council" voted yesterday 14 to 1 to support the trip of the chorus and orchestra to Florence for the St. Matthew Passion. On Monday they will proceed to ask the minister, but are confident of his approval.

Under the circumstances it would be embarrassing and a pity if Furti or Goebbels were to throw a stick between our lovely legs at the very last minute. The former by making the Florentines wait for his definitive refusal (so as to sabotage our preparations) until it is simply too late for us; the second by offering them the Phil. Orchestra and Kittel Chorus with Schuricht, Weissbach, or some such for nothing. So I beg you to have Passigli make a commitment to Copenhagen. For me the conditions continue to be that you and all of your people take part. And settle the appropriate fee for that with Passigli yourself. Tell me exactly who will be taking part, so that I can divide up my people here accordingly. Andreasson the solo in the G-major aria as concertmaster of the second orchestra, etc. — Perhaps you could send me a telegram about the situation there, so that we don't lose any time.

The chorus and orchestra will rehearse there on Monday morning, the 13th of May, so that we would have 3 rehearsals together.

All the best,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
February 22, 1935

Dear Adolf,

Nothing came of Florence, unfortunately. The real reason has to do with politics after all, this time on the part of Mussolini. More when I see you. Sometime read the enclosed letter of the relatively honest but ineffectual Schraml. If you are at all interested in going to South America this year, please tell me. As someone familiar with the situation I will then attempt to obtain the best for you in every respect. It is probable, though not certain, that this will be the last time I go for a long time. And it would be nice if I could take you under my wing, otherwise the Indians would devour you. We are leaving on the "Biancamano" the end of June, and will be there until October 15. In the event that we could travel together, it would probably mean as much as a 30 to 40% discount in the fares for you and your family. I hear that this season Kreisler and Thibaud will be playing there at the same time. It is my thinking that you should then do 3 concerts with me at the Colón with orchestra, a few recitals with or without Rudi (possibly Kinsky), and several concerts in the provinces with Rudi, also a master course at the Conservatory. It would be nicest if Rudi and Irenchen were to get married over there: 1) we would then be there, and it could be very pleasant, 2) I would arrange to have the various Indian tribes perform fire dances, and that could also be quite interesting. Please answer soon and return Schraml's letter to me. Do you know a Mozart quartet for flute, violin, viola, and cello in D major? It is something especially beautiful. I am soon doing the Bach cantata "Halt im Gedächtnis Jesum Christ," also something special. The Missa solemnis was in my opinion one of the best performances I have ever given. Too bad that you all could not hear it. — In Glyndebourne you will have to play the two Beethoven romances, also the Mozart D-major.

Sincerely,
Your Fritz

TO DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

Telegram

March 14, 1935

The London audience loved your wonderful variations. Sincere congratulations on the extraordinary success.

Your Adolf



With Rudolf Serkin and Frances Dakyns in England, March 1935.

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

[Riehen
Spring] 1935

Dear Otto,

I tell you in all seriousness that I will have a miserable opinion of you if you don't show up for the Brandenburgs. It is ridiculous to go on so about the money that you or I will have to come up with for the purpose. Since you can't do it just now, because Hanna urgently needs the winter dress, you must not be an ass, but automatically accept it from Frieda and me. Money is something that you can get your hands on again sometime, but the chance to hear the 6 Brandenburg Concertos (under my valued "direction") won't come again so soon!! So don't make me angry, my dear Otto, otherwise you can brace yourself for a few friendly words! And no talk of putting up some money of your own, I invited you because it will make me happy to have you there, for I know that you will enjoy this wonderful music, and you should have your Hanna there too. So I don't want to hear another word, except to tell me whether I should send the money in advance or whether I can reimburse you here. Think of how much money I owe you for Les Plans and all the trips to Düsseldorf etc. etc., private lessons I never paid for, tutoring (albeit unsuccessful) in French, etc. The devil take you.

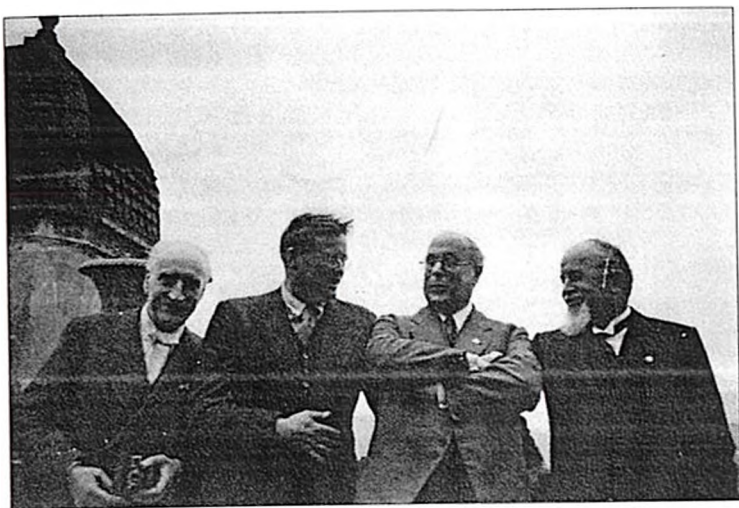
Your old Adolf

FROM BLANDINE COUNTESS GRAVINA

Florence
May 8, 1935

To the masterly Adolf in grateful admiration, from the daughter of Hans
von Bülow,

Blandine Gravina



With Enrico Polo, Alberto Passigli, and Luigi Ansbacher in Florence, May 1935.

WEDDING TOAST

May 31, 1935

Dear Bride and Groom, dear Wife, dear Friends and Relatives!

When I have something on my mind, I speak to my wife and she takes care of the rest. This time I couldn't count on that, she simply did not choose to pass on to you what I have on my mind. Both she and Irene made it clear that a wedding without a speech by the father of the bride was impossible. — I certainly have no intention of calling into question the fact of the marriage between our forever beloved Rudi and our child — so for that reason I will make a speech, or at least read one.

When it comes to entrusting one's only child to a person one knows only slightly, as I gather often happens at weddings, I suspect that it is quite possible for the respective fathers to indulge in observations that ultimately



Irene and Rudolf Serkin, Frieda and Adolf, May 31, 1935.

transform the wedding supper into a funeral banquet. You need have no fear of that on this occasion.

We are entrusting our dear child to a person we know through and through, one with whom we have lived for many years in the most affectionate understanding. Our life with him could not have been more pleasant, and that it was so pleasant is largely thanks to him.

I don't intend to carry on about him. You all know our Rudi. I will only mention something my own dear father said, who was proud of his boys and made no bones about it. He had barely gotten to know Rudi when he said: "Why, he could be a son of mine!"

Though I barely knew Rudi's own kind and gracious father, I could also see that he too was justly proud of his son. The two fathers were equally matched in that regard.

After waiting for our beloved Irene for so long (they were secretly engaged 14 years ago, when his fiancée was 4 years old), this boy we all love has decided to marry this young child. We doddering parents couldn't have it any better. Our child is moving to the house next door, a little furniture gets changed around, and all 4 of us stay together just as always. May everything in this marriage continue to go as smoothly and happily as this change of residence. But we are confident that given the things Rudi and Irene have in common, one can also trust them to manage any difficulties that life might bring. So I would like to thank all of you wedding guests for being here, our dear friends and relatives, some of whom have come to us from afar — for

example, my dear brother Hermann and his family from the Bruderholz¹ — to celebrate this day of rejoicing with us and see our dear child and her Rudi happy.

Let us drink to the couple's happy future and give three cheers to Rudi and Irene.

FROM RUDOLF AND IRENE SERKIN

Postcard

London¹
June 14, 1935

Dear Papilein,

We are terribly happy that the two of you will be coming soon, and we will come meet you at 12:50 on the dot. We are doing wonderfully, especially since we were able to talk with you on the telephone yesterday. We are now on our way to the "Tosca" rehearsal. Rudi had the audacity to ask him. We're tremendously excited. I'll think of you during the nice breakfast we're about to have. A thousand kisses from your daughter

Irene

I think of you and Frieda all the time as everything is so nice, but the breakfast is truly magnificent. All best,

Your Rudi

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

S.S. "Avelona Star," off Teneriffe
July 3, 1935

My dear Adolf,

Thank God we're afloat! A freighter, only 12 passengers, and completely filled. Among them a Turkish rug dealer with wife and child from Smyrna, *Mr. Green and his wife from Scotland*, two spinsters from Manchester, and a young English couple that declared already the first day out that the heat was unbearable. Ah the poor fools! Yesterday we practiced with life-saving rings and getting into the lifeboats. The prospects are promising. Up until yesterday an old gramophone provided the guests with musical entertainment. But we took out the diaphragm and hid it, so that now peace prevails in this respect as well. Not so in my soul when I think of my musical future! In the past week I conducted over 180 recordings for His Master's Voice on 5 grueling mornings. All of the records were quite decent, but it is still an

¹ The Bruderholz is simply another section of Basel.

¹ The newlyweds were in London to hear some Toscanini concerts. Rudolf Serkin also had engagements of his own in Oxford and in Glyndebourne. Adolf was also to play later in Glyndebourne, and was therefore expected soon in England as well.

unsatisfying business, though the gramophone people were especially content and sent Mr. Gaisberg to the ship with wonderful flowers and a crate of apples to see us off. We recorded the entire "Cosi" performance, complete with laughter, clinking glasses, etc. So it seemed that I deserved a few days of rest. However, only a fleeting glance at the score of the B-minor Mass informs me that I am facing a Chimborasso of problems, not to mention "Don Giovanni," which is surely Mozart's most difficult opera, and with which I am to open the season at the Colón.

"If you still have a brother, thank God and be content." I do thank Him; you perhaps somewhat less? However, if you have the time and the inclination, please help me in the name of Bach, answer my questions and, if it is easier, buy a score, large or small (if I am not mistaken there is supposed to be an excellent new one in the Edition Peters), and write down in it whatever seems worth noting in addition to my questions. You helped me enormously with the St. Matthew Passion; the B-minor Mass seems much more difficult to me, and I am dreadfully afraid. The rehearsals don't start before September, so there is still time for me to study and prepare the parts. I wouldn't trouble you, dear Adolf, if a) I were capable of taking care of the business alone, and b) I did not believe that further study of the work could be of use to you as well. Anyway: as in the "Passion," I have at my disposal a first-class orchestra of 16 firsts, 16 second violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos, and 9 double basses (sometimes one of the profesores is suddenly stricken with paralysis, so that one has to subtract 2 or 3 artistas). Three proper flutes and 6 possible ones for the tutti, oboes likewise, including 2 oboes d'amore that are for the moment out of tune with each other, 2 first-class clarinets that can be augmented at will, several bassoons, 3 splendid trumpets, a mediocre but experienced horn, etc. The chorus is made up of 120 señoras y caballeros, and is the finest in the world. It sounds good in forte and fortissimo, since all of them have voices, and they sing like a German chorus of 300. Questions:

1) What do you think about the relation of these numbers of strings and winds to the chorus?

2) The organ has been repaired, portable keyboard, but does not play very loud; harpsichord desirable, I should think, but perhaps not in the choruses.

3) Given this large number of strings and splendid accoustics, could one supplement the trumpets in the "Gloria," for example, with clarinets, which to my thinking would be a great support at least in the high notes?

4) In the duetto, always referring to the old Bach-Gesellschaft edition, page 34, these 30 violins are definitely too many, also in the ritornells. How many violins, how many cellos, how many basses?

5) Can I get from you metronome markings for all tempi?

6) Page 12, 1st measure: Should the double basses stop playing here and only come in again on the third beat of the first bar of page 14?

7) How many flutes and oboes in the first chorus?

8) What about the tempo, page 58: "Et in terra pax," 4 quarter notes?

9) When I read the trumpet part and all of that in context, for example page 68, I have the feeling that it would have to be a flowing andante, with quarter notes 80 to 84?

10) What about the dynamics of the beginning, page 58/59? Piano, since the end is doubtless meant to be forte?

11) Page 94: Don't you think the basses in the continuo should be staccato, not pizzicato?

12) Page 106: A lovely, expressive piano through the whole piece?

13) Page 126: Can one supplement the low flutes and oboes with clarinets, so that they can be heard?

14) Page 183: Bowings of the violins as printed — 1st measure up-bow, second measure down-bow, etc.?

15) What dynamics, page 186, in the unearthly "Crucifixus"? Doubtless piano dolce espressivo? Why then does it read piano at the end? Can that be "pp"?

16) Tempo of the "Confiteor" page 222? Isn't that meant to be alla breve? And then what about page 228? Probably più vivace?

17) Can I get from you fingerings and bowings for my excellent maestro di spalla Señor Don Carlos Pessina, who is an artist and a passionate admirer of yours?

18) Page 292: How many violins? See question No. 4.

You see, my dear Adolf, I'm not asking much. And these are only trivial things that struck me in my first glance through the score. Brrrr, I'm sorry. But if this letter gets mailed in Teneriffe, you will have it within a week at least. We then sail without touching land for 12 days to Rio de Janeiro, where I will be visiting my friend the murderer, to thank him for shooting my successor. (Pfui! — Editor's note.) Also I want to take a few young doves to the tuba player.¹ So much for today. Stay well, address City Hotel.

Best regards from all of us to the old couple and the young one,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

[S.S. "Avelona star"], after Teneriffe
July 7, 1935

Dear Adolf,

My letter had barely gone off when in my further reading I see, page 227, adagio, so that the following vivace allegro takes on another meaning. So that only leaves the question about the tempo of the "Confiteor," page 222. Also I am now thinking that the double passes can perfectly well keep playing piano 16vo page 12 and don't have to drop out?

¹ To indicate to Adolf what a wild man this musician was, Fritz maintained that he devoured live doves and rabbits.

I forgot to tell you that after your departure from Glyndebourne an Englishman showed up with the first printing of the score of the "Abduction" (by André). I immediately looked at the finale quartet (No. 16) from the 2nd act, where in contrast to the Br. & Härtel Gesamtausgabe it says quite clearly: *allegro* ♩ . — Bravo, Adolf! Then everything became faster up until the last *allegro*: "Es lebe die Liebe" — and much more effective.

Sincerely,

Your Fritz

P.S. 1 — Frances Dakyns undertook the job of sending you your parts for the Brandenbg. Concertos promptly and carefully. It would help me rest easy if I knew whether they have meanwhile arrived? Unfortunately I had no time to copy the markings etc. Thank you!

P.S. 2 — Perhaps only 10 first violins versus 6-8 flutes?

10 second violins, etc. in the Mass?

P.S. 3 — Shouldn't the note in the 9th measure, page 113, given as C-sharp (next to last 16th note), be a C? Page 96, 3rd quarter note in the 1st bar, flute D of course. On the other hand, it appears certain to me that in the duet page 94 pizzicato is meant after all, the long notes (only one measure, with a later repetition for the organ), as later, page 106, it says expressly *coll'arco*. What is supposed to happen in the 3rd measure page 101 is unclear to me.

P.S. 4 — For Frieda: On the ship Grete was reading a newly-published book, the contents of which are better than its title. It is called: "The Heart is Wakeful".¹ Now she has fallen in love with the young and actually very nice First Officer, and is writing a novel of her own on deck every day. I have given it the title: "But Reason Sleeps."

TO DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

Riehen

July 17, 1935

Dear, good Donald,

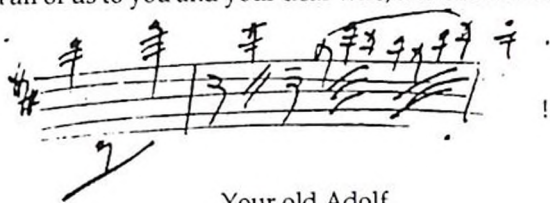
The children told us that you are feeling much better again. Thank God. It was a real shock to hear that Karlsbad wasn't good for you this time. I hope you will now recover "*un poco più mosso*." We think of you and your dear wife often with much love, and hope that you are soon relieved of all the worry about your health. From everything that Marga Deneke tells me, I have the impression, however, that you have been working too much and too strenuously of late. So be reasonable, my dear fellow, even though it is difficult. If your dear wife could sometime write us in Karlsbad, Bellevue Sanatorium, and tell us how your recovery is progressing, we would be very happy and grateful. — We are leaving for there tomorrow, now that I have finished, day before yesterday, a major composition. I have set the "Requiem

¹ M. B. Kennicott's *Das Herz ist wach*.

for Mignon" from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister for 4 boys' voices, chorus, and orchestra (started it 3 years ago and thought about it a lot, but except for the introduction, have rewritten almost all of it from new sketches, even changed the "introduction" a lot, which was already written out in score, and finished the whole thing — all 140 pages of it — in 5-6 weeks). I think it turned out well, it seems much better and more painstaking than anything I ever did; the text is so wonderful that I took special effort to do it justice — at least to the best of my abilities. — However, since I feel that it is good, I had the idea (and therefore asking you about it) of presenting the piece most respectfully and in gratitude — you could sometime advise me in greater detail about the form of the dedication — to the University of Edinburgh. What do you think about that? Would they be pleased, or would it strike them as being presumptuous? Tell me truthfully what you think. I am braced for the worst and will hope for the best, provided that you subject the piece to a careful scrutiny beforehand. For I would only like to offer it to them if you tell me that you think the work is good. You may have the score for that purpose whenever you request it. At the moment it is still lacking tempo and dynamic markings, and it ought to be recopied, but there isn't any rush, after all. I wouldn't have even broached the subject to you yet if I hadn't wanted to write to you anyway.

We all missed you in Glyndebourne a lot, and if I had suspected that you were so close to the children, my wife and I would have liked to drop in and say hello while we were in Southwood for a day and a half. We only learned that afterward.

So all the best, my dear, good friend, and get well quickly and completely! Best regards from all of us to you and your dear wife, and see to it that you soon get to the



Your old Adolf

FROM RUDOLF SERKIN

[Riehen
end of July, 1935]

Dear Adolf and dearest Frieda, dear Starvelings,

Nice as it was to hear your dear voices again at last, it was nevertheless somewhat clouded by the not altogether joyous undertone we could hear in them. I attributed it to hunger, but Pizzilein suspected you were a little homesick. We certainly are for you. We are very happy and cheerful and joyful together, of course, but still we are counting the days until we can be

with you again. Thank God there are no longer so many. I must first of all take care of my assignments; so far only No. 1 was due. You doubtless have the money in hand meanwhile. Tomorrow we may go to the Great Mythen if the weather gets better again. (Hiking trail to the summit — 4 hours.) On Wednesday we'll be in Aegeri: the Andreaes are giving a party on the 1st of August. Possibly we'll look in on Peter¹. But it is probable that we'll stick to smaller mountains like the "Rossberg," with roads up to the top. The drive to Saas is too far, and we are not in good enough training. Irene couldn't walk much at all the past few days, and before then we had only been hiking around here in the neighborhood. I am giving quite a few lessons. The new female pupil was here today; clean but weak — her playing, of course. And also today a new one announced herself, and moreover my old stable of pupils is frequently here, such as Herr Witzinger, who soon has his engagement in Gastein to think of. Giving lessons makes you rich, but it is exhausting, much more so than practicing. It takes a lot of strength to make these frail and sensitive young maidens play a proper forte; but in so doing one has done something for eternity.

This morning we stopped by to congratulate Wolfgang² on his birthday. In response to "popular demand" I played a few Mozart pieces that weren't too fast. He seemed satisfied. Irenchen did a major laundry today. Everything is going splendidly. The garden is wonderful, the vegetables are growing magnificently. The blackberry crop is going to be huge, likewise the greengage plums. And my grapes! I really didn't devour all the cherries. Unfortunately I only ate a few unripe ones; when I went to pick the rest (to eat, naturally), there were only miserable vestiges left. The blackbirds (protected from Tschampa³) had descended on them in droves. Next year I hope I eat them all before they're ripe. The weeds have been driven out for the moment, and the roses are growing fantastically. It is like a paradise. We are happy, and still haven't quarreled; and that even seems natural to us. So be patient in taking the cure, you always keep losing for a while after Karlsbad, after all. Be as cheerful as we are, and think of us as fondly as we do of you.

Your Rudi

¹ Peter Bearth, a geologist and Irene's teacher in mathematics.

² Wolfgang Roemisch.

³ The family dog, a Chow-Chow.



Elisabeth and Volkmar Andreae at Aegeri, 1935.

TO FRITZ BUSCH

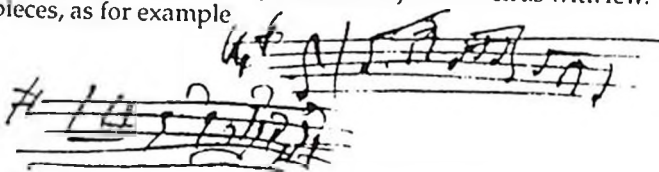
Karlsbad
July 31, 1935

Dearest Brother,

Thanks for your nice letters! This time I could not fulfill your requests. But I feel that is just as well; as you yourself wrote, you had only gotten to a "superficial" glance at the score, and if I had "pre-chewed" it for you, you certainly would not have learned the work as well as you will without my gracious collaboration. However I had the impression after your first letter that you have already managed to get somewhat below the surface, and I did not want to disturb you in your diving lower. Ultimately it can also be useful to occasionally do something totally false, then later recognize that it was false, become annoyed, and do it better. However if I were not so kaputt after finishing the "Mignon" score, my brotherly love and concern for your well-being would still have led me to respond to your questions. But I had to be completely without music for once, for I had been working 8-10 hours a day for weeks. Now I am pretty certain that if I respond to a few questions today

(from memory) it will be too late, and you have already had to decide for yourself. I also believe that you are definitely doing the right thing if you were able to look at the score in peace, and that sort of peace a conductor ought to have (even if he is so very busy), especially when it comes to the B-minor Mass. — But, dear boy, why don't you have the facsimile for such cases, if it is available? I was immediately suspicious when you wrote of the "Crucifixus" that it was "p" and later "piano." I haven't checked the Gesamtausgabe, but I found your "p" in Peters and wasn't comfortable with it, for as I read your letter I immediately thought of a forte (the proper forte, of course) up until the "coda." I then looked at the facsimile, and naturally I did not find a "p" at the beginning but only a "piano" at the end, which "settles" the matter. As for the number of strings in relation to winds I am always in favor of not too many strings, that is not many more violins than oboes and flutes. If you use all the oboes and flutes in the choruses, then use all the strings as well. In the arias with solo winds, half as many strings, assuming that you don't have too many from the start. So let us say in the choruses 6 flutes, 8 oboes (if possible, no clarinets; if not enough oboes then perhaps 6 oboes and 2 clar.), then perhaps 12 firsts, 12 seconds, 8 violas, 6 cellos, and 3 or 4 basses, fewer would also suffice, if they are competent. In the arias (with and without soloists), 6, 6, 4, 3, 1 (I generally find 2 double basses too many; sometimes 2 are good or even necessary, if you like, for example, you can have one play arco, the other pizz.). There are also some arias (without oblig. solo instrument), such as the G-minor "Agnus dei," where more violins can't hurt either, and one can have them all play (but not too loud) without fear of it becoming ponderous. In my opinion it is also unnecessary and even wrong if at the entry of the solo voice suddenly fewer play; a piano can be achieved with many violins etc. just as well as with few. But in livelier pieces, as for example

or the flute aria



the instrumentation should not be "thick." The "bowings" should be taken as they stand, though of course one has the right to make them more "practical" or more comfortable if it does not sound any different. Suspensions are to be tied over as always (except perhaps in very energetic pieces, where it simply wouldn't sound nice). Passing tones can be tied. As for the tempi, there is nothing I can say; take the correct ones that you feel certain of when you imagine the music in your mind a few times, before you play it on the piano or with orchestra!!! And if you feel that there ought to be a C, that there is a 1 missing through the C, and are firmly convinced of it, then do what feels right to you. After all, you see what can come of being all too conscientious, something I generally take my hat off to (but seldom have to).

I got a real kick out of the *C* in the first edition. —

Stay well, my dear Fritz, make nice music (I almost envy you your work, it is truly a different thing from fiddling!). Don't overstrain yourself on things that others can do! And take the time for study ahead of time, come home healthy, and be happy and contented with each other all of you. When I see how abominable things look in this godforsaken part of the world, it comforts me somewhat to know that you, at least, are far enough away. I am truly worried about what will happen to those of us "left behind" in the time to come. — Why am I dieting? So far (in 10 days) I have "lost" 10 pounds, Frieda 5 1/2. We feel fine, but somewhat weak from hunger. —

All best to you all. I embrace you with all my love,

Your old A.

Glyndebourne was glorious, and we are still living off of all the beautiful things we heard. What would I give to sometime hear you do "Don Giovanni"! God grant that I do sometime.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 19, 1935

My dear Adolf,

The first "free" evening since I got here! I practically walked directly off the ship into the orchestra rehearsal of "Don Giovanni," and since then the work has not let up. With aching bones I am lying on the sofa and dictating this letter to Eta — I am incapable of writing myself, as the exertions of the past few days have been tremendous!

Thursday afternoon from 3:00 to 7:00, "Tannhäuser" performance, in the evening from 9:30 to 12:30, dress rehearsal of "Rheingold,"

Friday afternoon from 1:00 to 3:30, "Rheingold" with orchestra alone, polishing, then in the evening "Rheingold" premiere,

Saturday from 1:00 to 4:00, full rehearsal of "Bartered Bride," and evening open dress rehearsal of "Bartered Bride,"

Sunday afternoon at 3:00, premiere of "Bartered Bride," and in the evening from 9:00 to 12:00, 1st act "Siegfried" with orchestra alone, and after the break, 1st act "Walküre" with singers.

Today is a day off for orchestra and chorus, which I have utilized in sorting through the new orchestra parts with my disciples and cleansing them of hundreds of misprints as well as writing in the most essential bowing indications in the strings. The orchestra and chorus are splendid as always, and I only regret that you have only heard me do Mozart operas and not my Wagner here or the truly ingenious "Bartered Bride." The singers are also excellent, very pleasant as people, and those who come from Germany aren't fans of the Nazis, so that my only complaint is the pace of the work. "Don Giovanni" was a modest success and a not very encouraging beginning. A

week before the performance none of the sets had even been started yet, then they were painted, hurriedly and poorly, on paper, I ached for Ebert-Hans from the bottom of my heart. There were days when they slaved for literally 16 hours. Don Giovanni was sung by a once-famous Italian baritone, Leporello by a never-famous Argentine bass. The rest of the cast was excellent, but though the whole thing finally came into good shape musically, the house with its roughly 4,500 seats turned out to be much too large for Mozart, and the cheapness of the sets was depressing. "Tannhäuser" was then a very great success, and rightly so. All performances sold out, so that additional performances were inserted outside the series. So tomorrow afternoon: "Siegfried" with orchestra alone (2 1/2 hours), then in the evening "Tannhäuser" again, from 9:30 to 1:00 in the morning.

Moreover there is a flu going around. You have your people all together at rehearsal, then fifteen minutes before the evening performance the inspector announces that the first trumpet, the third horn, and the second flute aren't coming to the "function" because they have suddenly caught the flu. So you often have to make do with the skillful musicians of the "banda municipal" as substitutes, and talk through the opera with them so that nothing unfortunate happens. With our large number of strings, namely 16 first and second violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos, and 8 double basses, it doesn't much matter if one of these gets sick. With this sort of pressure one can only survive as a conductor, of course, if one thoroughly knows his business. So far I have managed, as I can honestly say that I know operas. It has amused me to note that each of my performances of "Das Rheingold," played through without pauses, takes exactly 2 hours and 13 minutes. This seems to me to be proof of a sure sense of tempo in the piece.

But my dread of the B-minor Mass is all the greater for that. From the enclosures you can see when the work is to be performed, and from the above remarks you can further see how impossible it has been even for me, hardworking as I am, to think any further about the work under these circumstances. The chorus is already rehearsing, and if I later get enough orchestra rehearsals they will certainly be only at the last moment; I'll then have to truly command the thing and be able to give the orchestra completely annotated parts. In the St. Matthew Passion, which I had known from childhood, it was of course easier for me. Anyway, I wrote you various letters from the ship with a number of questions regarding the B-minor Mass, some of them quite stupid ones to be sure, and as yet I have had no response! So I am anxious about whether the letters from Teneriffe and later from Rio de Janeiro ever even got there, or whether you are thinking: the Herr Kapellmeister ought to hit upon the correct way by himself, and will do so if only he takes a good look at the thing. Dear Adolf, that is only partially correct. You spend your life in the classical world, whereas I am forced to chase about in other regions (Smetana, Wagner, etc.) and must be ready at a moment's notice. So don't be angry with me if I once again ask you the

following:

- 1) Did you receive my letters and answer them?
- 2) If you didn't answer, do you have the time and the desire to do so?
- 3) Can you fill a small score with scribbles and send it to me by air mail?
- 4) *Last not least*, when you receive this letter would you send me a telegram to reassure me?

Naturally I will reimburse you later for the considerable outlay for postage. Every word you have to offer will be welcome, and will give me the chance to get 5 hours of sleep some night during the next few weeks instead of the usual 4. Don't think I am exaggerating. The performances here are generally felt to be so respectable from a musical point of view that quite honestly one can't hear anything better anywhere today. I am working with pleasure and intense concentration, and the forces I have to work with are the best one could hope for. But I am simply afraid of the B-minor Mass, as I don't have either the peace of mind or the time, and cannot and will not tackle it without being in complete command. So if you don't help me, I'll simply cry "Mama" and take to bed.

The family is feeling well except for a flulike bronchitis that Grete has had for a week now. Gisela is staying with friends in one of the suburbs, and Eta is helping me very nicely whenever she can. But I am stuck in the theater until deep in the night, and we often don't manage to get together for supper until 1:30 in the morning. In the orchestra and in other musical circles people are genuinely grieving since you didn't come here this year. Kreisler gave 6 concerts in the Colón in two weeks (these take place between 6:00 and 8:00 P.M., you see, after the end of the orchestra rehearsals and before the beginning of the nightly operas). Lots of enthusiasm and lots of money. At the moment Thibaud is playing at the Colón. Everyone tells me that Kreisler played Mozart's D-major concerto (the one we did in Glyndebourne), with piano of course, quite wonderfully. They are not saying the same about Thibaud, who a few days ago let forth with the same concerto, only with a different pianist. Since hardly anyone heard him, there was little harm done. I heard him playing a few "offerings" once as I happened to walk across the stage, and found them quite mediocre. Seems to be a cultivated person, however. Three well-known pianists are currently playing in competition with each other, by and large without benefit of audience. Tomorrow's performance of "Tannhäuser," on the other hand, was once again completely sold out in only a few hours. Wagner and Bach are highly fashionable. Very strange.

What is the young couple up to? The photo that showed up here, which we sent back to you, gives us only a faint idea of their happiness; we would love to know more. We had copies made of the photograph Rudi and Irene sent of my esteemed colleague with the handsome and impressive head¹, and had

¹ Furtwängler.

them passed around.

God grant that this tome reaches you, as it cost me the only free evening I have had in a long time to dictate it! I am sending it, permissio, with the German Condor Line, only half of whose planes fall into the ocean, while it appears that almost every plane flying for the French Line goes down! Therefore I again request confirmation of receipt by telegram! As for the enclosures: program booklet for the Bach-Wagner festival as proof of Argentine taste. All the rest is self-explanatory.

Stay well, all of you, and sometime write us emigrants in detail about how you stay-at-homes are doing. All send their best, especially

Your old Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
August 29, 1935

Dear Adolf,

This morning I had them bring me the available parts for the B-minor Mass, which were printed by Breitkopf & Härtel, and discovered to my extreme dismay that they had been annotated by...Kretzschmar for the performances of the Riedel Society! I nearly bawled. — You have no idea what this discovery means for me! It would be senseless to try to correct this material, for every measure is filled with the most ridiculous execution markings. If 5% of them are correct I would be surprised. 95% are definitely impossible. Now I am completely trapped.

The directors of the Colón probably don't even have the money or the right to buy a second, unmarked set of parts. Is there even one available? Please don't leave me in the lurch!! Money isn't an issue, I'll reimburse you for everything. The main thing for me is that I come out of this mess unscathed — in future I will only do Bach if I can work on it and nothing else for a year in advance. So these are the things I beg of you:

1) Buy the best orchestra parts you can for me (quantities 16-16-10...see above).

2) If there isn't a clean set available, could Volkmare Andreae possibly lend me his? I'll guarantee their return any way he wishes, possibly leave a deposit with him.

3) Perhaps Peters has already brought out a new printing of the orchestra parts as it did for the St. Matthew Passion (the chorus parts are all right).

4) Is there no good organ or harpsichord part?

5) Very important: once you manage to get your hands on this material, send it to me here immediately by air mail or Zeppelin! Given the shakiness of the undertaking it cannot get here too soon for me!! In any case, my first rehearsal of the Mass with orchestra is on September 11. And I still have to get my score completely in order before then. The evening before, if I'm not

mistaken, I have "Götterdämmerung." There can be no thought of a postponement, as the soloists are only bound by contract up until the 30th of Sept., and must have sung 4 performances of the St. Matthew Passion and 3 of the Mass before they leave. That is spelled out in their contracts.

6) Most important of all!!! Send me a telegram immediately about the parts and all my other questions, clear and detailed!

As of yesterday there's no more sleep for me at all...never again Bach. "Help me in my extremity..."

Your F.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
September 1935

My dear Adolf,

Many thanks for your long letter from Karlsbad, though to be honest it was a slight disappointment for me. No one is more aware of your need for rest and relaxation than I. But you have no idea, though I felt that I had described it quite clearly and in detail in my letter, of the hell my life is here. Whether through my own fault or not is of no immediate consequence. I now have to conduct my prescribed number of works, and can only do it with a good conscience, that is to say well. Mozart and Wagner don't frighten me at all — but Bach, in which you have been at home since childhood, robs me of the last of my sleep. You can well imagine that I am spending every free moment on studying for the B-minor Mass. Today all carelessness in art is loathsome to me. But you do in minutes the things that take me days. And the strength! Where is that to come from when I have to do a "Götterdämmerung" rehearsal from 3:00 to 8:00 in the afternoon and from 10:00 at night to 1:00 in the morning a rehearsal of the 1st and 2nd acts of "Siegfried"! Outside of the Colón I don't see a soul. I have my daily massage, bathe, fall into bed exhausted, wake up a few hours later, and start working all over again.

Tomorrow,

Tuesday:	1:00-4:00 orchestra rehearsal 9:00 "Rheingold"
Wednesday:	1:00-4:00 chorus, soloists, orch., 1st part St. Matthew Passion evening: symphony concert
Thursday:	1:00-4:00 chorus, soloists, orch., 2nd part St. Matthew Passion evening at 9:00: "Die Walküre"
Friday:	1:00-4:00 dress rehearsal St. Matthew Passion 1st part 9:30-1:00 dress rehearsal 2nd part
Saturday:	1:00-4:00 1st orchestra rehearsal B-minor Mass eve. at 9:00: 1st perf. St. Matth. Passion, no cuts!

Sunday: 1:00-4:00 2nd orchestra rehearsal B-minor Mass
evening at 9:00 "Siegfried"

etc.

Everything sold out. Today the orchestra parts arrived from Peters, perfect, which I bought at my own expense. However they kindly threw in the postage. So we have set aside the whole day following the extra rehearsal this afternoon (Bach B-minor suite with flute) for marking in a few bowings, letters, some dynamics — there's actually not a lot — anyway God help me, amen. Much of what I wrote you back then after my cursory reading is outdated, and I have found what's right (and no "false" notes). A powerful 2-manual (!) organ with a portable keyboard will be ready in time, I hope, 8 flutes, 8 oboes (2 oboes d'amore) are on tap, splendid strings and choruses also, Kinsky to play cembalo (piano) — excellent soloists in Fleischer, Branzell, Pataky, Kipnis, good orchestra parts — vamos a hacer — let's get to work.

Dear Uncle Adolf, unfortunately Father did not have the time to finish this letter himself, so he asked me to write you the following: could you send by return mail 4 copies of your edition of the partitas (sonatas), Father isn't entirely sure whether there has been a new edition or not. For he has promised them to his concertmasters here, will of course pay you as soon as



Some of the Busch Chamber Players in London, October 1935, when the group was recording the six Brandenburg Concertos. From left: Frances Dakyns, Carlo Morini, Blanche Honegger, Jürg Stucki, Amadea Gombrich, Mauritz van den Berg, Jenny Deuber, Mengeli Fierz, Adolf and Frieda Busch, Irene and Rudolf Serkin, Fritz Abel, Henri Honegger, and Karl Doktor.

he's back in Europe. It isn't necessary to send them by air mail (for a change), only they have to be here by around October 15. Is that possible? — Father says that he can well understand that you can be tired after composing, but is a bit disappointed that Rudi also allows him to be so abandoned in this hell of his. Do the admittedly understandable joys of marriage hold him so deeply in thrall? Even so, sincere regards to him and "Tränchen" as well from all of us,

Your Eta

IRENE SERKIN TO HER MOTHER

Vienna
December 1, 1935

My dear Mäuschen,

I am typing this, as I still want to get it off to you by air mail. We are very well, having a glorious time, and are very happy. Only we both wish our better halves were here. I hope you aren't slaving too hard and that you also take time out to do fun things with Schnüffchen¹. Yesterday we were finally with Zuzu Kaffer². I only saw him on the podium, for afterward he was changing, and only Papi could go in. But I spoke with her, and she had been delighted with your letter. The concert was wonderful, that is to say half of it was. The "Eroica" was incredibly beautiful, and Papi's face was simply beaming. Then came Tedesco, that was trash, then Sibelius, more muck. Then Wagner, that was wonderful, especially thanks to Tosca, and finally Berlioz, also very beautiful. They should have put tacks on the orchestra's³ seats, many of them played in a trance. Some are almost playing from the afterworld already. The flutist is wonderful, however. At the quartet concert last night it was even more beautiful. The Beethoven especially was glorious, and the people went wild. After an encore by Haydn they had to come out fourteen more times. That will tell you how beautiful it was. — Now it is a day later already, and again we've heard a lot of beautiful things. Tosca's concert again, it was even more beautiful, and Tedesco even more idiotic. What is awful is that he was sitting only two seats away from me, so I had to clap without making any noise; that's very difficult. Last night we went to hear Horowitz. After the Haydn, which wasn't so nice, Papi said "turn around," and there sat Tosca in a loge behind us. I could have guessed as much from the opera glasses that were focussed on him from all directions. Horowitz played quite marvelously, even though he is sick. The Brahms was very beautiful and the Chopin and Debussy perfectly delightful. He also had to play lots of encores, including his own arrangement of "Carmen." The

¹ Probably Frieda's sister Elli Cloos.

² Toscanini, who was fond of grabbing you by the chin and saying "zuzuzu."

³ The Vienna Philharmonic.

Wiener Konzerthausgesellschaft
Konzertdirektion Dr. Artur Hohenberg

GROSSER KONZERTHAUS-SAAL
Dienstag, den 3. Dezember 1935, halb 8 Uhr abends

KONZERT

ADOLF BUSCH

Begleitung: **Die Wiener Symphoniker**
Dirigent: **Prof. OSWALD KABASTA**

Programm:

1. Brahms Violinkonzert D-dur op. 77
Allegro non troppo
Adagio
Allegro giocoso ma non troppo vivace
2. Beethoven Romanze F-dur
Mozart Rondo C-dur, K.-V. Nr. 373
— Pause —
3. Mendelssohn Violinkonzert E-moll op. 64
Allegro molto appassionato
Andante
Allegro non troppo — Allegro molto vivace

Verlag der Wiener Konzerthausgesellschaft, III., Lothringerstraße 20

Dienstag, den 10. Dezember 1935, halb 8 Uhr abends Großer Musikvereins-Saal

Sonatenabend Adolf Busch — Rudolf Serkin

Beethoven: Sonate C-moll op. 30, Nr. 2 — Schumann: Sonate A-moll op. 105 — Brahms: Sonate D-moll op. 108 — Schubert: Rondo brillant op. 70 H-moll
Karten an der Konzertkasse Dr. Hohenberg, I, Oper (Operngasse) und an der Musikvereinskasse

Donnerst.	5. Dezember:	Konzert Erna Sack, Großer Musikvereins-Saal
Freitag,	6. "	Trudi Schoop und die tanzenden Komikerinnen. Großer Konzert-
		haus-Saal
Samstag,	8. "	"Komm und lach!" Lustiger Abend des "Echo" und "Telegraph". Großer
		Konzerthaus-Saal
Montag,	9. "	Letzter Lichtbilder-Vortrag Sven Hedlin "Ein achtjähriger Kampf in Asien".
		Das gesamte Reinertrags fließt der "Wienerhilfe" zu. Großer Konzerth.-Saal
Montag,	9. "	Konzert Erna Sack's Populäre Preise. Großer Musikvereins-Saal
Montag,	16. "	Konzert Artur Schnabel, Großer Konzerthaus-Saal
Donnerst.	26. "	Konzert Kammer Sänger Richard Tauber, Großer Konzerthaus-Saal

Karten an der Konzertkasse Dr. ARTUR HOHENBERG, I, Oper (Operngasse), an der Konzert- und Musikvereinskasse

Preis des Programmes 50 Groschen

Wagner Druck 4917

Über behördliche Anordnung dürfen die Sitze nicht mit Kleidungsstücken belegt werden. Überkleider sind in der Garderobe abzugeben.

Über behördliche Anordnung sind die Damen verhalten, die Hüte abzunehmen.

audience went simply crazy, but also it was truly good. He was very nice to us. When we entered the green room he was standing perfectly sheepishly in one corner and a red-faced Tosca in another. The rascal had just finished complaining about "such" a program, for the last piece was a harmless little "offering," though by no means bad. When Horowitz timidly asked Papi whether the piece was really so bad, Papi really let Tosca have it. Did he perhaps think Tedesco more beautiful? No! Was Sibelius any better? Nono! (Tedesco was standing not very far away, by the way.) Then how could he say anything when he himself did such crap. And off he went. Tosca didn't dare say a thing to Papi. He told him we were all very sorry and had been appalled at those pieces. And that it was a shame that he didn't do Dvorák. To that he timidly responded that he had already done him. Then Papi broke his rule of not saying anything about Reger: this would be the last time that he would speak of Reger, but that that was precisely what Tosca was looking for after Brahms and Wagner. To that Tosca asserted that the scores were too thick, that sometimes he couldn't even find the melody. Papi advised him not to look at them, but simply to conduct one sometime, and he would be bound to like it. The upshot was that Tosca stood there in the little corner, deathly pale and almost crying, like a boy forced to stay after school, and promised to try it one more time. Papi was so wound up that he didn't get around to saying something nice about the "Eroica," for he wasn't even thinking about that any longer. But when we left they embraced each other anyway, and I hope that all is well. In the rehearsal this morning Papi really worked like a demon, he has another tomorrow, as they're still not through. Various people have told us that Tosca will be coming to the concert, but he hasn't said a word about it himself. Tonight I'm not going along, I'm too tired, despite a two hour nap. I'm sending off the little cap tomorrow morning. I'm pleased with it.

So for now all my love, I'm happy that you are coming soon. Till then all the best, and a thousand kisses from your

Peter⁴

I was able to make these studies during the Tedesco and the Sibelius, that is I sketched them in the Gumpendorferstrasse⁵. Do you recognize this young man?⁶ There was a whole gallery of them up there — the others from an even earlier generation, including "Master" Kienzl. This helped me pass the time.



⁴ One of Irene's nicknames.

⁵ At the home of the Gombrichs.

⁶ Emil von Sauer.

TO VOLKMAR ANDREAE

December 21, 1935

Dear Volkmar,

You had said that you would be sending me the revised passage in the slow movement, but haven't done so.¹ Yesterday and today I copied the entire violin part — am now finished, and once again I changed a few bowings, nothing too important (from the standpoint of the composer), and entered the appropriate markings in the piano score. Also set once and for all a few minor changes having to do with violin technique in the A minor passage in the last movement (you had left them up to me). I'm sure you will agree with these small details. Some things I also changed back in accordance with your conception. Forgive me for making more work for you! What I don't know is that spot in the slow movement. I am sending a suggestion that I have entered into the violin part in pencil. If you agree — it isn't a major change, as you can see — just tell me, otherwise send me your change "as immediately as possible" (as Reger used to say). I have to know now what I am to play, and therefore what I have to practice. As for the rest of it, the piece delights me as a musician more and more, and I am looking forward to working on it as a violinist. I'll start with that tomorrow. I hope you will be satisfied when we play through it soon.

Stay well, all of you. I wish you all the loveliest of holidays. For you a warm embrace from your old

A.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Glyndebourne
May 22, 1936

My dear Adolf,

If you have time and wouldn't mind, take a look at the score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and tell the following immediately. a card is sufficient:

a) Tempo of Elvira's 3/4 aria in D major "Ah fuggi..." in the 1st act, which is marked "Allegro." $\text{♩} = ?/32$ (Rudi) — $/38$ (Adolf).

b) Trombones in the finale of the 2nd act, yes or no? I am definitely for them. Tovey too, but he says: "They're authentic, but not good." Why?

c) In the overture, the first measures of the allegro have:



¹ Adolf was to give the first performance of a violin concerto Andreae had written.

added (flute/bassoon)



The first B-flat in the second violin seems somewhat "suspicious" (different ink) in the manuscript. The second B-flat (1st viola) has been added by many different editors. The reprise doesn't shed any light on it, as it isn't written out. I'm for doing it without the B-flat. What do you think? Otherwise I am feeling fine. Hope all of you are as well. Wonderful that you can come here!

Sincerely,

Your old F.

TO RUDOLF SERKIN

Postcard

Palermo
[Spring 1936]

Dear Rudi,

Palermo sends greetings. Yesterday we played Pizetti in the Teatro Massimo. We had to stop 3 times on account of noise, and finally all of our music flew out into the audience on a gust of wind! Apparently it is not intended that we play the piece any more! I think of you too, and with fatherly love I sincerely wish you all best for your stay. Give my most sincere and respectful greetings to Maestro.

Your Adolf

Irene is fine.¹

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

[Karlsbad]
August 12, 1936

Beloved Otto,

Punctually as always, your letter arrived on my birthday (despite detour via Basel) and pleased me a lot. Something that you can count on in life as definitely as that is a special delight. For 34 years now (I think) I have waited for your birthday letter, and that you have never disappointed me is

¹ Serkin had gone to the U.S. for concerts with Toscanini, who introduced him as a soloist to the American public. Irene had stayed in Switzerland, as she was expecting their first child.

something particularly nice. A thousand thanks also for the strange and funny book "Dohnny-Kue." I unwrapped it right away and have read it with enjoyment. Fritz also sent 2 interesting books. Frieda and I "fight" over what belongs to whom. I assume the physics book is for me. — As always in Karlsbad, we are doing fine. This time we have been here only 13 days, but Dr. Fried has managed to bring my weight down by 12 pounds and Frieda's by 5. We are both quite satisfied with the cure. The first few days I lost too quickly, and that gave me, and Friedchen too, who was worried about me, an unpleasant night. I felt really miserable, and at the second attack I was unconscious for a few seconds (Frieda maintains it was 20, so it must have been 10 at the most! — impertinent, aren't I). It doesn't mean anything, it's a matter of the blood sugar, if that tells you anything. I am only telling you because I like it when you too get anxious about me. It does me good to see that someone cares for me. — Two answers in one: Fritz is conducting in Copenhagen, and on Dec. 1 is doing my Lord's Prayer (for chorus and orch.). It is being broadcast, and I hope you'll be able to hear it all right. My new piece (a symphony with chorus in the last movement) has no prospect of being performed, as yet, but is only just now finished. The Requiem for Mignon may get a hearing in Edinburgh, you know that I wrote it for the university there, or at least plan to dedicate it to them in gratitude for the recent honorary doctorate. Have you any idea how, in what form, such a dedication needs to be presented? You can tell me when you come to Basel. Which we are desperately hoping you will. We have figured it out that after the wedding on Sept. 3 you would be coming at just the right time to hear some nice things, aside from the pleasure of the reunion. We'll be rehearsing the Brandenburgs again for Brussels and London, and studying the 4 suites (overtures) of Bach. Also there will be 2 concerts in Basel with the suites and a triple concerto (A minor) for flute with Moyse¹, Paris, violin, and piano, the piano concerto in E major (sublime, and virtually unknown, I have never seen that it has been played anywhere), and the A-minor violin concerto. You will be able to hear all of this and lots of quartet music and chamber music in general. We confidently hope that this time it will work. So we will expect you on the 4th of Sept.

Stay well — we're leaving for Salzburg today, are meeting the children and grandchild² tomorrow, and will hear "Fidelio," "Falstaff," 3 perf. of the "Meistersinger," and concerts under Toscanini, and "Orpheus" under Walter. Looking forward a great deal to all of it. —

Again many thanks for the letter and your book. "Poor" Hanna mustn't let you tyrannize her too much. See you in September.

Yours sincerely,
Adolf

¹ Marcel Moyse.

² Ursula Serkin, born on June 17.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
November 14, 1936

My dear Adolf,

After a calm crossing on a boring English ship that was only shaken somewhat by a storm in the Bay of Biscay, we landed in Southampton without a hitch. I had things to do for Glyndebourne in London for a few days, and yesterday Gisela and I took a plane from Croydon via Amsterdam to Copenhagen, and I am happy to be able to live and work again here in this relaxed atmosphere that is so completely different from that of Buenos Aires.

Though I would have liked to know a lot about what you were doing, I did not write, so as not to burden you with favors, also because I was much too tired and lazy to undertake even the simplest thing after the rat race in Buenos Aires. Including the concert and one performance of the "Walküre" in Montevideo, I conducted some 100 orchestra rehearsals and 30 performances in the 3 months I was there. Now that it is behind me, I can say that this season was somewhat plagued with bad luck. I won't go into the details. It is fortunate that you weren't there this time, for we would definitely have only managed a single concert with orchestra, since foolish scheduling on the part of the directors had stuffed the repertoire so full that ultimately they had to pay me the honoraria for 3 performances that owing to the fault of the directors I wasn't even able to conduct. You would have been forced to give more recitals so as to cover your expenses. Now yesterday I have learned that the entire board of directors has resigned after a blowup with the mayor, and at the moment no one knows who their successors will be. In any case, before I left I expressly stated that I would only come back to conduct concerts with you and Rudi as soloists and for "Meistersinger" and "Tristan."

Rehearsals begin in Glyndebourne the end of April, and the opening of the season, which has been lengthened to 6 weeks, is on May 19, the closing performance the 3rd of July. Again there will be the 5 operas of Mozart with open dress rehearsals, roughly 40 performances, all of them under my direction, since Oppenheim has been dropped as a conductor. The theater is being enlarged by the addition of some 200 seats to 500 — and the orchestra accordingly. I would have liked to add a new work, but at the moment it is impossible. So much for us. I would also like to know how you all are doing as we probably won't see each other before mid December. So write sometime in more detail, or ask Frieda to, and send me, if at all possible, the new symphony I asked for some time ago and the Mignon Requiem, so that I can have a good look at them. We start rehearsals for the Lord's Prayer the beginning of next week (the chorus has already been rehearsing for weeks). I am truly upset that thanks to a misunderstanding, as I learn from Frances, you were told the wrong date. I will find out for sure, but unfortunately I can't change the fact that the Lord's Prayer has to be done with the Brahms

Requiem on the 10th (tenth) of December. I would have so liked it if you could have heard it, if only on the radio. Under these circumstances I have only two options. When you all come in March we can arrange for you to hear it here by performing it then in a rehearsal, and moreover I am having the performance recorded on disks, which I can then present you for Christmas.

So that you don't get too angry, however, I sincerely request that you give the metronome markings for the various tempi, and at the same time impart to me the metronome figure that Toscanini discovered for the 2nd movement of the Brahms Requiem. Other questions that turn up during my study of the piece I will put down in a letter when the time comes. I would like to ask Frieda to let me know the dates of your concerts and Rudi's, as she has so kindly done in the past, and be sure to add any radio broadcasts. It's possible that I might catch one or the other of them. In Basel, thank God, I only have 2 concerts of the 6 originally scheduled and agreed upon. The people are behaving too foolishly. And I am really too good for that.

At the moment I am sitting here bleary-eyed over the great B-flat major fugue of Beethoven, which is scheduled for next Thursday along with the "Eroica" and the 2nd Leonore. That will turn out to be a devilish amount of work, and I am terribly anxious about it. *But I will do my best.*

For today all the best to you all,

Your old Fritz

TO FRITZ BUSCH

Riehen

November 20, 1936

My dear Fritz,

I had been so delighted to be able to chat with you on the phone a little, and it didn't seem to me that you were by any means in such "bad spirits" as I gathered you were from your letter. I had the impression (after the letter) that you were definitely in need of an extended vacation. What do you have after Basel (Dec. 15)? How long can you rest then? Can we be together for Christmas? — Blanche Honegger played for me again yesterday for the concert with you. I advised her to play the Beethoven concerto — she needs a chance to show what she can do and what kind of a musician she is for once. Here they were thinking of Mozart. While you were still in Buenos, and I wasn't able to ask you, I told her and also Benedikt Vischer that she had to play a major concerto, best of all Beeth., as she plays it especially beautifully. Now they don't know whether you agree to that. I beg you, dear boy, make it possible! Blanche hasn't yet dared to write you, also she wanted to hear from me once again that I like the way she plays it. I told her again yesterday that she plays it incredibly beautifully, and I am certain that you will be very delighted with her. She is now playing it (at my renewed urging) for the first time next week in Lausanne on the radio, and on that occasion will surely

become more sure of herself and lose some of her anxiety, anxiety that she has vis-à-vis and on account of Beethoven (I still have it too) and also on account of the fact that you will be conducting. I assured her, by the way, that it will actually be easier with you than with any other conductor, in spite of the respect she feels for you. — I am telling you once more: she plays the Beeth., especially, more beautifully than I ever heard it — some things, even a lot of things differently than I do them (also in terms of violin technique), but I could not say less well. ✓ bow where I do ♯, also different fingerings, everything quite independently but always Beethoven. You will be making me especially happy too if you let her play Beethoven. Perhaps you could make it an all-Beethoven concert with the fourth symphony and the 2nd Leonore? I hope you make it possible. If you are willing, everyone here is naturally all for it. Let me know if you agree. I'll then let Blanchette know, she is afraid of troubling you. I hope it works that I can hear the "Our Father" on the 10th. I am insanely curious to know what you say, and whether you are satisfied with this "resuscitated" piece. If I had thought of it with orchestra from the start, the chorus would have had more time to catch its breath. As it is, it is terribly strenuous, but possibly less so with orch. than without. Let's hope so! A thousand sincerest thanks for your pains. And also my thanks to the Radiofonien (Kammersänger) for the honor of the performance — yesterday Frieda was unable to hear a thing! Stay well, old fellow, greetings to Gisela. Make it possible for Blanchette, you will be giving her a chance she can never get again, and it is important that she do it just now. Thanks in advance.

Your A.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
November 23, 1936

My dear Adolf,

Many thanks for your letter received today; if the people in Basel were more on top of things you could have saved yourself a major part of the effort. On the 15th of November Präsident Speiser informed me that Fräulein Honegger, provided I were in agreement, would like to play the Beethoven concerto. On the 16th of November I responded that this choice was perfectly fine with me; so everything is as it should be. If my letter caused you to be concerned about the condition of my nerves, it can only be because I wrote it after receiving unfortunate news from Buenos Aires, which was only upsetting to me as it may mean that we won't have a chance to work together in South America in the near future. I had not anticipated that the directors I had worked with for four years, with Palma¹ as chairman, would resign so

¹ Doubtless the Argentine composer Athos Palma.

soon and be replaced by absolutely unimposing new ones, whose intentions won't be apparent before January. Also I was considerably shaken by the suicide of the president of the State Radio in Montevideo, whom I respected and with whom I had also arranged to do some concerts etc. And finally I was angry at myself, in the midst of my study of the Great Fugue, as I was feeling too stupid. Ultimately it went quite well.

My dear brother! I have to tell you that after precisely ten hours of work editing your Lord's Prayer and studying the score more carefully, I am now up to about page 30, and have found 438 mistakes. Roughly 38 of these have to do with missing legato marks and dots and missing accidentals that one can think of as aesthetic flaws, but need not be condemned too harshly. The remaining 400, about whose authenticity, that is to say falsity, there is not the slightest doubt, are some of the most outrageous ones I have ever encountered. For this reason I will be able to execute the lovely passage "and forgive them their debts, as we forgive our debtors" with particular expressiveness! If I keep working intensively for another three days, completely setting aside my own interests, the score ought to be absolutely in order. We will then hire (or condemn) four strong men, that is to say copyists, to straighten out the orchestra parts.

My dear brother! I have been thinking quite often of late about the gratitude I owe you for many things you have taught me in my life in music. And since I suffered under the feeling that I would never be able to thank you properly, I am now delighted to be able to discharge a considerable amount of my debt by my editorial work on this score.

My dear brother! I like the work a lot, and find it truly admirable the way you managed to write such an independent and natural-sounding orchestral accompaniment after the fact for what was originally an a-capella chorus. I truly wish I could do that too; in any case, I am quite impressed, and I never fail to tout your mastery to all who will listen. Whether our chorus of a hundred voices, excellent as they are, is powerful enough to be heard over the orchestra and develop the necessary brio remains to be seen. You are correct in lamenting that it was not possible to give the chorus a break and pauses in which to catch its breath. The whole piece is quite demanding. But I hope we will surmount all these difficulties, and I am approaching the task with genuine enthusiasm.

My dear brother! I have to tell you that I think it a disgrace that the world we are forced to live in today is dominated by so much revolting junk that people don't perform a work like this everywhere. I hope that better times will yet come, in which musicians are more knowledgeable and more courageous, and will espouse works as lovely as this on their merits. Thy kingdom come, amen. Since I have noted all the corrections and improvements in red pencil, when you get back the score you will easily be able to see that the quantities given above are not exaggerated. Is the first double bassoon intended from the very beginning, or only after the 3rd/4th mea-

sure? I am assuming from the beginning on. In that connection may I permit myself the suggestion that you make use of the third bassoon or double bassoon in the 6th, 7th, and 8th measures to strengthen the double basses?

Have you possibly ever heard an aria with an obligato part for B-flat clarinet that includes the following passages?



It is the aria No. 9 in Mozart's "Titus." I don't know what the master was thinking of in all of this. Any change, such as playing the two notes an octave higher, is naturally ugly, and assigning the two spots to the bass clarinet is likewise not very nice. I have rarely had such a scare as I did yesterday when reading this aria, which I am conducting on Thursday.

For today, very best regards to all.

Your ancient Fritz

FROM RUDOLF SERKIN

S.S. "Champlain"¹
November 25, 1936

Dear Friends,

That was a nice awakening this morning when the telephone woke us (we had requested the call in advance last night) and we heard your dear voices. It was almost like talking between the little house and the big one in Riehen. Only then came a breakfast without you, though with a breath of Basel air, namely Lucas². He brought us to the train, where Dr. Schiff was already waiting, also Frau Simon. A short time later the train started moving, and by 12:30 we were in Le Havre, a large modern port, and shortly after that, after some waiting in the customs line and the one where they tore off your ship tickets, we were on the "Champlain." For reasons still unknown to us, we didn't have the cabin that we had reserved, but rather one on B Deck. We complained immediately to the Chief Purser, where a director of the French Line happened to be at the moment. He apologized profusely, and said it was his fault, but that the cabin was just as good as the one we had reserved; we believed him, however the cabin we have now is much better, as the A Deck has a considerable vibrato. Moreover, our steward told us that in bad weather the A Deck sways more, and that for that reason the B Deck is much calmer. So unfortunately there was no reason to make a fuss, even though

¹ Rudolf und Irene Serkin were sailing to America for a concert tour of 4 1/2 months.

² Lucas Lichtenhan, Basel art dealer and friend.



Singer René Maison and cellist Gaspar Cassado (left), Irene and Rudolf Serkin (right), after a concert for the crew of the S.S. "Champlain," November 1936.

their unreliability had annoyed us. We also found in our cabin a special communication from the head of the French Line, recommending us to the special care of the captain. We had hardly stepped into the very nicely appointed cabin when your so charming telegram was delivered. Then came a small package containing, to our great delight, the Pestalozzi calendars. Then came the Rosegger books. We were pleased and touched, and fought back two tears. It was incredibly nice and good of Friedchen. We also got flowers from the Andreassons, puzzlingly printed bon voyage wishes and a book, puzzlingly sent, from Lotte and Hermann, telegrams from Gombrichs and Gina³, letters from dear Otto and Hanna, and from Elli Schmitz-Scholl, who was also very sweet. Then we had a look at the ship, it is truly lovely and comfortable. Aside from the vibration on A Deck it sails quite smoothly. The weather is perfectly calm, if it stays this way we will have a delightful honeymoon. But even in bad weather it is nice when Pizzi is along, she is truly enjoying herself, as am I, and we are looking forward to the return trip. The worst is already over, perhaps, namely parting from Ursula and both of you dear people. Now we only need to be patient, and soon we will all be together again. Just stay well, and we will do our best to do the same. My

³ Karl Doktor's wife Georgine.

throat pains are somewhat better, but tonight they whave to be resolutely banished with red wine and Pyramidon. I hope Adolf is happy with the performance of his 9 pieces, I would have liked to hear them. Our thoughts are always with you and Ursula. And we are happy to know that you are with Ursula and Bienchen is with you. Now, while Adolf is working, we will be lazing around in the sun. I won't be able to practice, because the pianos are in the stairwell. So a complete vacation. Be as cheerful as we are. Now you can't get anything from us before Vienna. Don't be worried about a thing. I will take good care of Pizzilein. Stay well, and we'll see you soon. I embrace you separately, together, and again one by one,

Your Rudi

TO FRITZ BUSCH

[Riehen]

November 30, 1936

Beloved Fritz,

You have no idea how happy you made me with your nice letter. That is the way we like to have you — I am not the only one to have been pleased by your letter and uplifted by your incomparable sense of humor. Since I cannot answer you with comparable wit (for want of same), I will make do with being proud to have given you a reason to be able to write me such a hilarious letter. — I truly pity you from the bottom of my heart, and have a very guilty conscience. You know, however, that for Sir Hugh I have no reason to look through the parts, for you I would have done it (though overlooking a lot even so). So a thousand thanks for your trouble, and not only regarding the correcting of my mistakes. But a thousand thanks especially for [all the love] etc. implicit in your letter, and for going so far as to let me know in writing that you value the piece and my work in general. That is important to me, and makes me proud and happy. — Here are the metronome markings you requested — surely unnecessary. Anyway $\text{♩} = 76$ (approximately, in the Tranquillo somewhat slower, at times even faster, as far as I care, if you prefer, the overall spirit "con brio"), in the 6/4 the ♩ the same as the previous half notes, or again roughly 76. Toward the end somewhat slow (the soprano solo etc.), the fugue "con brio," with the $\text{♩} = 116$ (approximately). — As for the aria in "Titus": why not change the few spots, since this clarinet no longer exists (and also probably never will again)? Using 2 clarinets doesn't seem right to me, would also be difficult. I am sending my suggestions along (without obligation!). If they don't get there in time it doesn't really matter either. — Forgive me for not writing more, I am dead tired. Concerts almost every day, with different programs each time. This afternoon rehearsed the Reger D-minor quartet for 3 1/2 hours, and then in addition the Dvořák A-flat major. Practiced this morning. Stay well, dear boy. Be moderate in your drinking and immoderate in

wal[king]. Think in these] times of your health, which is more important than anything else. All the best, also from Frieda. We have the best of news from the children. The most pleasant possible crossing.

Your [Adolf]



Adolf and Frieda in Vienna, autumn 1936.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
November 30, 1936

My dear Adolf,

The score of the Lord's Prayer is now in relatively good order. It was crawling with mistakes and now consists of more red marks from me than black notes! When you get it back, take a look at it. Here and there I wasn't altogether clear about the phrasing markings, however, but hope I got them more or less right. Now an army of copyists is being hired to put the parts in

order. If you should happen to think that the quartet extracts you provided me were flawless, you are seriously mistaken. They were extremely helpful to me in my editing of the score, but they too still contained numerous mistakes.

Thursday I rehearse with the orchestra alone, and tonight I begin with the chorus, with which I will now be rehearsing "Our Father" for two hours and the "German Requiem" for two hours every day. I have written a few questions on the enclosed sheet, and ask if you could send me your replies by return mail.

If this score was written by a musician, it must have been one who doesn't hear what he is writing. I am now looking forward to my work on it, and send you all the best in the meantime.

Your old Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Zurich
[December 1936]

My dear Adolf,

Many thanks for your telegram from Vienna! You can imagine that I was waiting for it with some anxiety, even though I was afraid that the broadcast would be [?]. Now I hope, though I was unable to make certain before I left, that they recorded the "Our Father" onto disks during the performance. Kammersänger had also agreed, despite major difficulties, to do what he could to fulfill my request. The disks are considerably thicker and heavier than ordinary ones, however, and for that reason cannot be shipped and played on regular phonographs. Otherwise I would have liked to put them under the Christmas tree for you, but must now ask you to be patient until you can hear them in Copenhagen in March. I also hope to be able to find an opportunity to perform the work for you with chorus and orchestra sometime in a rehearsal. The chorus sang truly splendidly, and also knew the piece flawlessly a capella. However it was still good that an orchestra had been added. It is very difficult and also quite strenuous, as I was able to see in the many daily rehearsals of it that I led myself. The voices move somewhat too much around the so-called break, and in my opinion the bass part is often too low. I already had this impression years ago, when I read the a-capella score. Of course it is possible to use low F's and E's, but they shouldn't be in moving passages, rather occur only as slow notes. Those are minor objections that I permit myself to make based on my experience, and I will gladly point them out in the score for future reference. The whole thing sounded wonderful, and I have become particularly fond of the first part up until the beginning of the fugue, "For Thine is the kingdom..." thanks to its grandiose construction, its natural flow, and its depth of feeling. The fugue strikes me as being somewhat more conventional, by comparison, though it

is most effective with its grand climax at the end. The good musicians in the orchestra came to like the work more and more, and it impressed them in every respect. The chorus was enthusiastic about doing it, but could have been twice as large, despite the professionalism of its members, as it then would have found the work less tiring. The audience's reception was kind, one cannot ask any more from Danish listeners, who are still basically quite backward musically. I ordered the reviews, but still haven't received them, and only read one good one in the major newspaper "Politiken."

We all thank both you and Frieda for your kind invitation to spend Christmas with you. If we cannot this time, it is for a number of reasons, some of which I will enumerate here if only because they will tell you a little about my immediate plans. Firstly, we promised some English and Italian friends weeks ago that we would come to Sorrento, and these friends have prepared a very amusing event (I suspect the presentation of an Italian medal or some such, I tell you and Frieda this in utmost secrecy), which has been arranged with considerable mystery, but which requires my coming to Italy. Secondly, for tax reasons, Hans has to fetch our old Nürburg from Baden-Baden, which we then plan to drive down in, *toute la famille*, which will be inexpensive and beneficial for him. Thirdly, we would like to take this opportunity to scout around for a small house in the Tecino, which I especially would like to rent as soon as possible for Grete's sake, who after years of roaming about is most in need of permanent roots. For it turns out, and at the moment Grete doesn't know this yet, that "our treasures" in the customs warehouse in Basel are being devoured by moths, by rust, and even by mice, so that it is high time that we move them into healthier surroundings. Fourthly, in the interests of Glyndebourne I have to listen to a great number of Italian singers in Milano, so that we are obliged to drive down there sometime on the 19th of December at the latest so as to be able to take care of all of this. We have to be back by the beginning of January, as I have a first rehearsal in Winterthur on January 9, and before that will have to make the final decisions in the Tecino, which are bound to take a few days. So tell me right away how long you will be in Riehen and could take us in after New Year's, if we show up at your place a party of five, one older lady and two young ones, one portly youth and one thin one. I will have a great deal to tell you at that time, and also hope to hear only good things about you, as we both have deserved that finally in our declining years. Before then I have to devote myself to the family a bit, for given the hard work of the last few weeks I have postponed the most pressing issues, among them Hans's and Gisela's immediate futures, which must be discussed within the circle of the family.

Blanche Honegger was an absolute joy, and she had an almost sensational success. I already wrote her today with various possibilities, and hope to be able to be of further help in launching her on a solo career. She deserves it in every way. So I am hoping to be able to schedule her first in Winterthur and Stockholm, in both places with the Beethoven concerto. By the way, the two

of us ought to do the double concerto with Hermann in Stockholm (in the 1937/38 season), about which more soon. Also about South America, from which as yet I have not had any news at all, so that I have to think that the airplane "Croix du Sud" also took my mail down with it into its watery grave. The concert in Basel was definitely my best this year, and it was even possible to take delight in the orchestra, whose woodwinds are very good, as are a number of the strings. The majority of the latter, however, were incapable of being stirred out of a sleep into which they had been lulled for years by distinguished predecessors, even with my "energy-charged direction, my virtuoso technique and control," so that they were already drawing on their pensions during the concert.

Enough for today, since I hope to see you again soon. I sincerely wish you all the best for the holiday, especially good news from Rudi and Irene.

[Fritz]

FROM IRENE SERKIN

[Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York]

December 16, 1936

My two dearest ones, dear Mäuschen, dear Papi,

Finally, finally, but just too late for the major ships, I have a chance to write you. There has been much ado, two night trips, one after the other, and more besides. But I'll tell you that later, first you should know that I love you terribly and am very sad that you aren't here to hug to death and cuddle with. The more time passes, the more difficult it is to stand it here without you. But I'll simply have to wait, and then look out! Secondly (which made me unhappy), how could you believe that we could wire Björn¹ and not you. We sent your telegram earlier, in fact; I hope that next time you will assume it is waiting for you at the post office when someone else hears from us first. Pfui! I certainly hope you got our long telegram when we arrived. And now what we are so terribly delighted about, namely all the nice letters and now all sorts of mysterious little packages — it is awfully difficult not to open them. But I have stuffed them way at the back of the closet, and will be good. Today the card from Geneva arrived too — for everything, everything, a thousand thanks to you dearest people. I cannot tell you, and certainly can't write you, how happy you make us always, but I hope to be able to show you sometime how grateful we are to you for all your nice thoughts. Then came a package from Käumlen², and because it was badly crushed, unfortunately, and the box was torn, I unwrapped it. Unfortunately the little tree suffered a lot, but I hope that it will recover somewhat. It was very poorly packed, and actually compressed into a fir bough, but now it is standing next to the fresh air and

¹ Björn Andreasson, Gösta Andreasson's son.

² A flower shop in Basel.

will get a little water and will surely perk up. It was the nice thought that delighted us most. We really haven't sent you anything at all, but we are hoping that Lucas hasn't forgotten our present. We have had very little time to get around here, and when we did look we didn't see anything remotely nice. We haven't sent anything to all the Basel people either, everything you see here is hideous — I still hope to find things to bring back with me. You can see that we are by no means spoiling you enough, and you are spoiling us too much. But we haven't forgotten you!

Now let me tell you more about what we have been doing and why we are so behind in writing letters. As soon as I got up again I first did my practicing, and then we were with some of the executive people — it was actually pretty stupid. That night we went to the film of the quintuplets, they were sweet. You have no idea how many that is to have five like that all in a row — a whole crowd. The next day, after I had packed, we spent the morning in the museum (oh yes, two days before we had also been in the Field Museum, you know, with the Indians) until nearly time for the concert, and we almost couldn't tear ourselves away. That afternoon we had been invited by "one" of the sisters of Miss Gwinn³. That was terribly nice. Then we finished packing everything, went to the concert, where Rudi played wonderfully, but where the most obnoxious audience I have ever seen was assembled, people who were only attending for charity. And for a program like that (Beethoven and Bach), they only started warming up in the Chopin. I was furious that Rudi had to play there. Rudi says to tell you that they were 3,500 wealthy Jews, but the number of people who enjoyed it was the same as goes to the Hans Huber Hall⁴. Where I was sitting there was nothing but coughing and talking. Then after the concert we frantically changed, and at 11:30 the train left for Pittsburgh. We got there around 10:00, and Rudi immediately went to practice. I unpacked and slept, then at 2:30 we had a "lunch" of a sandwich, and then Rudi slept until 5:00, when the acquaintances of Uncle Otto and Aunt Hanna arrived and Fritz Deutsch, who calls himself Dorian⁵ here and has become the director of the Conservatory orchestra and a teacher, and is understandably very happy. Then we packed everything up again, went to the concert, where Rudi played even more wonderfully, and there was a very nice and enthusiastic audience. Then we raced back to the hotel, changed, closed our bags, and left for the station, where we had half an hour left for a wonderful dinner. But it was wonderful, only we both had stomach aches, even Rudi!, from eating so fast. Again we traveled all night, and unpacked here again at 9:00 this morning, endless telephone calls, mostly in English, then with Rudi at the Steinway showrooms to select the

³ Either Martha Casey or Mary Bowe. Their sister Betty Gwinn was a pupil of Schnabel's.

⁴ Concert hall in Basel.

⁵ Fred Dorian, a musicologist at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, had been a boyhood friend of Rudolf Serkin's in Vienna.

piano, and soon we're off to the rehearsal and later to an elegant party, which we are really dreading. This evening after the rehearsal I'll write you what it was like. — Now to continue. But first — Rudi played unbelievably beautifully — but you know that, of course, he has still been practicing many hours a day at it and can play it wonderfully. But sadly Tosca isn't here any longer, and the orchestra has deteriorated a lot. Only the winds are really good anymore — the strings are very shaky, they are restless while they are playing, talk, and sit with their legs crossed, which one can hear too. Barbirolli is good, but doesn't know the piece as well as he should. Now there is another rehearsal tomorrow — I hope they begin to get it then.

And now our "party" afterward — we were worried for nothing, and I have seldom experienced anything as nice as that. In the poorest part of New York an Austrian lady by the name of Frau Katz, who remembers you from Grinzing, and some Catholic sisters have taken a building in which children are given instruction in a most unusual way. We went there because Rudi's concert here is a benefit for this society — the net proceeds go to them. Anyway, the children from 4 years old to roughly 14, I think, or even older, who otherwise hang around on the street after school, are brought there, where they receive voluntary instruction like painting, music, dance, and lots of other things. The children in the music division were supposed to play and sing in Rudi's honor. — We first had to drive through the city for half an hour to get there. They were already hard at work when we arrived — the children are there every day from 3 until evening, a kind of kindergarten, but with genuine education. First came the tiniest ones, 3, 4, and 5 years old, they



*Rudolf Serkin with pupils of the Settlement Music School in New York,
December 1936.*

had to draw the G clef and write and sing the 5 notes that they knew. Then came bigger ones who were asked to write scales, and to sing separate notes as they were pointed to. Then memory exercise — writing on the board a melody that had been played on the piano — flawlessly. Then two of them had to sing for each other, each one a phrase — name each note, everything correct (10 years old, I think). Then one would sing a melody, another improvise a bass, and the last one correct them — not so good, Rudi says, but also without mistakes. Then Rudi had to give them a theme — one child wrote it out from memory, then extended it — all of them then sang it at sight. At the end a 9-year-old boy played a piece by Schubert, incredibly nicely and technically without mistakes, with flawless musical phrasing and a large tone — by no means a simple piece. There was no time left for chamber music. Then Rudi played them some Schumann and Mendelssohn wonderfully on the dreadful piano, the children were delighted. Rudi wants to play properly again for them in January — this time more for the older ones. It was truly beautiful to see that, in this little room these children quite poorly dressed but with radiant faces, a sweet, tiny little Italian child that I fell in love with immediately, but that left right away, unfortunately. I hope the concert goes well financially, otherwise they will have to close, for they hire proper teachers, and of course that costs money — but has the advantage that it isn't done by incompetents. They have been doing this every day for 2 years. It is too bad that you didn't see it and hear it. — Now I absolutely must mend a couple of things, so I will close. I kiss you and hug you and squeeze you until you say "puh." I love you so terribly (and would love to hear, quite precisely, how little Mäuschen is doing!!!).

Your Stümpchen

FROM RUDOLF SERKIN

New York

December 25, 1936

Dear Children,

Today one doesn't know which one of you two to write to. For I assume that Friedchen won't be able to tear herself away from Urselchen. According to the most recent reports from Frau Ritz¹ and Jotti, Addi² and Gösta, she seems to be getting sweeter all the time. You can well imagine what we feel sometimes, often. But especially Irenchen, and she is truly a heroic mother. But we don't only miss the little Bienchen, we are terribly homesick for you, or however you say that. We are trying very hard to be good, and we are also very reasonable, and are very much enjoying being completely without strangers in our special compartment on these endless journeys. Whenever

¹ Gertrud Ritz, friend from Basel.

² Annele Andreasson, Gösta's wife.

we are asked if we are really us, and we turn out to be, Pizzi is proud.

The trips we are taking are probably to the best places that artists get to here, but they take so terribly long, for example it took us 20 hours from Birmingham (Alabama, population 2/3 Negro) to Dallas, Texas. There, where it is supposed to be warm, there was ice and snow. Then 17 hours to Memphis, where our connecting train was unable to wait — we had been considerably delayed. They are having a terrible flood, you see, and we were traveling along a high embankment, surrounded by water. In Memphis we went to a hotel to get some sleep. Then both of us practiced for 2 hours, I was able to practice on an old commode, but every minute a coal-black, grinning face appeared in the door. Then when some voluptuous black ladies appeared and started to iron the used table cloths right on the tables with lots of noise, I ended my "day's work" and went back to my busy wife. After watching her friend Charlie Chan solve a few very complicated murder cases as easily as you please, we climbed into the train with great delight, where we were to spend the next 28 hours. So we arrived in Washington at 2:00 in the morning, and slept poorly for a short time. Then I went down to the banquet room of the hotel, where the concert was to take place at 11:00. After an hour of laborious practice, the public started coming in. These concerts are put on by a former diplomatic couple, and each concert comes with a subsequent luncheon. Therefore the soup has to still be hot when the concert ends. Since the organizers know Mrs. Roosevelt, she comes with the President's mother. For that reason the entire diplomatic corps and polite society come as well. I had been told in advance that I mustn't be upset if people talked and walked around. It wasn't so bad. They were not disruptive, and afterward we also had lunch, where I scratched my head with my fork. Pizzi, however, who was seated next to the very nice Swiss ambassador, salvaged and even enhanced the family reputation. Since these concerts have 2 soloists, the young Ginette Neveu also played. First she played Beethoven too (*The Dance of the Dervishes*, op. 379), then I op. 53. Then in closing she made a little breeze of Rimsky-Korsakoff's waft through the room, and I crashed through a Chopin polonaise. Meanwhile the soup had gotten cold, and the white ladies from the White House had to leave earlier, so we missed the honor of greeting them, and had to make do with their best regards. I have been told that if I were to come back here often, I might sometime be permitted to play in the White House for the President. That would be a special honor, the President is supposed to be completely unmusical.—

Fortunately not everyone here is. The people in general, the audiences, are extremely grateful for decent music. In Milwaukee, for example (a city of a million near Chicago) they asked for the Reger Bach Variations and 2 Beethoven sonatas. In Washington I sat next to a woman who has all of Adolf's recordings. In Dallas some unknown gentleman raved to Irenchen about Adolf's Brandenburg records, all of which he owned. Judging from my

impressions so far, which are still superficial, of course, I feel that Adolf has a great and rewarding mission here. Levin's³ offer was unacceptable, Hirschmann⁴ told me that too, but it wasn't indecent, because as long as the quartet hasn't played here it is certainly (except to a small elite) still unknown. Since they don't know anything better, they are satisfied with their native ones and the Roth Quartet and Kolisch's. Hirschmann is a dreamer, but one who also doesn't wish to lose much at it. Even so, he wanted to put up 1,000 dollars himself, and he said that Levin was fair and couldn't make a thing for himself from it the first year. In the second, Adolf would then be able to "take his pick" of the concerts (as he put it). As little as I... [the rest of the letter has been lost]

TO GÖSTA ANDREASSON

Athens

January 12, 1937

Dear Gösta,

Frances wired me that I was supposed to send her the programs for London. I think I had already done them and given them to her — she must have lost them. I can't do them from here, as I don't have the books of old programs. I beg you to make the programs and get in touch with Frances. You know what we have played, after all, have Hermann help you. "Closing numbers" are from Beeth. the op. 59 or 127, 130, possibly op. 18 No. 1. Otherwise Brahms C-minor (Frances doesn't want Reger), A-minor, good for the beginning (B-flat major less so), Schubert D-minor or G-major for the close. She also doesn't want anything of mine. Schumann could go in the middle or at the beginning. Haydn good to begin with, but there are also wonderful ones for the close. Mozart best in the middle, or C-major at the beginning. — So have lots of fun, dear friend, I'm glad that you too will have a chance to see how difficult it is to make good programs. Perhaps we could play "Verdi." Don't forget Dvorák (A-flat major?). Both at the end. Stay well, in haste before leaving for Palestine¹, all the best to all of you.

Your A.

Not Brahms and Dvorák on the same night.

³Manager.

⁴ Ira Hirschmann, director of Bloomingdale's, who sponsored concerts in New York's Town Hall.

¹ Bronislaw Huberman had invited Adolf to appear as soloist with the Palestine Symphony Orchestra, which he had just founded. Toscanini was its first guest conductor.

TO IRENE SERKIN

Alexandria
January 26, 1937

Dear Schnapuzzilein,

I am writing in bed, and therefore with pencil. Mami has already written you that I was sick and had to postpone the first concert here. Tonight I had it, and it went very well. But afterward I came to bed again immediately as a precaution, as I still have a bit of fever sometimes. Now I am very cozy with Mäuschen, and I am using this peaceful time to once write especially to you, my darling, because my paternal heart — I don't know why — is thinking especially fondly of you and yearning for you. You will say it is a funny heart that "thinks."

But I am also writing you to tell you that everyone (especially the musicians) is enjoying the Smetana-Serkin dances very much (despite the fact that the pianists are more or less horrible creatures who at best hit almost the right notes). Today I had a "professor," who was quite good in the rehearsal, but at night so nervous that it was awful. He managed to turn Kahn into a virtual Hindemith. And in the second Czech dance the most interesting bass notes and harmonies could be heard, though Smetana's own are quite interesting enough.—

Mami is just now reading about the frightful floods in the U.S.A., "right where the children are." But until we hear something further, I don't want to have to picture you floating about on night tables the way Rudi tends to do in such cases.¹ I'm afraid you won't come sailing back to us before the Queen Mary brings you. It is still a terribly long time. But your nice letters comfort us a lot. We have news of Trienebienchen from all our friends, and everyone says the same: she laughs and kicks her feet all day long, is inquisitive as always, and always cheerful and sunny. How nice that will be when you have her in your arms again and we stand next to you waiting for our turn for her. But for the first weeks, or months, if you will, we won't make any claims. Here I am writing to both of you after all, as always. It is impossible to picture one of you alone any more. At most, Rudi's frozen ears awaken a separate interest². The poor boy, the one time he doesn't immediately obey his wife, and misfortune strikes. — Dearest child, I am happy that you find time to practice (and that Rudi has played music with you!). It can't have been much with trips as long as that! — We passed along your regards to Tosca and Carla on the telephone. What do you think of all that

¹ During a flood in Austria when he was a child, Rudolf Serkin had paddled around on a night table so as to be able to visit his friends, climbing in through their second-floor windows.

² In Winnipeg, Canada, where the temperature was 40° below zero, he had frozen both his ears. His next stop was New Orleans, where he had difficulty explaining the thick bandages he was forced to wear.

bad luck. He waiting especially for us and me sick. I was pretty annoyed!

Stay well, sweetheart, I have to close, my hand is getting too tired. Tomorrow morning I have a rehearsal, day after tomorrow a concert in Cairo. One there was cancelled. On Friday the last one (2nd) here, on Saturday we leave for Syracuse, from there by train via Rome etc. home, so as to see Trienebienchen for half a day (and incidentally to have a clarinet quintet — Brahms — rehearsal). The next day to Marseille. We are meeting Tosca in Milan. I kiss you and the beloved boy (whom the entire Orient knows of, by the way, I was really astonished at how famous he is — ouch! don't hit me!).

All love, and the best to both of you from both of us, and today special love to you most especially from your quite special

Father

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

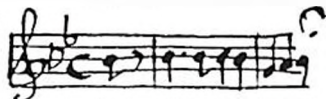
Copenhagen
February 3, 1937

My dear Adolf,

How was it in Palestine and Africa? Will I hear more about it from the two of you, and will Frieda then tell me your further plans and dispositions, so that I can possibly hear one or another of them on the radio?

Kammersänger Holm applied today to the State Library in Berlin, which owns the manuscript of the Haydn *Symphonie concertante*. It is to be photographed for us, and I will then immediately have the parts written out here. I will then promptly send the material to you, so that you can mark it to your taste. It would be too bad if we had to drop the piece from the program, as the two quite excellent winds are naturally looking forward most especially to making music with you. Tomorrow I am to hear the records of the *Lord's Prayer*, which I then want to play for you in March.

Now one more request, regarding which an answer by postcard is sufficient: you know that in his first symphony (B-flat major) Schumann later changed the first measures in the horns and trumpets, writing them a third higher, since the original pitches were difficult to play on natural instruments. Would you think that today, now that these technical difficulties no longer exist, it would be better to reintroduce his original intention or to leave his subsequent changes? I personally prefer the response of the entire orchestra in the third measure in B-flat major, and accordingly the first two bars as



I am once again hard at work and enjoying it, and eager to have further news of you. Best regards as always,

Your old Fritz

TO RUDOLF AND IRENE SERKIN

Trieste
February 9, 1937

Dearest Children,

Mami sent Irenchen's letters from the 21st and 25th of January to me in Italy (she is with Bienchen until the 11th, then she is coming with me from Zurich to Rome). I laughed a lot and also wept that you have to travel so terribly much. You poor children, my poor child (as Mami would say, at least). But how nice that you are together. I also had a wonderful time with Mami along, and miss her a lot on this trip, though we were "only" separated for 8 days. We are just about to leave for Padua. Tomorrow Brescia, day after tomorrow Zurich (Mami rendezvous)¹, overnight to Rome. (Andreae concert, Beethoven Romance in G major, Mozart Rondo, and Mendelssohn.)

Yesterday we forgot to get off in Mestre (change trains), even though all 4 of us had thought about it half an hour before. We were trying to figure out the trick of connecting . . . with 4 lines. Irenchen solved it immediately, Gösta told me. In any . . . case, we spent 3 hours (in the rain) in (?) involuntarily, and we . . . (Doktor and I) still didn't figure it out, or only with help.

Stay well, you dearest ones, "soon" we'll be together again.

Your father Paps

1,000 sweetest kisses, and/or hugs!

FROM RUDOLF SERKIN

[Oklahoma]
February 1937

Dearest Children,

This letter is already two weeks overdue, and no matter how slowly the time passes for us until we have you again, it goes too fast when it comes time for me to write. And yet there is so much to say, less to tell. Our lives are pretty uniform, as Pizzilein has reported to you in detail. The cities are pretty similar, the hotels almost the same. And we two are also always the same, always happy, and more or less tired. We have been sitting on the train since last night, from New York to Oklahoma, now it is 5:00 in the afternoon, we'll be there tomorrow morning. Concert tomorrow night. Then just as far to Jacksonville, exactly the same, and then to New Orleans, where we get to sleep in a bed 2 times in a row. Then an orchestra concert in St. Louis (not the one near Basel, sadly — Beethoven E-flat major). Then Milwaukee (Reger's Bach Variations, 2 Beethoven sonatas), arrive in New York at 9:00 in the

¹ Adolf had been on a concert tour of Italy with the quartet, but was to appear as soloist with the Zurich orchestra.

morning, orchestra rehearsal at 11:00, that night concert in Newark¹ (an hour from N.Y., recital), the next day (March 4) Boston (private concert), 5th orchestra rehearsal New York, the afternoon of the 6th New York with orchestra (C-major Mozart, Beethoven E-flat major), 7th private concert at Muschenheims². Washington on the 8th (Library of Congress, 2 Beethoven son. and Reger Var.), 9th Albany, and 10th! home!! The concert in Philadelphia pleased me a lot. The orchestra wonderful, even though somewhat imprecise. Ormandy accompanied Adolf in Minneapolis. He is very good, in many ways even quite good. His wife is the former Steffi Goldner, so old acquaintances. Both of them were very nice to us.

Yesterday Hurok came to the hotel for lunch. I told him that it would have been totally impossible to make such an offer to Adolf. It is in fact difficult for an agent to bring the quartet here without losing money the first time, and it certainly was not an offer that would have allowed them to make anything. But Hirschmann shouldn't permit anyone to make such an offer in any case. He knew the situation here, after all, and had to think it over before it went to Basel. Only now has all of this become clear to me, for at first I was only disappointed that nothing came of the quartet. Since Hirschmann didn't tell me about the offer from Hurok (Levin?), I only learned about it from Frieda's letter. But I would still like to tell Hirschmann what I think of it, or write him...[the rest has been lost]

TO GÖSTA ANDREASSON

Riehen
July 20, 1937

Dear Gösta,

My pupil Jones¹ will be calling on you. I have to write you a few words about him. He came to me completely "ragged"; everything imprecise etc. I talked through a few Kreutzer Etudes with him, and told him how he needed to practice. Then I gave him the Bach A-minor, with which he is now "finished." He has learned a lot in this time, he had to change his whole posture, left and right. Whenever I would watch his fingers "that way," he would of course get very unsure, and I then had to give him encouragement once again. For that reason (and because he played everything possible before, he was just starting Tchaikovsky), I gave him Dvořák. I thought it would free him up again. Then later I began to worry that with it he could

¹ Posters on the outside of the recital hall in Newark proclaimed: "Today's attraction: Rudolf Serkin — next attraction: The Speaking Horse!"

² Frederick A. ("Uncle Fred") Muschenheim, a prominent New York hotelier and the director of the Hotel Astor, and his wife Elsa.

³ Basil Jones, a young violinist from Australia who also played in Adolf's chamber orchestra.

once again get sloppy, especially that he could even forget again all that he had learned so laboriously about his right hand, for ultimately in Dvořák the bowing technique is different from that in most classical things. Now, the long and short of all this is as follows: if it turns out that my fears were justified, give him something else (I haven't yet heard him play a single note of the Dvořák). However if you can leave it at the Dvořák, I would prefer it if only for physiological reasons. I would have liked to help conduct the experiment myself, but I trustingly leave it up to your proven direction! So don't complain about my foolishness (in giving him Dvořák instead of Spohr or something similar), and do what you have to. Whatever helps. We are all 5 flying together. In case something should happen, I beg you to see that all our papers (except for music manuscripts of finished works), all the letters we have kept (that includes Frieda's) are destroyed. Not those of Brahms, Verdi, etc., naturally; I mean our own. Hermann is to exchange my violin (Strad.) for a cello. My library to Fritz. Everything relating especially to the violin to you and Björn. However we are hoping to have a nice trip. Stay well, all of you, we are looking forward to seeing you.

Your old

Adolf Busch

We are leaving tomorrow. I have practiced some of late. Our house keys are with the Vischers, Kapellenstrasse. The Baumgartner viola² is in the closet in my room!

TO FRITZ BUSCH

[Riehen]

July 21, 1937

Dearest Brother,

Frieda is sending you a small work for orchestra from this summer — I worked on it with real devotion, and would be happy if you think it is good. It should not go off without a few words from me. Tomorrow we are all five of us flying to Karlsbad. We're planning to take the cure there (except for Ursula) for three weeks. I am now so used to it that I would really miss it if I didn't do it this year too. Frieda feels the same. And the "children" also want to give it a try. Too bad that you and Grete can't convince yourselves to do it too. It would do you a world of good. It is my guess that the only reason you won't go is because you can't live that long without alcohol!! — On the way back we are visiting Salzburg, and taking a little post-cure with swimming on the Wallersee. What we'll get to hear there is not altogether definite as yet. Tosca is having difficulties with the violinists from the Third Reich. Perhaps he won't be able to do "Die Meistersinger" (which would not make much difference to me, lovely as it was last year) or "The Magic Flute,"

² Violinmaker in Basel. The instrument had been specially made for Adolf.

which I would be very sorry about. — I so wish we could have heard you in Glyndebourne, and I especially your "Don Giovanni." But we could not come. Aside from the work that I always feel pressing on me in the summertime — after all, I am 46, and am just now beginning to understand a little about how one ought to make music (and write it) — it would have been too expensive. I can't convince myself to go alone — without Frieda, as she enjoys it as much as I do — but if we go together and only want to hear a few performances (and don't wish to make claims on Christie's hospitality by occupying his loge, which in itself is embarrassing for me), then it can easily amount to a thousand francs. It is somewhat different with Salzburg — it is in conjunction with Karlsbad (which I don't want to miss on account of the health and energy it gives me), and much cheaper than GL., and above all one doesn't know how many more times one will have the good fortune of hearing Toscanini. I really don't understand — let me say so here — how you can pass that up. One would think you would have to hear "Falstaff." I would also have wanted "Meistersinger" and "Fidelio" for you (or for me thinking of you). That is not intended in contrast to what you accomplish yourself. For me it is always a confirmation of my own work and a constant stimulus to not be content with what I have already achieved. In any case, it does one good to see and to hear such a man. This time I am especially looking forward to the Verdi Requiem. We will be there from August 13th on. Perhaps you will come for a few days after all. I would love to have you around when neither of us has concerts for a change! Rudi would also be delighted — I have to say that we, Rudi and I, are much nicer people when we don't have concerts to worry about, you should take advantage of that sometime! — We are all happy that you have a home once again. That will be good for all of you. Send us a photograph of the house and its surroundings sometime. Our address is Bellevue Sanatorium, Karlsbad. Later (from August 13 until roughly the 20th) Wallersee, Strandhotel Wallersee, near Salzburg. On the chance that something should happen to us on the flight, I have willed my music library to you; what you don't need (the Bach Gesamtausgabe, for example) you can send to Palestine, perhaps the Conservatory in Jerusalem. The violin music and such go to Gösta. However we are counting on a nice trip. Stay well, dear fellow, enjoy yourselves all of you, and write sometime, after you have stopped being angry at us for not being in Glyndebourne (also I had lessons to give, two prodigies, one of them half orphaned, the other Jewish though, also another Jewish prodigy for composition!! — all of these for nothing, but a paying Australian, no prodigy and not Jewish). All the best to all of you, you especially,

Your old A.

The recordings from Glyndebourne get played almost every day, to the great delight of all who hear them. I find them very beautiful, with a few exceptions having to do with the tempo. Maybe I am wrong. The next time I see you I'd like to talk with you about them.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Strandøre
July 27, 1937

My dear Adolf,

I was very happy to get your nice letter — except for the part about the music library you are leaving me. How can I enjoy my vacation if I have to keep checking the newspapers to see if you have crashed? May you keep your music for a long time yet, and if I should drown in the Øresund you may have mine, Rudi the piano music (seeing which he will pity me for my bad, that is to say impractical fingerings, which have often made life more difficult for me). Otherwise, I thank you sincerely for sending the Händel variations, which I am studying at the moment with pleasure — more about them later. The study of your symphony is going more slowly, as the score is damnably difficult to read. Even so, it is clear that once again I regret being your brother; if I weren't, I could perform quite different works, that is to say yours much more often, and would have much more pleasure in my profession than is presently the case. For your things are unquestionably better than the compositions of other contemporaries, especially the Lapp- and Greenlanders that I have to conduct, albeit in cautious doses, this coming winter. But what is good stays good, and surely times will come that are more favorable to your works than the present. It is after all my language (blood and soil) that you speak in your music, and even though I cannot handle it as well as you, I understand it nonetheless.

I understand perfectly well that you could not come to Glyndebourne, and was certainly not upset about it. But whenever it was especially beautiful I always thought of you all and missed you a lot. The enlargement of the theater to nearly double its size resulted in such better acoustics that it was possible to make music much more easily and freely — and ultimately we have all learned a lot over the course of the years. I am very curious to know which tempi didn't suit you, and you can't write me soon enough about them, if you feel like it. A number of things in "Don Giovanni" had also changed in this regard, and perhaps been improved, for to just this issue, which strikes me as one of the most crucial in Mozart especially, I had devoted most particular attention. Moreover it happens, as you know yourself, that Mozart often alters his instructions, and doesn't know his tempi himself. For example the aria "In diesen heiligen Hallen" was originally marked "larghetto" in the manuscript, then he changed it to "andante sostenuto." I have also found that this "larghetto," for one, permits the most diverse interpretations: if you take this tempo in the C-minor piano concerto or in the last one in B-flat major, then you have roughly a quarter note = 50. However if you play the same tempo in the "Bald naht, den Morgen zu verkünden" from "The Magic Flute" — it is, and must be, considerably faster. One simply never resolves this problem.

So next season you have to come, above all in order to hear "Macbeth," a truly great and stupendous work, which I am more excited about performing than anything else, mainly because Verdi continues to be the most sinned against of composers. For example, I had the bitterest of quarrels with my friend Carl Ebert, whose now famous and successful production in Berlin in 1932 I was forced to call a travesty, unfortunately, once I had seen his piano score full of cuts and transpositions. More on that when I see you. Now we will be doing the original, and doubtless it is much nicer. — Toscanini came to "The Magic Flute," and was very kind as always, though he was very distraught during those days on account of his troubles with German singers and a highly ambiguous posture on the part of the Austrians. He was of the opinion, rightly enough, that the Salzburger should not permit Furti to conduct if he — Tosca — were denied the use of German singers. And now at the last minute it appears that Furti, anxious that his own participation might be endangered, managed to see that German singers were given permission. Between us, however, I don't understand a number of Tosca's decisions in choosing singers at all, and fear that Burghauser is not having a good influence on him. Vedremo. — By the way, on one of my free days I went to Oxford, where Toscanini was doing the Pastorale and the Brahms C-minor. It was very lovely, of course, but by no means as exciting as many of the things in his Wagner concert in London, which I also heard. The Pastorale was to my mind the least bit too fast all the way through, the "Awakening of cheerful impressions along the Arno" and the Brahms I still have in my memory even more warmly and convincingly as a whole by Steinbach. I say this hat in hand, but as an opponent of any kind of snobbism. The Wagner concert had incredible things in it, and I learned a lot; the program was hideous, and I heard a number of notes in that concert that I had never heard in Wagner heretofore, as he didn't write them. For Siegfried's Rhine Journey he used an arrangement (his own?) that was, let us say, highly unusual, and the same can be said of the Ride of the Valkyries. I also like to avoid in concert the Prelude to the 3rd Act of "Lohengrin," with its ending after the C-minor etc., which was hideous. One ought not to stop being objective, especially when one is in love. Obviously I would nevertheless adore to hear "Falstaff" and "The Magic Flute," as well as the Verdi Requiem, in live performances rather than (in excerpts) on the radio; however my yearning for rest and my abhorrence of the Salzburg commotion outweigh my desire to go, especially since you cannot imagine how wonderfully situated we are here. The enclosed snapshots give you only a vague idea, and the only sad thing is that the feeling that we won't be able to stay in this paradise too long, since the owner is hoping to sell the property and in the winter the situation will also be inconvenient. However I have my books and music together, can work in peace, and am enjoying all of that after five years of being a vagabond more than I can tell you.

Hans has been in Salzburg several days now, to help out with the

Toscanini operas. He is developing marvelously, and in the works that he knows he can truly be of great assistance in any number of ways. Eta is helping me and is my absolute joy, while Gisel is expected back from her college in England the end of the week, so as to start raising chickens here and bring a certain amount of "agitato" into our peaceful existence. Grete is cultivating the garden, throwing "outdated" letters into the sea, and making certain that in our next move we won't have to drag along all too much ballast.

So have a good time; next summer, if at all possible, we would like to go to Karlsbad, as we both feel that it could do us good as well. Best regards from all of us, stay well and happy, and let us hear from you often.

Your old Fritz

P.S. I still have to tell you about Furti's visit to Glyndebourne. One morning I found a message in the vestibule saying that Prof. Ebert should please be prepared to take a call from Dr. F. at 1:30; I didn't say anything, and went to the theater to watch Ebert's rehearsal. At 1:30 someone went up to Ebert, who was in the middle of his rehearsal, and said that Dr. F. was on the telephone and would like to speak with him. Carl E. thought it was a joke, so laughed and said: "Terribly sorry, I have no time." After a few minutes the messenger appeared a second time and said that Dr. F. urgently requested to speak with Herr Ebert. Ebert (still under the impression that it was a joke): "I can't get away, have no time — perhaps Fritz Busch can go to the phone." I: "I have time, to be sure, but don't care to speak to Herr F." So Rudolf Bing, our intelligent manager, went to the phone, and the following dialogue took place: "Geismar here, speaking on behalf of Herr Dr. F." Bing: "Yes...?" — Long pause. — Then Geismar: "I'm not sure you understood me, Herr Bing; Herr F. would like to attend a performance in Gl." Bing: "So...?" Geismar (after still another pause): "How can Herr F. get to Glyndebourne?" Bing: "With the train that leaves Victoria Station at 4:30." Geismar: "Can't you send a car for him?" Bing: "I'm sorry, there aren't any cars available; a bus will be waiting at the station in Lewes, which Herr F. will have to use like all the rest of the people coming from London." Silence. Then Geismar: "We'll think about it, and let you know. One more question: When Herr F. gets to Glyndebourne will he find you in the box office, Herr Bing?" Bing: "Not me, but a pair of tickets put at his disposal as there would be for any other conductor."

We were subsequently notified that Herr and Frau F. would be coming to the performance and requested two tickets. (Editor's note: Toscanini had ordered five and wanted to pay for them, but was of course invited into Christie's private box, and a car from London offered him if he wished it.)

John Christie came to me and said that he was aware of my personal objections to F., and that if I wished it, neither he nor Audrey¹ would wel-

¹ Audrey Mildmay, Mrs. John Christie.

come F. I responded that my objections to F. in no way derived from any artistic disagreement, but were rooted solely in my condemnation of his personal political point of view. That I begged him as an Englishman to receive F. and his wife and treat him properly; but that if as in similar situations, he were to show him his theater during the intermission and bring him into my dressing room (where I tended to stay on principle, so as not to be seen and disturbed by people), I would fling him, together with F., down the stairs. I was spared, and Frau F. came still a second time, the next day, and tearfully said to John Chr. that her husband didn't have any friends at all abroad, and that it terrified her how lonely he was. I explained to John that only those people have friends who demonstrate kindnesses themselves, and that no one ought to be surprised at being "lonely" if in his life he only thinks of himself.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Strandøre
September 6, 1937

My dear Adolf,

In an announcement in the Basel "National Zeitung," to which I subscribe, I have learned about the Mozart-Bach program, and regret that I cannot hear the concerts, which are sure to be especially beautiful with the memories of Florence still fresh in your minds. Mozart's Adagio and Fugue happens to be on my program in Stockholm on October 13 as well, and I would like to ask, since the people there write me that they cannot get any parts for it, if you could lend them to me. It is still possible to have duplicates made quite easily in Stockholm, and perhaps I will also have the pleasure of finding your ingenious bowings and annotations in them. If you should require the material, score and parts, for still other concerts, just tell me where I can get decent parts.

During this vacation, often starting at 6:00 in the morning, I have orchestrated Reger's choral fantasy "How Brightly Gleams the Morning Star" for very large orchestra (4 each of the woodwinds, 6 horns, etc.) — 50 pages of score with 30 lines a page. It was a major task that kept me busy almost two months, and I feel that I learned a lot, for while doing it I studied other scores carefully as well. The parts are now being written out, that is the ones I hadn't already done myself. Some day I would like to perform the piece either in Copenhagen or Stockholm. I am curious to know what you will say about the score; I'm not worried about the way it will sound, and in the voice leading I was as careful as I could be, comparing other works and in any case taking considerable pains. At least you have proof that I too can sometimes produce more than just the start of something, and evidence of how peaceful my vacation has been.

Hans is coming on Wednesday; to our delight you and he spent a lot of

time together, as he was thrilled to report, and I am eager to hear all the interesting things he will have to tell me.

I hope to be able to perform your Händel variations at the first opportunity, perhaps even in the coming season — please tell me where I can get the parts and what you feel would be the appropriate numbers of strings.

In any case, my head is spinning and my eyes hurt from reading so many scores; I may be a poor conductor, but I may well be the one with the largest repertoire, for during the winter 1937/38, aside from a long list of Danish and Swedish works that I hadn't known before, I have to conduct, among other things, Bach's B-minor Mass, Beethoven's Missa solemnis, the German Requiem of Brahms, the 2nd Act of "Tristan" in concert, and in May in Glyndebourne for the first time Verdi's "Macbeth," not to mention the symphonic literature from Händel to Stravinsky and Ravel etc. I have also been able to play the piano with regularity again, and to finally get to know the 2nd part of the Well-tempered Clavier.

For today then, best regards from all to all.

As always,

Your old Fritz

TO FRITZ BUSCH

Riehen

September 12, 1937

Dearest Brother,

"Thanks" for your nice letter. I am very proud of you for making the arrangement of Reger's "How Brightly Gleams the Morning Star" and finishing it off — I mean ending it. I never doubted that you would "finish" it. Did it have to be such a large orchestra? I am very eager to see it. I would so like to see you and talk to you, there are all sorts of things we could discuss. — Today I am only writing with regard to the Adagio and Fugue of Mozart. You can get good individual parts from Breitkopf. I can't send you mine, as I still need them myself on Oct. 14. You can have my score in a few days, and in it are dynamic markings that I made for the quartet years ago, and that are more or less correct. The bowings are also correct on the whole. For the Adagio it should be



then usually

sometimes better f , so that it "ends up"

better. So that the stresses come out right, one possibly has to take two bows

on



the cellos and basses

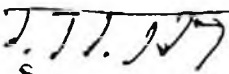


(and vice versa the violins and violas) the



clear

up at the tip, also correspondingly sometimes starting



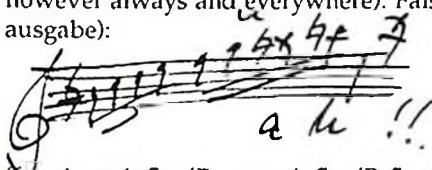
with a down-bow, so that the following

end up \vee .

Mozart first marked the Fugue "moderato," later "allegro" (so not too fast).



always (with this bowing in all the voices). All the quarter notes are short in the theme (according to the manuscript except for the first B in the second measure — so not the way I showed them on the previous page — otherwise, however always and everywhere). False notes (in contrast to the Gesamtausgabe):



This is how Mozart first wrote it

(for piano A-flat/B, never A-flat/B-flat as printed). I have always played A/B, and I later found this confirmed in the "Ars Viva" facsimile edition. The contrabass voice by Mozart at the end of the Fugue comes from the same (facsimile) edition, which proves that Mozart was thinking of a string orchestra, for at that spot he writes celli and double basses. Just what one is supposed to do with the contrabass otherwise, I'm not sure yet myself — I don't feel that the basses should play everything, in my opinion that creates a droning sound — I will experiment with it the next few days (but I only have a single bass). Stay well, dear boy, I would like to write more, but I am up to my neck in work. Rudi says to tell you that this letter comes from him too!! All of us think of you often in love and gratitude, and long for one or several lovely Mozart performances in Glyndebourne. Next year, we hope. All the best to all of you, you especially — it was wonderful seeing Hans (but still too much confusion thanks to others).

Your old A.

Many thanks to Grete for her birthday greetings! Please send the Mozart score back right away if you don't need it any longer. Thanks.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Strandøre
September 21, 1937

My dear Brother,

Many thanks as always for your letter! Please don't forget to send me the score of Mozart's Adagio and Fugue as soon as you are done with it; I will get the parts and mark them. If you can spare the score and possibly also the parts of Bach's B-minor suite (with flute), send those as well. I talked through this work with you once years ago, and subsequently had parts written out. However I hear from your records that you have changed a number of things in the meantime, and it is tedious trying to determine what they are using a phonograph. — Do you have orchestra parts for your Händel variations? The end of October I would like to put on a musical party with small orchestra in the home of a friend in Copenhagen who is obsessed with music, and at that time I would have the necessary instruments available to play the piece at last. I hope that then, as it appears, I will also be able to schedule it on the radio sometime.

I am with you a great deal in my thoughts, and am especially eager to learn how you do in the U.S.A. I certainly hope that a few nice orchestra concerts will be added, and above all that the MAESTRO does some things with you.

Starting Saturday: Stockholm, Strandhotel.

Best regards from all of us to all of you,

Your old Fritz

TO DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY

Riehen
November 11, 1937

Dear Donald,

I thank you sincerely for sending the score of your cello concerto. Forgive me for not doing so before. I have had an incredible lot to do up until day before yesterday, and since yesterday three days off. Hermann has the piano score "in hand," and I believe his hands in or on the cello part!

I have my eyes in the score, and as always I am enjoying all the lovely things that you have created in your customary masterful way. Again a thousand thanks, and best regards, also to your dear wife, from your old, devoted

Adolf Busch

I am looking forward to playing the variations by D. F. Tovey for you in Edinburgh with my quartet!!

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Warsaw
December 7, 1937

Dear People,

For Christmas you ought to at least have some sign of life from me, which I am sending from Warsaw, where the dear Lord or, more likely, the Devil has cast me up. My first rehearsal this morning found only half the orchestra in attendance, and since I have no interest in rehearsing the "Eroica" with one bassoon and one horn, I came home. Tomorrow the orchestra is "supposed" to be all there; if not, I will have a couple of days off, as all of the rest would be pointless. Since I know my way around in the "Eroica" rather well, after all, and further study would compromise any spontaneity of feeling, I will chat with you. The most important thing to report, musically, is doubtless an earnestly and thoroughly prepared performance of Bach's B-minor Mass in Copenhagen, with excellent soloists, the wonderful chorus, and my good orchestra, which was quite a success. From Tovey I received a brilliantly realized continuo (organ) part, the facsimile revealed additional interesting revelations that are not in the score of the Bach Gesellschaft, had sufficient rehearsals (since they were paid extra) — so it can only be my fault if it wasn't good. I conducted the entire work twice on Thursday, and flew the following Friday, with an Argentine passport and getting off the plane only when absolutely necessary, via Germany to a 4-hour rehearsal in Winterthur, as all other possibilities were out of the question. After the many mishaps of the last few days, by the way, my plane was filled with nothing but Jews. The poor people had nothing to lose, and I am a fatalist, after all. On Saturday I had a rehearsal at 9:00 in the morning in Basel, and I threw the score into the orchestra, kicked my stand, and raged as I have seldom raged before, after I caught the 2nd oboe, who had missed an entrance, reading the newspaper. He won't ever do it again, at least not with me, and from that moment on the orchestra was so transformed that I even managed an "ff." And the Baslers expressed their regret, after the nearly 4 years it took them to acknowledge it, that (mind you, this was in Swiss dialect) "they did not manage to get me for good back then" — especially since, or "because" the concert was sold out. Then I flew to London, Sunday concert for B.B.C. with that really good orchestra, and Monday morning I flew on to Budapest. There the work with the young orchestra, which has genuine talent and enthusiasm, was a particular pleasure. From here I'm off to Naples, which I am dreading musically, and on the 19th of December (the day after the concert) I meet the family, as we want to squander the Ital. lire in Sorrento. And this family — we can only stay three months in Denmark each time, otherwise we would be subject to unbearable taxes on our entire income — anyway, the familia has become one person larger. Not to worry — I have not become a father, rather a prospective father-in-law, as Gisela became

engaged (officially) a few days ago to a Count Moltke, naturally from the Danish branch of the family. He is a charming, good, and thoroughly decent person, a cavalry officer who has prospects of soon being assigned to the Danish general staff. Naturally quite handsome and a noted equestrian, so that they have common interests. Grete and I like him, but certainly did not promote the business, rather did what we could to hinder it, given Gisela's age. I hope they will be happy. By the way, anyone who knows the Danish military and moreover has the advantage of knowing this Ove Moltke will back me up when I say that compared to his pacifism, Ossietzky is a veritable warmonger. I still have the "Ninth" in Prague the beginning of January, then the concerts in Copenhagen-Stockholm begin. The end of April I have three "free" days between Stockholm (Brahms Requiem, the last part somewhat faster this time) and the start of the "Macbeth" rehearsals in Glyndebourne, during which time the wedding is to take place in Copenhagen. Where will you be during those days, between the 28th and 30th of April? But now about you? I am eager to hear more from you about your experiences and adventures in God's own country, and hope you will satisfy my curiosity to the fullest. It seems certain to me that Rudi's tremendous success will continue, and I only pray that my dear Adolf also gets to make a lot of good music! So let us hear from you soon! Address: Dec. 18 to January 1, Sorrento, Hotel Cocumella. Otherwise Copenhagen, Statsradiofonie, where they can forward anything. A warm embrace to all from your oldest

Fritz

I had a nice visit with Otto Grütters in Basel and Winterthur, perhaps he has told you about it.

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

August 1, 1938

Mio carissimo Adolf:

Come stanno Irene e Rudi?¹ A quest' ora spero saranno già usciti dall' ospedale e in via di guarigione. Le battute del concerto² mi sembrano benissimo... Le mando le medesime battute con una mia interpretazione armonica che forse è ancora più semplice. Veda Lei se ho ragione or torto!

Sono felice di aver passato qualche ora in compagnia sua e della cara Frieda. Tantissime cose affettuose a Lei e a tutti della famiglia. Una carezza alla piccola Ursula de Lei aff.

A. Toscanini

¹ The Serkins had just had their tonsils removed.

² Adolf was working on his reorchestration of the Reger violin concerto.



The bars of the Reger concerto as amended by Toscanini

TO WALTER HINRICHSON¹

Riehen
August 4, 1938

Dear, esteemed Herr Hinrichson,

A few days ago I completed the revision of the Reger violin concerto. It was a lot more work than I had thought — I had to change almost everything, could keep almost nothing; retouches simply didn't work. The music is unchanged (in one spot in the first movement, which appears twice, to be sure, I made a slight change — left out 2 eighth-note chords in the orchestra), a minor but not insignificant modification. In the last movement I took a note from the woodwinds and put it in the bass, thereby changing the bass by the addition of this passing tone, so as to eliminate octaves that Reger overlooked,

¹ Publisher.

either in haste or weariness, as they didn't sound good. Otherwise I have not altered a thing having to do with the music in this wonderful work, but rather the entire orchestration, in such a way that Reger's tonal intentions were preserved as much as possible, but that I might attain total clarity, simplicity, and greater "plasticity" throughout, which I feel I have achieved. — It will interest you to know that Maestro Toscanini studied my work for nearly two hours with the greatest interest, continually comparing it to Reger's original. He congratulated me, and is of the opinion that I have done Reger a great service. We had, by the way, and continue to have, a lively correspondence complete with musical examples concerning a "problem" in the concerto! I had the impression that he (Toscanini) was perhaps beginning to enjoy Reger's music for the first time, for he continually praised the beauty of this music, whereas in conversation heretofore he had always rejected it, and for the very reasons that led me to rework the concerto. One cannot say that all of Reger's orchestral pieces are "overorchestrated," to be sure. But in the violin concerto Reger did not orchestrate well — he wished to have nothing more to do with the piece, after all, and maintained that it was "a mess"; I have a letter in which he refuses to conduct one of my concerts, since I was to play his violin concerto. The music, however, is "incomparably beautiful" (as Reger once said of a Bach work) — oddly enough, one only sees and hears that now from the piano score. Everything that is clear and simple there (Reger did it himself, after all) is unnecessarily complicated in the orchestral score, and I continually found that once I had hit upon the simplest expression in the orchestra, after considerable effort, the piano score told me the same thing and provided additional proof that I was right. I don't know whether you will understand me, I am writing you all of this again (even though I already spoke with you so much about it) so as to let you know that I approached the task with a heavy heart and in total awe of Reger's genius and with the greatest respect for this piece so dear to my heart, was nevertheless forced to recognize the need for a total reworking with respect to its orchestration and dynamics (which also had to be simplified), and that I had no right to avoid such a job any longer. — I want to play the work many times yet in my life, and would like to give it, in the eyes of the whole world, the place that it deserves, alongside the great concertos by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Brahms, to which in its beauty and depth of feeling it is in no way inferior. I know that in this present version I will succeed in presenting the work clearly in the usual amount of rehearsal time available to people like me, and that irrelevant things like over-orchestration and lack of clarity in the instrumentation can no longer detract from the work. I am aware, by the way...[the rest of the letter has been lost]

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Riehen
August 11, 1938

Dear, good Otto,

I am a monster for not thanking you for the wonderfully beautiful Mozart — I was very delighted with it, it is a showpiece in my collection (also so splendidly bound!). A thousand thanks to all of you! Then another thousand thanks for the birthday wishes and presents — I am looking forward to reading them — thanks for your nice letter and Hanna's kind additions! It seems to me that the relief of the Egyptian girl could be the one I meant. In any case, it is very beautiful. I think, however, that there is still another relief, quite similar, and possibly even more beautiful. But I'm not certain. For that too (your efforts) I thank you. I have been working hard, have completely reorchestrated the Reger violin concerto, 302 pages of score. That ought to excuse me! Yesterday we had a lovely quartet concert in Lucerne. I embrace you and send regards to you all.

Your Adolf

Irene and Rudi have gone to the mountains (Adelboden) with Ursula.

TO FRITZ HIRT¹ [?]Lucerne²
August 20, 1938

Dear Friend,

Here in Lucerne — where I am up to my neck in work and therefore did not write earlier — I learned (yesterday) that you have begun a new decade, or better: brought an old one to an honorable close. You can surely be proud of everything that you have done for music, and of what you have accomplished so far. We, your friends, are grateful for that to you and to the heavens above, and we wish, even though it is already so much, that it were only the beginning. I would like to write you a lovely long birthday letter, but you will have to be content with these few lines — they are only meant to be an indication that I have been thinking of you in most cordial friendship. All of us, Frieda, Rudi, Irene, and I, wish you the very best from the bottom of our hearts.

Your Adolf Busch

¹ Former concertmaster in Basel.

² When Toscanini refused to conduct at Bayreuth in the summer of 1938, he was asked by Lucerne's mayor Zimmerli if he wouldn't like to establish a music festival there. Toscanini knew very little about the city, and asked the Serkins to meet with Zimmerli and discuss the venture. As concertmaster, Adolf put together an orchestra made up of Switzerland's most accomplished quartets and individual musicians.

Lucerne

SEMAINES MUSICALES INTERNATIONALES - 1938

CONCERT

DANS LE PARC DE LA MAISON DE WAGNER À TRIBSCHEN

DIRIGÉ PAR

ARTURO TOSCANINI



JEUDI, 25 AOÛT 1938, 16 h. 30

PROGRAMME

L'ORCHESTRE

1^{re} Violons :

Adolf Busch, Violon Solo
 Willem de Boer
 Alphonse Brun
 François Capoulade
 Stefi Geyer
 Fritz Hirt
 Enrico Polo
 Joachim Röntgen

2^e Violons :

Gösta Andreasson, Violon Solo
 Clemens Dahinden
 Rodolfo Felicani
 Amadea Gombrich
 Theo Hug
 Johann Kessler
 Petru Manoliu
 Jürg Stucki

Altos :

Karl Doktor, Alto Solo
 Albert Bertschmann
 Gertrud Flügel
 Walter Kägi
 Willy Kunz
 Henri Sougné

Violoncelles :

Hermann Busch, Violoncelle Solo
 Henri Honegger
 Richard Sturzenegger
 August Wenzinger

Contrebasses :

Hans Fryba
 Josef Lippert
 Carlo Morini
 Walter Neukirch

1^{re} Flûte :

André Pepin

2^e Flûte :

Josef Bopp

1^{er} Hautbois :

Paul Dennes

2^e Hautbois :

Marcel Salliet

1^{re} Clarinette :

Léon Hoogstoel

2^e Clarinette :

Félix Thomann

1^{er} Basson :

Henri Helaerts

2^d Basson :

Rudolf Staehr

1^{re} Trompette :

Francis Bodet

2^e Trompette :

Félix Weber

1^{er} Cor :

Hans Will

2^e Cor :

Gustav Heim

3^e Cor :

Gerhard Fr. Thulke

4^e Cor :

Manlio Mercati

1^{er} Trombone :

Otto Miene

2^e Trombone :

Abelardo Bigoni

3^e Trombone :

Kurt Wandke

Tuba :

Carl Vester

Timbales :

Max Jacobi

Jeudi, 25 août 1938, à 16 h. 30 précises

Programme

1. **La Scala di Seta (Overture)** Gioacchino Rossini

2. **Symphonie en sol mineur** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(K. V. 550)

Allegro molto
Andante
Menuetto (Allegro)
Finale (Allegro assai)

3. **„Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg“** Richard Wagner
Prélude du 3^e acte

4. **Siegfried-Idyll** Richard Wagner

Entr'acte

5. **Deuxième Symphonie en ré majeur** Ludwig van Beethoven
Op. 36

Adagio molto; Allegro con brio
Larghetto
Scherzo (Allegro)
Allegro molto

L'entrée sera rigoureusement interdite pendant l'exécution de chaque morceau.

TO RUDOLF AND IRENE SERKIN

Lucerne
[Summer 1938]

Dearest Children,

We will be in the Kunsthaus until 7:00 P.M.! If you would like to, you could come to the rehearsal, they (the policeman) will let you in if you tell them your name (Serkin).

Carla¹ expressly told them that you have permission.

We are doing fine — we are working "with a vengeance"!

Your Father

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

[Lucerne
Summer 1938?]

Il Adolf, vuole che cambi qualche cosa di questo programma me lo scriva cara Frieda

Cherubini Anacreonte Overture
 Brahms Sinf. in fa (Num. 3)
 Martucci a) Notturmo
 b) Novelletta
 Wagner Siegfried Idyl
 Dukas l'apprenti sorcier

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

Telegram

August 30, 1938

Con ricordo nostalgico degli indimenticabile giorni trascorsi insieme a lucerna inviamo a voi tutti i nostri più grati affettuosi saluti

Toscanini Polo Horowitz Castelbarco

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
September 5, 1938

My dear Adolf,

I didn't mean to leave Lucerne without having a private talk with you about the Toscanini-Glyndebourne business. However the many people and my own worries about my work during the next season made me nervous.

¹ Signora Toscanini.

My mistake was in neglecting to take a restful walk with you, during which I could have explained to you my standpoint and that of Glyndebourne. It is pointless now to list all the reasons that in our opinion argue against inviting Toscanini. Please be assured that I personally brought up, as best I could, all the arguments in favor of such an invitation. Again and again I also mentioned what you advised and your reasons for doing so. You know me well enough to believe me when I say that I left my own personal interests completely out of it. If after careful consideration all of us, and especially John Christie, feel it necessary to reject this tempting possibility, we all, and I especially, ask you not to take offence. Every one of us is convinced that you wish only the best for Glyndebourne and its future.

The two of you have now brought the festival in Lucerne into being and organized it so admirably that the next years will surely see it repeated. I also feel that Toscanini must have been happy, a fact that both of you must find especially gratifying. We Fritz Busches thank you both again sincerely for all the love that we felt every hour. If Frieda has time, she might still drop us a few lines about the further course of the festival, and again send me your dates, so that I can know where in this nasty world to look for you in my thoughts or in emergencies. I sent you a general program from Stockholm, so that you can note down my dates; in Copenhagen my permanent address is now: Kristianiagade 22, telephone — but unlisted — discretion please , Tria 532.

I am flying to Stockholm on September 14, for after the ship passage Dunkirk-Esbjerg, which was uncomfortable even for an old traveler like me, I prefer to go per avion.

Address in Stockholm: Pension Dehn, Strandvägen 7a.

For today all best regards,

Your old Fritz

TO THE NATIONAL CONCERT AGENCY "CENTRO LIRICO ITALIANO"

Riehen

October 28, 1938

The Italian government's disgraceful imitation of the Third Reich's barbaric laws regarding the Jews forces me to notify you that I am discontinuing my concert activities in Italy. To my thinking it is senseless and to no purpose to work for culture in a country onto which the stamp of inhumanity and non-culture is being imposed by the authorities. I request that you notify the concert societies concerned about my decision, and to tell them how it pains me that events have obliged me to take such a step.

Respectfully yours,
Adolf Busch

TO COUNT SAN MARTINO¹

Riehen
October 28, 1938

My dear Conte San Martino,

Mindful of the welcome and the great appreciation my artistic activity in Italy has found, I find it especially painful to have to write you this letter.

In the fact that the Italian government has decided to imitate the barbaric methods of the Third Reich, by which innocent people are driven into misery, I see the proof that working for culture in a country where such inhumanity is possible has become altogether senseless. As you have always shown such interest in me and my work, I am especially sorry to have to inform you, my dear Conte San Martino, that I will not be playing the planned concerts or giving the master course at the Santa Cecilia. Recalling with gratitude the energetic assistance you have lent to my artistic endeavors, I send you my sincere and most respectful regards,

Very truly yours,
Adolf Busch

FROM IRENE SERKIN

New York,
December 22, 1938

Dearest ones both,

So now we are here, and I have just enough time to write you between the unpacking, which I just finished, and supper, as soon as Rudi gets back from practicing. We were welcomed here by your sweetest telegram, how nice of you to let us have news of you first thing, and I am so happy that it appears you are having a nice time in the mountains. — Our trip was so-so. The first day all of us took turns throwing up except Bienchen, Rudi even in one of the big salons — but then it got better, and only very stormy again last night, but it was rolling quickly back and forth instead of slowly up and down, and this time only Lina¹ was affected. We slept a lot, ate a lot, and didn't play much ping-pong; once we got better, we visited with Toni² — but wait, you don't even know yet that she did really come along, seen off by her parents and Zack³, who were there with Maltschi⁴ and Frances⁵. Frances brought some gorgeous tulips from Uncle Karl⁶. Toni was very seasick the whole time. We

¹ President of the Augusteo and Santa Cecilia in Rome.

² Lina Winterhalter, who took care of Ursula.

³ Toni Booth, whom the Serkins had invited to come along.

⁴ Toni's brother.

⁵ Amalia Serkin, Rudolf's sister.

⁶ Frances Dakyns.

⁶ Either Karl Doktor or Karl Gombrich.

arrived here this morning and were photographed roughly 15 times. I will collect as many pictures as I can for you. — The 23rd. Yesterday I was suddenly interrupted. — We were met by Elsa⁷ and dear Carla⁸, and Ursula and I were immediately transported to the hotel (where Elsa had already arranged for everything, crib, high chair, presents for Ursula) while Rudi and Lina took care of customs. Everything went smoothly, and they came shortly after we did. Ursula immediately said "Aunt Elsa" and even "Uncle Fred"⁹. — We have wonderful rooms here, Ursula with Lina, then living room with piano, already brought in yesterday, then our bedroom. All three rooms are very large and bright (8th floor), with a view of the Hotel Lincoln and the green skyscraper, so somewhat more to the side than Tosca's, facing Broadway. We also have two bathrooms, and Elsa had them install a hot plate for porridge and milk. — We immediately visited Tosca, who started right off talking music with Rudi. We also saw Margherita¹⁰ briefly, and then I left Rudi alone downstairs and went to unpack from 2:30 to 6:30. I kept being interrupted, by telephone calls, a photographer, who is appearing again today, likewise today a second one, and Frau Perera and Lydia¹¹, laden with presents for Ursula. Rudi is rehearsing with Elman and a substitute cellist, and it turns out the "trio" will also be accompanying a singer. Doesn't matter. 30,000 dollars so far!¹² Today I'm going shopping with Toni, a carriage for Bienchen and a box of building blocks, etc.... Frau Perera also has an address for apartments already, likewise Elsa. — Carla is very proud that Papi so far has 18 concerts without quartet. Everything went very well. I am so happy. — I now have to close, the turmoil is starting. I am already counting the days until you get here. I hope you get a good rest in the mountains. So, now come some requests, dear Mäuschen. 1) Lina put Rudi's good shoes in the basket of things to be given away, and packed his old ones. If you haven't already disposed of them, please bring them with you. 2) I forgot and left the photographs of our friends that Pauline¹³ took in Ursula's room in the bottom left-hand drawer of the linen-cupboard. I would also like to have them in February. I think that is everything. Your orchids are still beautiful, that is to say two of them were somewhat damaged by wearing them, but the other two are still wonderful. I take turns wearing all of your lovely woolen scarves. Ursula is just now with Lina, playing up on the "roof garden," a tiny paved area outside, but since we still don't have a carriage this is very

⁷ Elsa Muschenheim.

⁸ Signora Toscanini.

⁹ Muschenheim.

¹⁰ Margherita DeVecchi, mutual friend of the Toscaninis and the Serkins.

¹¹ Caroline Perera, a friend, and her daughter.

¹² In a benefit concert for European emigres in Carnegie Hall, Rudolf Serkin was to play trios with Mischa Elman and Emmanuel Feuermann, and accompany Hulda Lashanska in a selection of lieder. Mme Lashanska had organized the affair.

¹³ Pauline Müller, a friend from Basel and one of Irene's schoolteachers.

practical. Rudi is practicing, and I am waiting for Toni to come get me to go shopping.

All the best for now, with hugs and kisses from your
Stümpchen

FROM RUDOLF SERKIN

New York
December 22, 1938

Dearest Children,

It won't be so long now until we have you here too. Irenchen has already told you everything about the trip, our arrival, and how nicely Muschenheims had gotten everything ready for us here. Already yesterday I had a long rehearsal with Adolf's friend Mischa, a Russian cellist sat in for Feuermann (who doesn't get here until tomorrow). We are playing the Mendelssohn D-minor. Mischa plays Tschaikovsky most convincingly. Loads of schmalz. In the Mendelssohn he is somewhat more restrained. The concert is sold out (special Jewish audience). Governor Lehmann will be making some opening remarks. Yesterday we visited Maestro. He was very kind, he seemed very delighted to see us. He looks well, but is very solemn. We didn't talk much about European matters, he immediately showed me some music instead. He is soon going to do the Brahms Händel Variations, arranged for orchestra by some Englishman. He was not surprised that I thought that odd, but wished to know only what I thought of his tempi. They were of course correct. Anyway. I hope you have had a good rest. If only we had you here safely with us! I am having trouble getting my fingers back in shape. Be good, stay well, and be happy. (If they were to offer me Joseph Hofmann's piano position at the Curtis Institute, should I accept it? Hofmann has left. Strictly confidential!!!)

All best from

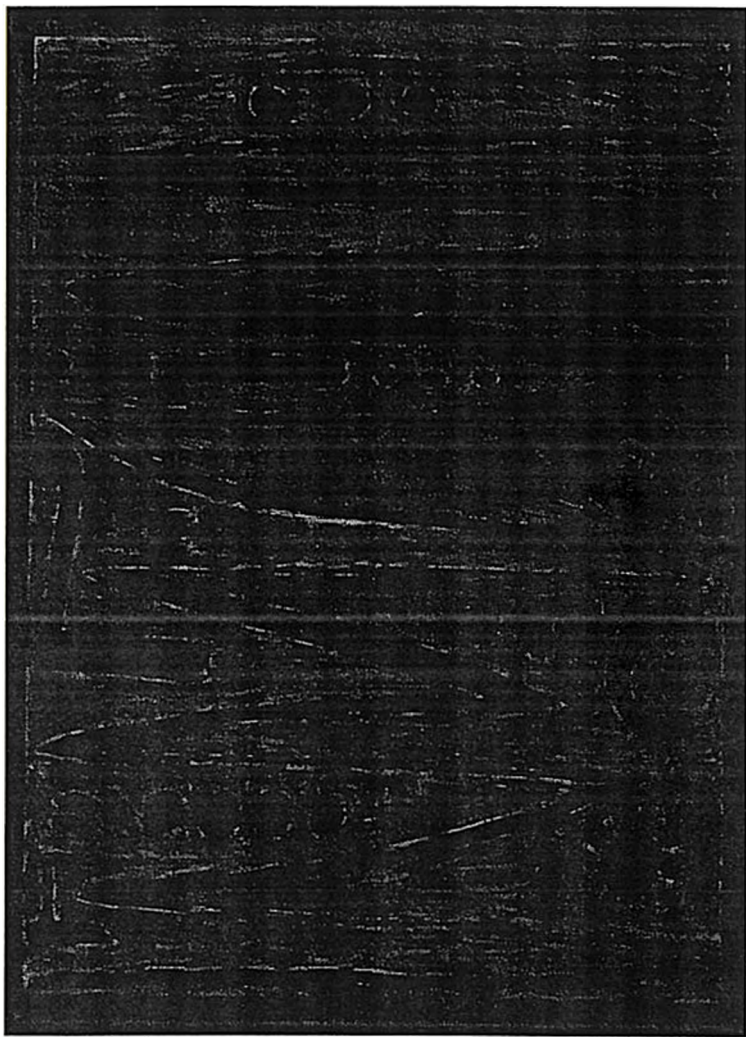
Your Rudi

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Copenhagen
December 28, 1938

My dear Adolf,

Sincere thanks, first of all, for sending the charming pictures of Ursula, which we admired with love and real feeling. Grete had chosen various books for you both for Christmas, but I prevented her from sending them; either they didn't seem right to me or I felt you already had them. There will be another opportunity to get even with you for all your kindnesses, after all. Just now I am doing so in that I plan to play agent for you for a change, and to try to arrange for a number of orchestra concerts in Scandinavia, under my



PAUL KLEE: *Heroische Bogenstriche / Heroic Fiddling*, 1938

A tribute to the vigorous, inspired playing of his friend Adolf Busch.

*Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Nelson A. Rockefeller Bequest.
Reproduced by permission.*

direction if possible, and in such a way that you can get so many of them out of the way within a brief time that it will really be worth all the trouble. Please write me as soon as possible, telling me all of the times you might be able to devote to us up here, and letting me know how long you can keep such times open. I hope to then combine Copenhagen, Göteborg, Stockholm (two orch. concerts), and Oslo. I would also like to have your concert and travel schedule from January 1, '39, up until the summer.

We celebrated Christmas very quietly but pleasantly in our own home for the first time after our six years of wandering. It is "small but adequate," and I am enjoying the roughly 10 days off as best I can. Today it appears as though the Glyndebourne engagement at the New York World's Fair is going to happen, since Bing and Ebert are to go there on the 11th of January for face-to-face discussions. Carl Ebert, who is in the most difficult situation of all of us, is so clever and convincing, that he will probably succeed in bringing the business to a happy conclusion. If it does happen, to be sure, I myself won't have a single day, not counting travel days, without a rehearsal, a concert, or an opera until December 20, '39. Would you do me the additional favor of telling me the Bach suite or overture that would be best for my concerts for larger orchestra? I will then listen to your record of it. If you have for your own use a well-marked score, I would like to send mine (the old Bach edition) to Basel, provided you don't mind; possibly you know some émigré musician there who would copy your markings for me at my expense? That way we could avoid having you send yours, which is troublesome and risky. I will be in Copenhagen all through January, from February 1 in Stockholm, Pension Dehn Strandvägen 7.

What do you hear from Rudi? Here, as well as in Stockholm, they would be delighted if Horowitz would play three concerts, two of them back in Stockholm, under my direction next season, beginning roughly the first of October. Frieda felt in London that I might take him on; that is no special trick given his reputation, especially here in the north. Perhaps you would give me his private address, and I will get in contact with him directly. Does Rudi already have specific plans for the 1939/40 season? Please let me know about this as well. It would be nice if Frieda could respond to these lines in detail, when she has a free minute, so that I can properly take care of everything. We wish you all a happy new year from the bottom of our hearts, one that we hope presents fewer emotional upsets than the one just past, and send affectionate regards as always,

Your oldest brother
Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

[Copenhagen]

March 4, 1939

My dear Adolf!

You will have received our telegram, so that you know how easily we have become grandparents.¹ Everything went remarkably well, and all concerned are very happy. I wasn't able to visit my grandchild until a few days ago, after I had returned from Stockholm. My sole wish is that he turns out to be a musician, so that I can take charge of his education. In any case, he immediately stopped crying whenever I whistled or sang for him. The auspices thus appear to be favorable, although Grete maintains that hearing my "singing," even unmusical children would stop crying in terror. I wired you yesterday about a concert in Copenhagen and 2 in Stockholm. If I should get a response, and am able to arrange these concerts, naturally with my collaboration, one could try to arrange related concerts for Göteborg and Oslo through Envall in Stockholm. I don't dare do that, however, without your authorization, as I do not know what your situation with agents is, so please give me appropriate instructions. I have only one desire, you see, namely to see that you get as many good things to do as possible if you undertake the troublesome trip to the north.

Frieda's letter with the note "not over Germany" came over Germany, of course, and was opened and thoroughly studied. There were only perfectly harmless things in the letter, to be sure, for which reason it is even more difficult for me to understand why she added this instruction. The international mails do not allow one to specify how letters are sent; it is tragic enough that one cannot choose to have the news come "not over Germany." From New York it is different, and I only mention the matter so that you avoid repetitions that clearly serve no purpose. I wish you nice concerts from the bottom of my heart, and all the best for the quartet in every respect. You have no idea how often I think of you and share your worries, and Frieda's. Here in the north the people don't understand all too much about music, to be sure, however in Copenhagen they continue to be extremely kind to me, and in Stockholm they treat me with attentive awe. Reger's Symphonic Prologue made a definite impression in Stockholm; we had rehearsed it well, and it is a truly wonderful piece of music.

So let us hear from you sometime, and for today sincere best regards from grandparents, parents, children, and grandchild.

[Fritz]

¹ His grandson Fleming von Moltke was born on February 25.

TO FRITZ BUSCH

S.S. "Washington"

June 20, 1939

Dear Fritz,

Since it is now certain that we won't be seeing you and Grete and Eta (Hans?), you should get a fresh greeting. I will answer your letters in person in Lucerne. It won't be long now until we see each other there. We have to go straight through to Basel. We plan to be at home for a week, and then head for the mountains. We're not yet quite sure where. My "vacation" will begin with my having to go to the ear doctor again. For a few days now my left ear has been having the same problem that my right one did in New York. Without the hideous pains, thank God. I suspect that I am missing "Karlsbad." In New York I had two more bouts of flu, the second one most unpleasant — I felt dreadful. But all of that was nothing compared to the upset over Urselchen. She was deathly ill, and again and again — even after we believed that the worst was over — there were false alarms. When she suddenly became feverish again, they detected (with X-rays) a change in the bone, and we were afraid that she would still have to have surgery. The doctors then thought that it was attributable to the ear business she had last year. They had to keep her under close observation; now everything seems to be fine. She is very cheerful — somewhat confused by the trip and the time difference — doesn't eat enough. We are all hoping that the mountains will do her some good. That is the main reason — aside from Rudi's homesickness for Europe — why the "children" made the trip back, after all. Rudi will also recuperate faster than he could have in the U.S.A. He had a very strenuous schedule, and the worries about Urselchen made everything — also for me — much more difficult. The artistic success was tremendous — we actually played in halls big enough to seat 5,000 people (who were also there), and we had the impression that even during the last number no one had left the auditorium. It is also delightful when 10 of the 5,000 come and tell you that it was the most beautiful music they ever heard. One shouldn't be unfair; nowhere in Europe does one play this kind of music in such huge halls for so many people (which we cannot change, and have no control over), and perhaps it is possible that the same number of listeners (let us say 1,000 of the 5,000 as in Wigmore Hall) get the same pleasure from it as here. We also did quite well financially — if you make 20,000 dollars, you end up with 4,000, as the rest gets eaten up by agents, advertising, taxes, extended traveling — almost always by plane, and living expenses. (With which I do not mean to imply that I earned 20,000.) I bet you never got a letter with so many figures in it before, *that's the influence of America!* —

The actual purpose of this letter — aside from the fact that I suffer a more or less unhappy or happy love for you, and if only for that reason didn't wish to, and could not, pass by you without some sign of life — is to try to get you

to start thinking about whether it might be possible for you, instead of Mozart, which is so frequently heard (and which people are especially familiar with under you), to perform the Hiller Variations (this time it is not a matter of the "Oberon" Overture!!). You could then leave out the "Cellini" Overture — Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller Var. I don't feel it would be too long. You are the "onliest" one who can conduct this work (I have heard you do wonderful performances of it, and never forgotten them), it is one of the loveliest pieces of music ever written (Thomas Mann would be able to say that more beautifully), and it is high time that this splendid work once again work its magic in the minds of music lovers — not to mention other parts of their anatomies. You would make your brother very happy. — If there is no chance for the Hiller Var., then I would like to suggest that you do the Romantic Suite, that too would be wonderful. Perhaps there would then still be time for a "closing number" (unnecessary in my opinion: famous conductors can do without such things!). —

Stay well, dear boy, I look forward to seeing you again — we grandfathers will then be able to discuss our troubles and concerns, and the joys of family life, in peace and contemplation in the light of the setting sun on Lake Lucerne. I embrace you — all send greetings and *much love*. — All best to all our friends.

Your A.



Lucerne, 1939.



With Rudolf Serkin, Toscanini, and Frieda in Lucerne, 1939.



Samstag, den 5. August 1939, punkt 21 Uhr
im **Kunsthaus**

II. SYMPHONIE - KONZERT

LEITUNG:

Arturo Toscanini

SOLIST:

Adolf Busch (VIOLINE)

PROGRAMM:

Wagner	Eine Faust-Ouvertüre
Brahms	Konzert für Violine und Orchester in D-Dur, op. 77
	Allegro non troppo
	Adagio
	Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

PAUSE

Schubert	Symphonie Nr. 2 in B-Dur
	Largo - Allegro vivace
	Andante (Thema mit Variationen)
	Allegro vivace
	Presto
Smetana	Die Moldau
	Sinfonische Dichtung

Während der Vorträge bleiben die Türen geschlossen - Les portes restent fermées pendant l'exécution de chaque morceau - Doors remain closed during the performance of each piece



Montag, den 21. August 1939, punkt 21 Uhr
im

Kunsthaus

BEETHOVEN - ABEND

LEITUNG:

Arturo Toscanini

SOLIST:

Adolf Busch (VIOLINE)

PROGRAMM:

OUVERTURE

„Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus“, op. 43
Adagio - *Allegro molto con brio*

VIOLINKONZERT

D-Dur, op. 61
Allegro ma non troppo
Larghetto - *Rondo*

PAUSE

SYMPHONIE

C-Moll Nr. 5, op. 67
Allegro con brio
Andante con moto
Scherzo (Allegro) - *Allegro*

Während der Vorträge bleiben die Türen geschlossen - Les portes restent fermées pendant l'exécution de chaque morceau - Doors remain closed during the performance of each number



*Rachmaninoff with Toscanini in Lucerne
(Frieda Busch in the background).*

Letters 1940-49



TO HERMANN BUSCH

New York
January 22, 1940

Dear Hermann,

Yesterday was "our" second trio concert. Feuermann played for you — also in Cincinnati. I am sending along the program from N.Y., so that you can see that they explained the situation to the audience in a nice way (this was

also done in Cincinnati). From the enclosed reviews you will also be able to see that Feuermann has only "temporarily" taken your "regular" place. We played very well, but everyone — Feuermann too — was very sorry that you couldn't be there. And it is too bad that we, Rudi, you, and I, can't appear as a trio this year. Just as a lot of other things are too bad. We hope that next season everything will be better. Of course that all depends on the quartet staying together, Frieda wrote you, I know, saying that you must be patient. The situation here is such that to get anything to do one first has to be here. It is impossible to make enough playing quartets to cover the costs of the trip over here. N.B.C. was only able to finance the few concerts on the honorarium basis — which we discussed last year. You must come over (with family) and stay here (for heaven knows what will happen to Europe and concert life there), and we will have to lower our fees and play, if at all, for only a little more than the other quartets. I talked with Levin from N.B.C. for a long time — last week — and he told me (somewhat conditionally, to be sure, it depends on Hirschmann and possibly Mrs. Coolidge²), that for an average fee of \$500 he hopes to come up with 20 engagements. Now we are trying to find, and hope to find, directly and through friends, some kind of a position for each of you in a college (university or conservatory), even a modest one, with the expectation that with that your living here (in a modest form) would be taken care of, so that the quartet playing and other possible concerts could pay for a better life. We and these friends are trying everything, but the difficulty is that they are no longer allowing artists to come over here, as they are under the impression that all of them are already here. And it is true that the most competent musicians, conductors with great names, soloists, and x number of quartets etc. are running around here with nothing or virtually nothing to do. However if competent people live here for a longer time, they can eventually find work in this huge country. Getting here, however, is difficult, and in your case and Doktor's especially so. Especially since you can't come without your wife and daughter. I hope that in a few weeks we will see things more clearly and see everyone; it is better to live here quite modestly, and to be working, than to sit there in Switzerland with nothing to do and with no prospect of a better "later." Here there is the prospect that one can improve himself. The problem is actually Gösta. He has to make up his mind whether he wishes to forego the idea of starting a life for himself in Sweden out of his love for the quartet. Since the political situation for Sweden too is not exactly rosy just now, it would probably not be such a bad thing (financially speaking) to sacrifice his Swedish project. But who can know such a thing. The only thing that one can say with relative certainty is: so long as a person does something here, he has good prospects. Europe has become too small for us anyway, since 11 countries had already been lost before the

² Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge sponsored concerts in the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.

war and now England is gone too, not to mention France. But you have to be here. If you could all come soon, which is what we are hoping for, there would be work right away making phonograph records. The English contract with His Master's Voice keeps going here with Victor. I have arranged everything, your share, which we will wire to Gösta (good old Sweden!), you will get as soon as Victor pays me the money here. We'll be sending all "business" communications to Gösta. I will write him too someday soon. But this letter to you was especially important to me. I wanted you to know, at least, that we are doing everything we can. It would really be a shame if the quartet were to fall apart. Have patience and keep your chins up. Give our best to the Göstas and the Karls, and tell them any of this that would interest them. You will hear from me again soon, perhaps then I can write a nicer letter. All our love to you and yours.

Best regards from everyone,

Your very loving brother

TO FRITZ BUSCH

[New York]

February 22, 1940

My dear Brother,

We figured out that this letter will reach you on your birthday, or that it could at least. May it get there on time, to let you know that on this day — as on countless other days as well — we all wish you and yours all the best from the bottom of our hearts. Each of us is convinced that he is most especially devoted to you — as far as I am concerned, there isn't a day that goes by that I don't think of you; and now that you have become 50 years "old," and there is nothing more that can go wrong with you, I would also like to tell you that my heart is filled almost to the brim, to the point of overflowing, with pride in you, my own brother. I think of you — if I may speak of such things so lightly — less as my brother than, since it is "pride" that I am talking about, as the person with whom I am linked (or who is linked to me) through our beloved music, and to whom I am grateful for so many beautiful and unforgettable things. I am "proud," namely, because I feel that I am "a part of that," because I feel what you feel — I am not talking about the share that I may possibly have in your music making — and what I am trying to explain to you has nothing to do with egotistical pride. I hope to heaven you understand what I wanted to say to you, or that you recognize, at least, that I wanted to say something especially nice to you. Writing letters gets more and more difficult for me — writing music too, by the way. I just don't enjoy it any more, and so it happens, at least as far as letters go, that I almost completely avoid them, which doesn't make things any better when I simply have to — for example when you turn 50. I suspect it has gone as fast for you as for me with my nearly 49. Although all sorts of things have

happened already in our eventful lives, one always has the feeling that the main thing is still missing. That is my feeling about music — especially my own — but also about life. Only in my family — as a man, a father, a father-in-law, and twice grandfather¹ — do I feel “content,” aside from the worries that one is bound to have in the above-named roles. And that the world doesn’t appear to want to become more reasonable in the second half of our lives, and creates constant external and internal unrest (regardless of which people like me who play the violin still have to do their finger exercises), is a fact one can’t deny. — As far as we are concerned (I mean the immediate family), we could be perfectly satisfied with the way things are for us here, even though the work that I have (after the loss of concerts in England) is not enough for a grown man. It may get better, if one knows from the beginning that next season nothing will come of concerts in Europe and starts planning here accordingly right away. We worry about you two and the Hermanns. We are trying to get Hermann and his family over here, but it is terribly hard for 1,000 reasons. For the moment there is not much that can be done with the quartet — well-paying concerts are not to be had at all, x number of quartets are here, they play for little money, and between two quartets they insert transcriptions (Gavotte by Gossec) and “selections” from famous string quartets:

Andante cantabile by Haydn

“

“

“

Tschaikovsky



That wouldn’t have to be, but if you don’t choose to do that and also don’t wish to play for less than 500 dollars for a whole quartet of four men, you simply don’t get a thing, or so little that it doesn’t pay for the trip over here. You have to be here in order to get anything to do. The same is true if you want to have some kind of position. So Hermann would have to come, but what would he survive on? And with his family, for he certainly can’t leave them there (not even temporarily). Many people talk about you — in connection with the Metropolitan among other things. They ask about you, ask me to give you their best, and seem to think that you ought to be here too, like all the others who are here already — so as to have nothing to do. Happy as it would make us if you and all the rest of you (what would Gisela do with the pride of the Danish army — if you weren’t there?) were to come here, the only proper thing is not to be here (as far as your conducting is concerned). By the way, dear Fritz, we have determined that it would be wrong for you to be on the list at N.B.C.: a) Judson² is the only one who can do anything for conductors (aside from the radio concerts for N.B.C.), and b) these (N.B.C.) you can get even without being an N.B.C. artist, c) but you won’t in fact get these or any others. The people here will first have to have had their fill of all the second-rate conductors. And they haven’t come to that yet. All sorts of

¹ Elisabeth Serkin was born on October 11, 1939.

² Arthur Judson, the president of Columbia Artists Management.

people are even conducting with the N.B.C., as Toscanini has months of vacation time. Yesterday he had an extra concert in Newark with the N.B.C. Orchestra. He was wonderful as always, especially in the 2nd Leonore. But his instrument had gone bad in the meantime. I could go on and on about the New York concert scene and its abuses — but this letter has already gotten to be thick enough (even though it doesn't contain much). I assume that Frieda will report on the "family" if she can write tomorrow, she is not completely herself (following a bout of flu). Rudi had to cancel 4 concerts, he has a bad finger with hideous pains. I am well, and am at the moment revising my clarinet sonata from last summer, which desperately needed it. In case you have a copy of it, throw it into the fire with the exception of the 2nd movement (which remains unchanged). My concerts are really over — at Rudi's Curtis Institute we still have 6 sonata concerts left, more or less private ones, in which I'll be playing all of the Bach solo sonatas and partitas. I am giving a few (well-paying) lessons. We are not going home, though we are all damnably homesick. But it wouldn't make sense. My dear boy, I wish I could have written you a happier letter, but the times are rotten. I did write though, and I hope you will give proper recognition to this shattering fact. Stay well, all of you. If it continues to look more threatening, it would still be a good idea for you to get going. With no consideration for "business"! For the main thing is staying alive, as long as one is as young and as handsome as we are. And conductors don't even start counting until their 60th, they only begin to become really famous at an age when violinists are already forgotten. (Pianists survive somewhat longer.) All the very best (don't drink too much when you celebrate, think of your health).

Your loving brother

A.

Fondest greetings to Grete, Hans, Eta (married??!!), and the Moltkes.

TO HERMANN BUSCH

New York
March 29, 1940

Dear, good Hermann,

We couldn't say everything in the telegram, it would have gotten too expensive, that's why we wired you that you could expect more details by letter. Here they are! It is possible (as we wired you) that you will be permitted to enter on a quota visa. That is, that you — once you are here — can accept any jobs after a short time. Whereas if you enter on a visitor's visa, you can only do quartet concerts and recordings, and would have to go back after six months. The same applies, of course, to Gösta and Karl. Now it is possible to extend a visitor's visa (once you are actually here), but with it one can never legally accept a position. As long as there is nothing more to do than the quartet and recording, all of this would be unimportant, but we are

hoping — and there are certain indications that one can hope — that you, especially you and Gösta, will get something to do, namely as teachers in some institute. Once you are actually here, something will surely turn up in time — it may be very modest at the beginning, but can turn into something better. However you both have to enter on a quota visa, otherwise you can't accept a thing, not even an orchestra post (which could always be offered you, and will be, once you are here). Do you understand? For that reason it won't help to write any letters to Ormandy or for Doktor to write Pollacek¹ — no one can do a thing. The sequence is: get over here (on the quota), become a member of the union (Musicians Union — only possible after a six-months waiting period, I think), find a position, and take it. For Boston it isn't necessary to belong to the union, but entry on the quota is, for without being on the quota you can't work at all (aside from quartet work and recording, if you get a visitor's visa for that purpose — and that you will get). Now: there are no prospects for you in Europe so long as the war continues, or even afterward — here there are prospects that you can support yourself along with Lotte and Trudel, and that things will get better. For me it would be senseless to come to Switzerland, much as we long to be there. I don't have very many concerts here, but enough to live on, and with the quartet somewhat more than without you. In Switzerland I don't have enough to live on. However you and Gösta don't have a thing there that you would not have here, the phonograph income continues, and if we make new recordings it could really pick up. Perhaps it would be possible to talk them into an advance, so that we could get some money coming in right away. I'll write separately to Gösta. You can tell Doktor that he will have to handle his business at the consulate (Basel and Zurich) separately from yours, as he lacks any sorts of papers just now. At the consulates he will be able to find out what can be done for him to make immigration possible for him. Whether or not he has a prospect of getting on the quota, I do not know, he can ask about that. However he should come temporarily without his family anyway (no matter whether he gets a quota visa or visitor's visa). Since Paul² is able to earn something in Switzerland, after all, there is no reason for him to give up that income, even though it is small. Even if worst comes to worst in terms of politics, and Switzerland were to be drawn into the war etc., Doktor's family would not be in the bad position that you would be with yours. — So, dear boy, go to the American consulate in Basel, and request a quota visa. Presumably the Basel consulate has been given instructions from Washington. Through a charming woman who is very influential³, we are in

¹ Victor Polatschek, clarinetist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

² Karl Doktor's son Paul, also a violist.

³ Agnes E. Meyer, the wife of the banker, philanthropist, and owner and publisher of the Washington Post, Eugene Meyer, who was extremely active in both artistic and political circles.

contact with the office that says yes or no to everything. Go with the documents from N.B.C. (which I am enclosing) to the consulate. From the letter from Mrs. Meyer in Washington you will see what it's all about. Only I suspect that they will direct you (and doubtless Gösta and Doktor as well) to Zurich and the consulate there (especially on account of quota immigration). Then you will have to send them a letter asking when you could come for an interview — because it is very hard to get one. I would guess that the consul there has also been given instructions. Gösta will have no difficulties at all (as a Swede). For native Germans (it is all done solely on the basis of one's birth) the prospects shouldn't be too bad just now, as no one is being allowed out of Germany directly, so no one is applying for the quota at the moment. That is what gives you a chance, also Doktors. Once you have your quota immigration approved and in hand, then pack up your wife and daughter and come, bringing with you what things you like and don't wish to leave behind. To buy new furniture here (the essentials) would cost a few, let's say two hundred dollars (you can get good things second-hand). If shipping them would be cheaper, then bring your stuff with you, you'll have to inquire. Otherwise leave it there, sell it, burn it, give it away!! Bring all of your music with you. When you ask for the quota visa, wire us the minute you hear that there are any problems, it might be possible to apply pressure. If you ultimately don't get it, or the quota number is so high that you would have to wait too long, then take the visitor's visa — the rest can be worked out here. And come with Lotte and Trudel then too, and do everything as though you were coming on the quota. Staying in Switzerland and not having anything to do makes no sense. Writing about the prospects here doesn't make a lot of sense either, as everything is still uncertain and possibly won't come about. Tomorrow afternoon it is highly likely that I will have a discussion on your and Gösta's behalf regarding positions as cello and violin teachers, very modest ones for the moment. If I can, I'll accept them for you — for a modest post in a decent institute is better than none at all, and from there one can set out to improve himself. We can only play quartets if you are here, the fees are only acceptable, and no worse (no, better) than in Europe once you are here, and don't have to figure in your passage. — In the next few years we could get more and more quartet work, but one has to be here in this country. — Do you have money to get here with? Can you get it? Borrow it?

Write me how things are going at the consulates, I hope everything works. Believe me when I tell you that we keep thinking day and night about how we can be of help. The problems have to be dealt with in order. If you get a quota visa, everything will be a hundred times easier. Bear in mind that all the people who have found work in orchestras here (for example) came in on quota visas, but even so had to wait here until they were permitted to take these jobs. — We have concerts with the quartet perhaps as early as October. I told N.B.C. that we were available through the entire season, since there would not be any concerts in Europe after all. — Zimmerli had thought of the

Brandenburgs for Lucerne, but I wired him today that we will not be coming "home" this summer. Tell all our friends how we are all practically wailing about not being able to come back — but aside from everything else: if the concerts begin here as early as the fall (which God grant they do, as we need them), we couldn't go back. Stay well, dearest brother, when you are safely here, America will be much nicer. I embrace you and hope to have you, Lotte, and Trudel here soon. As soon as you have amassed your first quarter of a million dollars (possibly sooner), you can have your parents-in-law follow.

Fondest greetings to all of you,

Your A.

TO GÖSTA ANDREASSON

New York
March 29, 1940

Dearest Gösta,

I just wrote a long letter to Hermann, which will also be of some interest to you, though actually there isn't much in it. It can't be in it, as nothing has changed yet. I don't yet have anything else to offer except quartet concerts and phonograph recordings. The prospect of a teaching position (with very modest salary) does exist for you and probably also for Hermann. However nothing has yet been decided in this regard either. And I can't badger them too much. That you will get something to do in this country is absolutely certain — and I cannot tell you anything else but that I find it more reasonable for you and your family to come here, and not to go to Sweden. If Europe were at peace, and you could have the position (as teacher in Stockholm) immediately, I would have to advise you in favor of Sweden. But to be the leader of the 2nd violins for a few years and wait for the other is no life for you. We will struggle through here together, it won't be easy at the beginning, but the prospects in this huge country are good. We will make good music and that is truly needed here, and they will also find a place for it. For Björn, America is the most promising country in which to build a future. This doesn't mean at all (for Annele!) that we will always stay here, but as long as the war and this insecurity continue in Europe (and things could still get a lot worse), America is the only country where we can work. I can't promise you anything, I only see how things stand, and it would be crazy if we, of all people (it's also not a lot different for me than for you — as I am not here as a "virtuoso" — your son can have a better time of it, easier!) didn't have anything to do here. I already know that we'll have work. There will be quartet concerts, one can't yet know how many, it is still too early. What I don't know is whether or not I will soon have a nice teaching post for you. I am working on it, and possibly I will hear something favorable soon. The main thing is that you make up your mind to come here. Immigration will be no problem for you and your family. Hermann and Doktor are getting

help from Washington. But take care of your consulate affairs separately, as each of you requires a different kind of treatment. Frieda is adding some things regarding travel. Stay well, dear Gösta, and trust that I am not advising you to come here for personal reasons. Rudi agrees with me, by the way, and so does everyone I talk to (without knowing anything about your Swedish plans, to be sure). Fondest greetings to you, Annele, and Björn.

Hoping to see you soon!!

Your old A.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Stockholm
April 30, 1940

My dear Adolf,

Your birthday letters all arrived in Stockholm at the same time on April 24. Since I left Copenhagen the end of March, they must have gotten there late, and then lain there a while longer as a result of the occupation of Denmark. Now I am happy that I got them here, at least, along with a few others; since then all postal communication has been cut off again, and we have only had one card and two telegrams from Gisela, telling us that she has so far been staying with her father-in-law in complete seclusion and calm in the quiet countryside.

Grete had sent you a telegram from us on your departure for New York, as we were concerned about a "calm sea and prosperous voyage." We learned only a short time ago that you had arrived safely, and were waiting for more news. The subscriptions to the two American musical journals, which I find highly offensive, and which I had taken out mainly so as to read about you occasionally, were only a meager substitute. Now it was a particular delight to get your nice and very detailed letters, just as we all thank you for your last telegram, demonstrating your concern for our welfare after the occupation of Denmark. Thank God fate was kind to us once again, and that Grete, Hans, and I were back in Stockholm from the end of March on. The business could just as easily have surprised us in Copenhagen. A situation would then have developed whose outcome for me, in any case, was perfectly clear.

Besides, you must know that I predicted these events in general and planned accordingly. That is no particular feat, as at 50 every reasonably intelligent person is a pessimist, and expects only stupidity or depravity from people as individuals, with a few exceptions, and from mankind in general. So we are also not counting on a very long rest in Sweden, and for the last few weeks — thanks to Hans's active and skillfull assistance — have had all the necessary visas in our passports, so that we can leave any day. Our route would take us possibly via Moscow-Vladivostok-Japan to San Francisco and on to Argentina, or by way of Moscow-Odessa and the Balkans

across Italy and Switzerland to the south of France, Spain, or Portugal, where we could await further developments. A third possibility still exists, namely an extended stay in some resort on the Baltic coast in the vicinity of Riga. One can live there most cheaply and in civilized surroundings. There is almost no chance of any threat; the Germans can't suddenly show up because the Russians are already there, and one hardly notices the latter, since they only stay in specified spots and have almost no contact with the populace etc. I don't wish to take on second-rate things in the last years of my life, and would prefer to wait to see whether a truly first-rate post is offered in the U.S.A. or the Colón in Buenos Aires gets in touch again. My main worry now is the fate of Ove and Gisela and their little boy, of whom we are inordinately fond, and who is so delightful — full of tenderness and great vitality — which I now have to concern myself with. Communication between the two families is now extremely difficult. It is practically impossible, even using all our connections, to find out anything certain. —

I have seldom been so happy as I was on the 29th of April, the day of my last concert in Stockholm. It was difficult for me, especially during the last weeks, to keep making music at all, though I feel I did a decent enough job of it. As soon as we know what is to be done about Gisela and her son, whom I definitely want to have with us (Ove can follow later), we'll be off. Dear Adolf, in the meantime not a day has passed, no, scarcely an hour, as you say, in which I have not thought of you, and I can only say the same kind and loving things to you that you expressed in your beautiful letter to me. When my music was good, I was sorry that you weren't hearing it; when it was bad, I was happy that you weren't there. All in all, there was much to rejoice in. The Swedes especially became truly appreciative in this past season. I was first astonished that they took so much trouble to get us up here from Boltigen (Simmental) in Switzerland after the outbreak of the war. After a hazardous trip I was able to begin here the end of September, and carry on my work between Copenhagen and Stockholm, with side trips to Oslo, Göteborg, etc. etc., without interruption and nearly always to sold-out houses. I conducted roughly sixty concerts, also a series of open dress rehearsals. The Reger fantasy that I orchestrated was a distinct success. It was generally felt that it sounded fine, so that it was immediately placed on the program of the following concerts. The real event, however, the "break-through," was *Così fan tutte* at the opera house with Hans as regisseur. We rehearsed for four months, Hans until late at night every day, with 6 enthusiastic, gifted, and good-looking singers, who finally managed to sing their parts in a decent Italian. In terms of decor, the whole production was considerably better than in Glyndebourne, as we had found a true artist with a proper sense of style for that crucial part of it. Orchestra excellent. On the whole, perhaps the best opera performance I have ever had in my life. The 6 performances we had planned, and to which we were committed, turned out to be 18 so far, always to sold-out houses, and 3 more are still to come as

extra offerings before May. So for months now I haven't gotten out of my dress clothes, have had to wear tails almost every day. In gratitude, the King presented me with a medal, which I couldn't care less about. A bust was placed in the Konserthuset, and so you can see that the people in Copenhagen and up here have been satisfied. Whether and when I will ever see the former city again is questionable. You know that I was completely in love with this little country, in which a good part of my net worth is invested as well, which at best I will only be able to recover with considerable losses; this includes my entire music library, much of it annotated. So it goes: you climb 10 meters uphill and then suddenly tumble back 6, just because some nasty bully starts pelting you on the head with rocks. But we keep climbing. The people don't want us to leave them in the lurch; the opera immediately took up the three months that had become free for Hans and me as the result of the fall of Copenhagen. After I had declined the post of "Generalmusikdirektor" in principle. And the Konsertfoerenignen also needs me. It will be hard for me to have to disappoint the people. A decision will have to be made soon, and I feel, just as you write about yourselves, dear Adolf, that along with music the most important thing today is to have one's family together, and to do everything possible to see that it is safe. My dear Eta is in the best situation of all. After having gotten quietly married at our house in Copenhagen in January, she is now living in blissful wedlock with her good and talented husband¹ in Paris, sometimes in the south of France. He has been engaged to sing at the Teatro Colón, with the permission of his government, and they are leaving for Buenos Aires from Barcelona the beginning of June. Perhaps he will then go to the Metropolitan, Columbia Broadcasting, etc. in the U.S.A. It is perfectly possible that we will join them. However I have no interest in conducting opera in the U.S.A., though I have had offers. The repertoire theater is dead, and performing operas only makes sense if after months of preparation one presents one or two works and is able to keep them at an optimum level under favorable conditions.

This has turned into a book, at least a long, egocentric letter. I had intended to write you quite differently, but I always have a hard time expressing feelings in words, and these details may interest you somewhat after all.

I despair at the fact that the masses in the U.S.A. and the critics who keep in step with them have still not come to recognize the vast difference between a Heifetz and an Adolf Busch, and that the peoples who did see the difference have been bitten by mad dogs, and in their sickness are lost to us for who knows how long, perhaps forever. How nice it is that you can also write music, dear Adolf; how sad for the composer that as his brother and greatest admirer I can champion him so little, though in Stockholm next season, in the event that I should be a part of it, there would be performances of your works. You will hear more from me soon, once the final decision has been

¹ Martial Singher.

made. If ever a really good post should become free in the U.S.A., put a bug in the ears of the people who matter and mention my name. I recently sent Hermann a large sum of money, and will do what I can to continue to support him. Give our greetings to Rudi, who is always too lazy to write, and to Irene, and to the children a kiss from their uncle and thanks for their nice poem. Stay well, and accept the world as it is. It isn't our fault if things are now going so badly. Grete sends fond greetings as well; hers first of all to Rudi, as he never wrote a word in response to a long letter from November, still she shares my delight in his successes.

Your old Fritz

After you have finished reading them, could you pass these lines along to my friend Dr. P. Backer, 344 West 72nd Street, N. Y. City?

TO FRITZ BUSCH

Telegram

July 13, 1940

Hermann and family safely arrived when do you all come expect you impatiently love greetings your

Adolf Busch

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Berkeley

July 31, 1940

Dear Adolf,

I was very touched by your telephone call. It was seven o'clock in the morning, I was still half asleep, and the connection, though good at first, got bad later, so that with my worn-out ears I didn't understand everything, unfortunately. It was better with Rudi, and we thank him and Irene sincerely for their nice invitation. *By the way*, do write sometime (if I understood correctly, Frieda promised me a letter immediately) whether a letter Grete sent him in November '39 ever reached him, one telling in detail of the troubles we had gotten into as a result of the war and our personal view of events, and asking for advice and information regarding some questions most important to us. Up until your nice birthday letter we had not heard a thing from you, and I can only assume that Grete's letter to Rudi or his reply went astray.

Yesterday we moved to a quiet and less expensive hotel in Berkeley, so as to recuperate somewhat after the dreadful journey and to wait for replies from various places in the U.S.A and Argentina that will effect our plans for the future. Despite the pleasure that a reunion with you would bring, we don't wish to undertake the expensive trip to New York just now, unless my

physical presence is urgently desirable in the interest of "business." I don't know whether you feel the same as I do: the more blows of fate rain down on one, the more retiring and aloof one becomes. I have avoided all publicity, and turned down a series of offers and contracts, including guest appearances at the Metropolitan, as they seemed to me artistically demeaning. I would also prefer, if at all possible, not to land in Buenos Aires just now, but rather to wait out developments in general as well as professional ones in some little beautifully-situated spot in Argentina, close to the Chilean border. I would like to avoid any false impression that I have come here as a quasi "job-hunting conductor," and would prefer to squander my last Argentine pennies, or rather pesos, and quietly do nothing but my own work — for there is truly no end to that — than accept anything second-rate. We were touched by a lovely telegram from Toscanini that came a few hours after your call. (Perhaps you put him up to it?): "Sono felice e commosso di sapervi finalmente arrivati sani e salvi in questo meraviglioso paese in mezzo a gente libera abbracciovvi affettuosamente, Toscanini." We had already learned by telegram from Sweden that Hermann had arrived safely in New York with wife and daughter. Tell him to write me sometime. The fate of our Eta has given us a lot of sorrow and worry the past few months. Opera intrigues at the last minute made it impossible for him to undertake the journey to Buenos Aires that had been cleared by all the authorities (he was exempt from the military). We had counted on being able to embrace them there. On the day of the bombardment, the 3rd of June, they were in Paris, some time later in Biarritz. Since that time, for reasons we do not comprehend, we have heard of them only through third parties, never directly. A considerable sum of money that they suddenly had to ask for, and that I sent them via Buenos Aires and through various other places, has still not gotten into their hands. Yesterday we at least got word in a number of telegrams by way of Berling, Stockholm, that they are both spending the summer in Biarritz (occupied by the Germans), and are in good health. Gisela had just had some female surgery when we left, and was still pretty miserable and weak; Ove had another fall from his horse in the steeplechase, and lay in a cast in hospital for weeks. All of this doesn't make our lives particularly pleasant.

So if nothing pressing makes our coming to New York a necessity, we will wait here for the departure of an excellent and modern Norwegian ship that only takes twelve passengers (inexpensively), and sails from here on the 22nd of August for Valparaiso. Since the season in Buenos Aires lasts until the end of October, it is not impossible that my many Argentine friends, in the Colón, for example, will still find work for me. However even here I have exercised the greatest reserve. — We find America magnificent, and it impresses us a great deal in many ways. Now I hope to hear from you soon, and meanwhile send fondest regards to you all, also from Grete and Hans.

Your old Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Berkeley
August 7, 1940

My dear Adolf,

We thank you sincerely for your letters. Sometimes, as for example over your criticism of Stokowsky, we even laughed out loud. The birthday telegram is being sent this minute, so I don't need to add anything. My correspondence came to a halt, as Hans had to take to bed a week ago, angina (throat) that gave him a fever of roughly 104 and took a lot out of him. The doctor came twice a day and it meant worry and work for us. The boy has no more fever since yesterday, but will have to stay in bed a while. — Your letters and repeated invitations have really touched us. You are absolutely right in your views of my situation and prospects in the U.S.A. and my coming to New York for an extended stay. It will also be good for me, after the dry years in Scandinavia, to find myself at least once more in a vital musical culture, even though participating in the "*social-musical life*" that goes along with that would be unpleasant for Grete and me. However one can "fake it" for the sake of appearances, and so we could manage. Only an immediate visit seems pointless to me and even impossible. We only have a transit visa that expires the end of August (!), and as far as I can see will not be extended. All of the important people in New York are out of town just now, and the season doesn't begin before the middle or end of October. Even you are to be away from New York until the 29th of August. The "little people" are of no use to me, and from the "big ones" I am expecting responses daily, which I wish I had in hand, though they would not influence our decision to come to New York later. In Argentina, on the other hand, there is a "strong" (genuine) possibility that my physical presence would quite naturally lead to the signing of a contract for 1941 with the Teatro Colón, where I once made some very nice music. I have reason to count on this possibility, to which guest appearances with a "state orchestra" just now being founded would be added (*Please, Sir, discretion!*). With these good contracts for the summer of 1941 (possibly even May to October) in my pocket, it would be easy to go to New York and "take part in life." We will come — but after a certain amount of preparation and in the right situation at the right time, I would guess the end of October. I will keep you regularly informed, and in the meantime will not fail to make contact with the right people. It is too boring for me to write more just now about what is "in the works," which I am sure you would approve. (Perhaps I will do so later, once I have reached the "development" stage.) I saw Szell briefly in San Francisco; he may tell you — correctly, I hope — what I had to say about his ideas. — This is one of the most beautiful *spots* on earth. It would be impossible to imagine a better place to rest and recuperate. If only we didn't have the weeks-long waiting for news of the children *abroad* and the considerable worry

about England and the countless dear friends we have there! It is good that our old Donald Tovey isn't having to live through this! We lost a friend in him, and are very sad about that loss. — I'll write again soon, for today all the best on your birthday once again from all of us, caro Adolfo, and all our love.



FROM ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE

September 28, 1940

My dear Adolf,

Since receiving Frieda's sweet letter, from which I was so glad to learn that Rudolf's arm and hand are cured,¹ I have been thinking about various plans with you for the coming season. And although I am sorry that I cannot at present offer the Quartet any engagements, I am going to propose a plan to you which you may or may not feel like accepting, and about which I want you to be perfectly frank.

I gave in California last summer, with marked success, at two of the principal universities (Stanford and University of California) a Beethoven series of all the 'cello and viola sonatas with piano, and the trios, and I am venturing to propose to you a similar series for the Coolidge Foundation in the Library of Congress next February or March. Do you think that you could interest Mr. Feuermann to play the 'cello sonatas and the trios with you and Rudolf, and, if possible, add to this series two concerts by yourself and Rudolf in which you would give three of the violin sonatas and he would give three of the solo piano works?

Now we come to the question of fee, and I am going to suggest to you what we had thought of being able to do. I realize, of course, that it may not be possible, but, on the other hand, I realize also how much we have always enjoyed working together and am hoping that at least something may be accomplished. Do you think that we could give four programs which would include the five 'cello sonatas and seven trios as follows?

- | | | | |
|---------|-----------|---------|----------------------|
| 1. trio | 2. 'cello | 3. trio | 4. 'cello |
| 'cello | trio | 'cello | 2 one-movement trios |
| trio | 'cello | trio | 'cello |

For these concerts, the Foundation would offer \$750 apiece, which, I know, is less

¹ He had had a furuncle in one of his fingers, which had to be removed in a difficult operation, and was forced to cancel all his concerts for weeks during the season.

than your usual price, but which might perhaps be compressed into a short consecutive period in Washington. If you and Rudolf care to add to these the following two programs

Piano sonata op. 53

Violin sonata No. 10

Kreutzer violin sonata

Piano sonata op. 110

Piano sonata, Appassionata

Violin sonata No. 5

we would be glad to offer \$500 apiece, allowing you, of course, to place these programs wherever you choose; but if you do not feel like adding them to this series, we would omit them.

I hope you will not misunderstand or think that I am trying to force your hand, but I know you will sufficiently believe in my friendship and honesty to know that I should love to do it, but will thoroughly understand if it is impossible for you and Mr. Feuermann. May I ask you to reply to me at the Library as above, and please do give my love to Frieda and your children, reserving your own large share for your dear self, from

yours sincerely,

Elizabeth S. C.

FROM ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE

October 6, 1940

My dear Adolf:

I am sure you know how happy your wonderful response made both Mr. Spivacke¹ and myself and we are now eagerly counting upon having you carry out the fine plan which you have made for Beethoven sonatas and trios. You did not indicate whether you would prefer February or March.

I enclose a list of dates which Mr. Spivacke tells me are already taken for other concerts (such as the Symphony Orchestra, various soloists, etc.). These, I think, will not be an obstacle if you should find it impossible to arrange other dates: but, on the other hand I think it would be a mistake to deprive some of the music lovers of Washington of the possibility of hearing everything, and would also be to our own disadvantage. March would be possible, but I know that Mr. Spivacke much prefers February and it is more likely that I, myself, would be able to attend all the concerts if they could be arranged during that month.

Another question: would you prefer to give them, say once a week, or to give three concerts each week during two weeks in February, or possibly to give the whole series consecutively, for instance, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth of February? I am going to ask you to make all the necessary arrangements for this plan with Mr. Feuermann and to divide the entire fee of Four Thousand Dollars (\$4,000.00) amongst the four artists. I quite easily see your point about having your brother in the trio work and had not thoroughly realized that you had formed with him an established ensemble. I am sure it will be a wonderful event and I can't tell you how

¹ Harold Spivacke, director of the Music Department of the Library of Congress.

happy I am to look forward to it.

There is no reason whatever to consult or inform Mrs. Whittall². For one thing, I believe she has no concerts during the month of February, and even if she had, I should certainly not allow any interference with what I propose to do in my own hall.

If you should find that you decide to give a consecutive series during the second, third or fourth week of February, we might begin on the tenth, seventeenth or twenty-fourth. It would only interfere in that way with one outside program during each week and I do not think that it would really matter.

Would you prefer to have these concerts in the afternoon or evening? I, personally, should enjoy the evening and think it probable that more gentlemen could attend them at that hour, but on the other hand, if we had them at a quarter before five in the afternoon quite promptly, and finished as promptly at a quarter past six, we should probably not interfere with so many diplomatic dinners, which I think still interest many Washingtonians more than Chamber music does.

Please let me know how you feel about all these questions and with many grateful and happy thanks, believe that I am

Very sincerely yours

Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge

FROM AGNES MEYER

Washington
November 1, 1940

Dear Mr. Busch,

the effect of your first concert at Barnard College¹ has been really very great and the appreciation which was expressed both by the faculty and the pupils is remarkable. I felt that you were bringing an experience that is very new and big for many of these students, and I am deeply grateful to you for the tremendous effort that you put into giving them of your best.

I enclose a letter which Dean Gildersleeve received that I thought you might like to see. With all good wishes to the whole family

yours sincerely,

Agnes Meyer

² Mrs. Gertrud Whittall sponsored her own concerts in the Library of Congress; she had donated a quartet of Stradivarius instruments, which were played there.

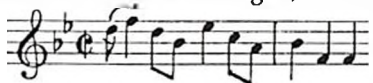
¹ A series consisting of all of the Beethoven quartets.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

M.S. "Anita," Santos
November 19, 1940

Dear People,

Sincerest thanks for Frieda's nice letter, which we received in Buenos Aires just before we left. If we haven't written very often, it is only because we did not want to burden you too much with our worries and plans. You have your own things to worry about, and it is better to talk about these things than write about them; especially when they are of a gratifying nature, such as the signing of my contract for a concert series at the Teatro Colón, etc., so that I will now have plenty to do from April to August. Grete will add some things. We will be delighted to come stay with you for a few days; but don't be upset with us if we soon move into the city. The first few days are important for the pursuit and development of our artistic plans in New York, which are "en marche." More on that when we see you as well. This afternoon we sail out of this mosquito nest, which twenty years ago was still the most hellish spot for malaria and yellow fever, and head directly for New York without any intervening stops. The ship is called the "Anita," and ought to arrive in New York on December 10. You needn't come to the pier, however, we will find our way to your place on our own. In any case, you can find out specifics through the agency Thor. ECKERT & CO., Inc., 17 Battery Place, New York. The ship belongs to the Essco-Brodin Line, Stockholm. The only fellow passengers are a French couple with their eleven-year-old daughter Jaqueline; the husband is an artist at locksmithing and on the side apparently interested in leftist politics. Most interesting, but I am gradually getting sick and tired of it. On the other hand, I am hungry for music as seldom before after the long vacation from it, and in New York I hope to get my money's worth, hearing and learning a lot. In the bay of Santa Catarina we tried, at 11:30 at night local time, to hear the *world performance* of Adolf's Three Etudes.¹ The result was not entirely satisfactory; constantly interrupted by ships' signals and other stations, we heard mention of the "*noted violinist*," then a few measures of the "Hebrides" and the first etude. The second one came in much better, and so far as we could judge, we really liked it. A true virtuoso piece for the orchestra, which apparently also pleased the audience, as there was suddenly terrific applause — unless that noise was SOS calls. Then No. 3 began, in B-flat major with the following main theme



¹ On N.B.C. under Wilhelm Steinberg.

a "symphonic poem" by Eduard Künneke. A voice in the refrain sang: "In the hussar love awakens...." Then when the Casa Gath & Chaves in Buenos Aires began to exclaim in counterpoint that at their firm one can still buy genuine English Yardley soap, and the "novedades" came on in Spanish, we went back to our cabins in anger. I now have to see the score right away, and am especially looking forward to it.

Gisela writes of a letter from Frieda that reached her via Copenhagen in the middle of October. I hope that it did not contain anything important and is long outdated. Since communication not only with Europe, but even within this hemisphere no longer functions remotely reliably (air mail letters from New York we often received after three or four weeks instead of the usual five days! — one was "opened by censor"), I don't know whether my telegram and a second long letter from Berkeley on the occasion of Adolf's birthday ever reached you. For today a fond embrace in anticipation of the imminent reunion from

your brother and brother-in-law Fritz

FROM VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

January the 5th, 1941

My dear Adolph!

I cannot find words to tell you how deeply relieved I am to learn that your unfortunate illness of the last few weeks¹ has proved to be merely a temporary annoyance, and I am happy to think of you back home. When I think of the inconvenience that a quiet convalescence will mean to your music, however brief, must pain you, I am tempted to recall the experience I suffered three years ago, and the lesson of bright hope that it has taught me. You will remember, Adolph, how I allowed myself to be overcome by a endless despair, and how, through your patience and real friendship, I found enough courage and strength to carry on. Well, I am really rather grateful for that experience, for through it I have learned that struggle and suffering are never wasted; somehow they contribute to the fulness of our lives, and enrich our art! Again every evil seems to have a good side, a compensation, and thus your short convalescence will provide you with the time and leisure to continue composing music. I must tell you, that when I heard those rich and inspiring symphonic pieces of yours over the radio by Steinberg, I really thought, that they were a glorious contribution to music! A speedy recovery, and the greatest of health and power to you, my friend Adolph, and know that we are all thinking of you, and waiting for new works! Please let me hear from you soon. I am leaving tomorrow on tour. My thanks to Frieda for her thoughtful gift. My best love for your both

your Volodia

¹ In December Adolf had suffered a heart attack during a performance of the Kreutzer Sonata in Town Hall. He was sick for a long time, and had to cancel an entire season, which meant a tremendous financial loss. He was also worried about his colleagues in the quartet.

TO BENEDICT AND HENRIETTE VISCHER

Douglastown
March 5, 1941

Dear Bene, dear Jotti,

Actually I ought to write each of you separately, since you both have written so sweetly (and expressly for me). Bene's nice letter to me — now several months old — made me very happy and sad at the same time. I was very proud that Bene, reserved as he is, so openly declared that he misses us and that he misses our music. I felt like answering immediately, and thanking you for the many kind and pleasant things he said. Also to say especially that his letter did me a lot of good at a time when I was often inclined to hang my head. You must know (and of course you already do) that for all the recognition I enjoy here, it is difficult for me with my way of making music. People haven't yet fully recognized that one can play the violin so as to make music, and not simply so as to show that one can play the violin. The poor quartet players who would like to be doing better, or don't play the violin well enough to be able to compete with the great virtuosos, have to either work for a starving wage or be supported by generous ladies or both. It is getting better now, but not very quickly. And certainly not when — just as everything had begun to get "underway" a little — one happens to get sick. Aside from the financial loss, it meant a loss of time that will be difficult to make up. On the other hand, I have to recognize that I was in need of a rest again. And since I only manage to rest when I am sick, I won't complain, or rather I will thank heaven that though apparently truly sick, since I have had no pains (except for the first 3 days) I can think of the illness as a rest. With that I now come to Jotti's sweet letter, which did me an equal amount of good, and for which I also send thanks from the bottom of my heart. It is a shame that this letter is the first one I have written "back home" since our departure! I cannot tell you how difficult writing is for me at this time. I don't like writing in general. You learn what we are up to through Frieda and Irene, and the rest that one has to say and ought to say to friends is too much, and one doesn't know where to start or where to stop. One simply doesn't know much, and can only hope that things will work out all right. Added to the worry a person feels for mankind today more than ever, there is the incredible homesickness for Switzerland, Swiss people, for Basel, Riehen, Eriz¹, and above all for you and other dear friends. When will we see each other again? In the Ritzes² and Barrels³ a big chunk of Basel has

¹ Eriz bei Thun in the Emmental, where the Busches and Serkins had a summer place in 1938/39. It was there that they stored the two-months' supply of emergency provisions required by the government, and the Serkins were living there when the war broke out.

² Dr. Hans and Gertrud Ritz.

³ Dr. Emil Barrell, the director of Hoffman Laroche, and his wife Colette.

come here, in fact. And Herr von Hirsch⁴ was here to see us not long ago. But you we miss most especially. We had a touchingly kind telegram (about my illness) from Oertli⁵, and Pelle[grini] sent us a wonderful bouquet of flowers (etching, in color) by way of a friend, you doubtless know it. We are enjoying it a lot. Fahrländer⁶ has also written — caringly and in touching friendship as always. I also had two nice letters from Schangi and Adele⁷. In time I would like to answer all of them. Whoever you see: Gesslers⁸, Pauline Müller, please give them our greetings and our thanks for their news and their nice letters. All of them have been very sweet. — I am beginning to work again “already.” A bit more slowly than last summer (when I worked at composing every day and one day after the next had quartet rehearsals, gave lessons, practiced — all of it in incredible heat and a humid heat, you have no idea). I am once again giving lessons⁹ (unfortunately they have already been paid for — in advance, they were a scholarship — now I have to work them off!!), am composing and practicing a little. More soon. I feel quite well on the whole — hardly notice a thing except that I am tired early in the evening — by 9 or 10. But I am also awake earlier than I used to be when I was busy giving concerts. It is more natural the way it is now. — So here I have written the whole time about me, but I thought it would please you to get a report from the convalescent himself. Frieda will report on the family. The grandchildren are both delightful and very charming in their different ways. You would laugh at Bethli¹⁰. Ursula is my true joy, and we have become very close from spending so much time together, she loves her grandparents a lot (Bethli too is very affectionate at times). Ursula is now getting a violin lesson (of 5-10 minutes) almost every day, on a violin that Santa Claus brought but that is still a half a year too large. — Now I’ll stop, as letters that are too long generally never even get there. — Stay well, you dear, good people, dear friends. I embrace you, and hope to see you soon.

Your Adolf

Hedwig wrote about me so sweetly to Irene. Please thank her for me when you see her. Again all our love!

⁴ Robert von Hirsch, patron of the arts and faithful friend.

⁵ Dr. Hans Oertli, the Busches’ family doctor.

⁶ Dr. Max Fahrländer, industrialist, Sandoz director, and friend and neighbor in Riehen.

⁷ Jean Jacques (“Schangi”) Lüscher, a Basel painter, and with his wife Adele a friend for many years.

⁸ Paul and Bethli Gessler, neighbors in Riehen. Paul was the director of the secondary school for girls, and had been Irene’s teacher.

⁹ His pupil was doubtless Isaac Stern.

¹⁰ Elisabeth Serkin.

TO FRITZ BUSCH

Douglastown
April 29, 1941

My dear Fritz,

We heard from Hans that you are doing well so far. The world has not grown any prettier since we last saw each other. The spring in "our" garden is beautiful (but how beautiful it would be in our garden in Switzerland, provided that Switzerland continued to belong to Switzerland). —

Dear boy, I am writing to learn whether you would consent to my playing (don't fall over) the Reger violin concerto (in my revised version). You know that Brahms is out of the question (because they had already promised it to Heifetz). So it would still be the Dvořák in the Sunday concert. I would like to play a piece in which I can show that I can fiddle, but one that is "incidentally" (!!) music worth playing. That's what concerts are supposed to be about, after all. For that reason I had also thought of the Joachim, since I still haven't played anything here except Beethoven (and Bach) — (Brahms once with the W.P.A. and Sebastian¹, unfortunately, which I don't count), and would like to play something I really love. Only then do I know why I keep playing in my old age. I beg you to agree, and must tell you quite honestly that I need your help; after the long stretch of not playing in public, my illness etc., I need a good start (also for myself). I don't know what sort of concerts I have before then, but in any case the New York concerts — especially since they are with you — are particularly important to me. With you the Reger isn't a risk, and if it takes 10 or 15 minutes longer than Beethoven there is still enough time for 2 works for you. (I would assume you would then choose something other than Reger, and we would probably best put the concerto in the second half.) You can do an overture and a symphony (Haydn?, Mendelssohn?), one that's not too long. Or we begin with the Reger and you then do a Brahms symphony (the D-major?) in the second part. Since my reorchestration of it, the concerto doesn't take as long as it used to (because it is clearer, and for that reason a number of spots can be played at the right tempo). I have spoken to Bruno Zirato²; I had some misgivings about playing the work, which has never been played or heard here, in a revised version the first time. But they can say something in the program booklet about my motives, and above all that Reger himself had objections about the piece. Bruno Zirato told me I need have no fear about that. That here people prefer arrangements over the originals anyway!! — Please let me know what you think, I hope you have no objection. It is, after all, a respectable job for the conductor as well. (Though simpler than before.) We can have a few piano rehearsals together in memory of our lovely youth. I would send you

¹ Presumably the Hungarian conductor Georges Sebastian.

² Toscanini's manager, and the manager of the New York Philharmonic.

the scores in plenty of time, I only have the manuscript here — in any case, it is easy for you to get the score in mind once you have had a good look at the piano reduction, for I have done away with a great deal of the “helter-skelter.”

Stay well, my dear boy, greetings to your dear wife, and all best wishes to Eta and her husband and their child¹ — I hope you will now finally succeed.— Oh God yes, I have meant to ask you a long time now: is there anything you could do for Steinberg in Argentina or anywhere else? He really needs something to do (it is so difficult for him here with his reputation as assistant conductor to Toscanini). And he truly deserves it (he is better than all the others who do have work!). Between us: Szell was not at all good, by the way. But the Smetana arrangement for orchestra was excellent (I even highly recommend it!). Once again all the best from

Your A.

I am feeling fine, practicing and rehearsing with the quartet. Finished the sonata long ago. I embrace you both with all the old affection. And fondest greetings from everyone here. Kreisler was in an accident with a car, which he walked into. He is still unconscious. They are hoping that he will pull through. — Be good to yourself, as much as you can these days. We are already looking forward to seeing you again. Rudi played the Brahms B-flat major wonderfully, I have never heard him and “it” like that before. Barbirolli mediocre.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires

May 6, 1941

My dear Adolf,

I was just about to write and tell you about us when your letter of April 29 arrived yesterday. We are a little puzzled that you did not learn from Hans that the Singhers were prevented from leaving to come here a second time. Everything had been finally arranged. Eta sat there with her husband and child in Vichy, that is to say Lyon, for weeks, and was only waiting for her entry visa to Buenos Aires; it had been authorized from here weeks before, but apparently its delivery was delayed by some mixup on the part of the Argentine consulate there. Then suddenly came a law from the Vichy government absolutely forbidding Frenchmen from leaving the country if they are under 40. (The reason: de Gaulle.) In spite of all his efforts to get a special permit, showing them his contract with the Colón etc., Martial then had to return to Paris with wife and child on April 20. His telegram telling us about this second failure was inconsolable, and one of hardest blows that has ever struck us. I am doubtful whether further efforts to still get the

¹ Michel Singher had been born in France the previous October.

Singers out and over here, which are now being undertaken from various directions, can be successful. Yes, dear Adolf, you are right: the world has grown no prettier in the meantime, and our personal troubles have grown no smaller. All the more reason for making good music together, and of course I agree to the Reger concerto. And then on Sunday Dvorák. Perhaps the people will notice that R. is especially beautiful music, if we do our jobs well, and your arrangement will be an advantage in every respect, and facilitate the breakthrough. I will write you when I will need the score and the piano reduction.

At the moment there are more than enough claims on my energies. Since our arrival, beginning with the 10th of April, I have conducted 35 orchestra rehearsals and five concerts, which went perfectly beautifully and were sold out. Since the programs were long (two intermissions at times), by the end of the sixth concert this coming Saturday I will have conducted some 40 works, all of them from memory and likewise rehearsed. Whenever there isn't a performance or a concert, there are two orchestra rehearsals a day, as is the custom in Latin countries. For concerts these last 2 hours each, for operas 2 1/2 hours. With the latter, they operate on the assumption that opera rehearsals are less tiring; a false assumption when I am on the podium. They rehearse in the afternoon from 1:30 to 3:30 or 4:00, and in the evening the same amount of time beginning at 9:30. I frequently rehearse the strings and winds separately, so that I gain as much as 2 hours more time a day. The orchestra has a few weak spots, but on the other hand warmth and spontaneity, also delicacy, and in the strings an especially lovely sound. If not otherwise instructed, it always plays at full strength: 16 first violins, 16 second violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos (first-rate), 8 double basses, etc. The acoustics are marvelous, the discipline of the house nowadays splendid. In the beginning, after the summer season in the open air, the orchestra was pretty ragged, but thanks to skillful treatment and an appropriate regimen from me, its intonation, precision, and joy in making music improved daily. Everyone is enthusiastic now, and our reception could not be better.

All the interested musicians and music lovers speak of you, and are especially excited when I tell them that you are coming here in 1942. They know everything about you *par renommée* and thanks to your recordings, which are often played, and Grete and I are convinced that you will enjoy a most uncommon success here. So that I can witness it, I have permitted the directors to talk me into conducting the opera season ("*Trovatore*" and "*Otello*"), for less money than I might have wished, as the people said I might meet them halfway, since they naturally desire to sign a contract with me again for 1942. In this connection I feel, and it is always true, after all, that the love one feels for a city and the majority of its population is returned in equal measure, and Grete and I have always been especially fond of this remarkable city since the beginning. I am now preparing the way for you, the Messiah, like John the Baptist — "there is one who will come after me who is mightier

than I am" — or perhaps history will for once experience messiah twins. Since the Italians have dominated the musical field here for decades, the audience knows even the most frequently played classical works either only slightly or not at all. The orchestra tells me that in the 30 years since it was founded it has played the Jupiter Symphony only once (under me six years ago). The Bach Suite with Air, the Händel Concerto, Haydn's Oxford, Brahms's Academic, the middle pieces from the Böcklin Suite, the Dvořák Carnival, the Mozart D-major without a minuet and many other things were Hecuba to the orchestra, that is to say absolute novedades. So you see why I am happy about my nine rehearsals, on average, per concert. For that reason too they play the music with love and warmth, and the people in the hall take notice. On the side, since I have none of my own music, I had a lot of work to do on the parts available here; I accidentally got my hands on the facsimile of the Jupiter Symphony, which cost me and a young musician 3 days and into the night correcting the Breitkopf score and parts to conform to the original. I don't trust any classical scores anymore unless I have had a look at the facsimile. Unfortunately this is the only such copy in all of Argentina, nothing more.

I am now excited about doing "Trovatore" without arbitrary changes, no preordained strettas, holding through the pauses, etc., and accordingly to the battle I will have with the singers. But that amuses me.

I am delighted about Rudi's success with the Brahms concerto. There are rumors here that Toscanini, as a result of the uncertain political situation, which could at least temporarily prevent his traveling or getting back on time, etc., will not be setting out on the 24th of May, likewise Horowitz. Avis au lecteur: should such gossip prove to be true, which I personally still doubt, shouldn't Rudi think of coming here this season after all? The agents are anticipating that Menuhin will do well, as much of the competition, for example Milstein, will not be coming. That would also be the case if Horowitz were not to come, but it is difficult to prophesy, today more than ever, and especially in this unpredictable country. I will write more soon, especially about our domestic affairs, unless Grete, who understands all of that better, does it for me. At the moment, on account of the Singhers, we are too *down*. — Stay well, love one another; we embrace you fondly, all love, also from Grete,

Your Fritz

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
May 24, 1941

My dear Adolf,

In my last letter I forgot to add that there are no prospects here for Steinberg at all, unfortunately, much as I can understand his desires. At the Colón, which is the only place conductors have anything to do in this country, there have been 7 conductors engaged for this season. In alphabetical order, the list reads as follows: Arturo Toscanini — Fritz Busch — Juan de Castro (nice fellow and good musician, Argentine) — Erich Kleiber (comes in August, after I've gone) — Gregor Fitelberg (strength dissipated in enthusiasm) — Calusio (whom you know) — and Albert Wolff (doesn't do a thing, only says in the rehearsals "piano," with the accent on the last syllable). Since the alphabetical order isn't exactly correct, I changed it in the case of the first name to "Torturo Ascanini"; whether or not the *grand old man* really comes now is the major question on which most of the planning depends. I would be very sorry not to be able to welcome him here. Horowitz has definitely cancelled, and I don't know whether under these circumstances I ought not to advise Rudi to come here yet this season — say the end of June to the end of July. Even for one who knows the situation, it is impossible to predict anything, on the other hand all of the organizing is improvised, and a pianist who has had a tremendous success on Monday, for example, can schedule his second recital for the Wednesday and have a sold-out house. Menuhin is expected one of the next few days, and interest in him appears to be great, even though the musicians who have heard him on the radio or his most recent recordings no longer expect to be carried away by him.

I am happily at work on my beloved Verdi operas "Trovatore" and "Otello"; when you rehearse them simultaneously, you come to see the uncanny development of this phenomenal composer especially clearly. The orchestra is now back at its old high level, and is especially happy to be doing Italian operas with me. They don't know "Otello" at all, or only poorly. I have managed to get some 16 orchestra rehearsals; some of the singers are excellent, most of them stupid and no personality, aside from some exceptions, but truly beautiful voices. Unfortunately the parts are so wretched, full of misprints, contradictions, inaccuracies, etc., that the blue pencil never leaves my hand. I have to look through each individual part, which doesn't do any harm, after all, for then one gets to know the works clear down to their skeletons. For "Otello" I even managed to get them to give me four valve trombones, as many spots are impossible on slide instruments. Instead of the low fourth trombone, which is often replaced by a tuba, unfortunately, which muddies the sound, there is a proper cimbasso and a good player.

Let us hear from you again sometime; what do you think about Hans and

what he has achieved with the opera company!¹ We, at least, were impressed by his accomplishment, and we are curious to see what ultimately comes of it. For the moment I am only thinking about the immediate present, which more than taxes my energy and my time. Even though it is winter, the weather is frequently oppressive, heavy and damp, and that doesn't make my work any easier.

For today all the best to the whole family; in case Rudi is interested in coming, I am at his disposal in every way with advice etc.

Your old Fritz

Grete sends fond greetings. I have not asked about your health, as I assume that you are once again O.K.

FROM WILHELM STEINBERG

June 6, 1941

Dear Frieda, dear Adolf, my dear Uncle Doktors!

I know that I should have written you long ago, but the turmoil and constant change of programs that tends to be part and parcel of biergarten concerts has not allowed me to do anything else. First of all, we are delighted to hear that you are both well and that you found the right place¹ and the whole family is in good shape. We are madly looking forward to being able to confirm all of this with our own eyes in August, but meanwhile, I fear, we still have a few shirts to sweat through (at least I do). — On the evening of that day on which you went to work so sweetly on this poor, sick workhorse that I am, I made a date with Gertrud² for a private talk two days later, which then went incredibly well and brought the result we all had hoped for. I'll tell you about it in detail when I see you in August, for a three-hour conversation with little punctuation, scant pauses for breath, and faulty phrasing is difficult to reproduce in a letter! Despite the respite from financial difficulties, the worry about "work" is by no means over, however, as virtually nothing is happening and moreover thanks to my Philadelphia concerts I again had the taste of blood — which only makes the baptism worse. The concerts, by the way (the last of which I have to make up tomorrow, since it got rained out twice) were truly beautiful, despite temperatures of up to 100 degrees. The orchestra played wonderfully and the applause was tremendous — which doesn't mean much in my situation, however. I will tell you about the two Stokowsky scores for Beethoven's fifth and eighth symphonies, which fell into my hands; I was appalled. You won't believe me when I regale you with the 8 horns, trombones, and tuba in the Eighth, and the kettle-drums in the

¹ The New Opera Company.

¹ In Gloucester, Massachusetts, at the home of Rosalie ("Winnie") Leventritt, the widow of the prominent attorney Edgar Leventritt. Both were devoted patrons of music and musicians.

² Gertrud Ritz, his wife Lotti's sister.

scherzando movement. Thank God I had parts that were completely unmarked, so much so, in fact, that at the well-known spot in the first movement of the Fifth the bassoon had to play quite cheerfully all by itself and I had to add a little from the horns so as to get a few little crescendissimi in the finale. — Otherwise I am calmly and resignedly preparing for the stadium programs, which I will write you about again, if only to let you know about the broadcasts; perhaps you will get to hear some of them again, and if you are listening I will at least know why I have to sweat. — And shall I now make still another declaration of my love for you? No, why should I? For you know perfectly well what it means for me to have you two. Stay well, greetings to everyone there with you, and accept a fond embrace from your
 "Wilhelm"³

TO THE ANDREASSONS

[Gloucester, Massachusetts]

August 9, 1941

Dear Addi, dear Gösta, dear Björn,

You have made me extremely happy with the delightful Spitzweg¹. Where did you ever find such a charming thing? My sincerest thanks for the much too expensive present (as our friend Benedict Vischer would say). You shouldn't do such stupid things! But now that the deed is done I can only say again and again: it tickles me no end to own this fantastic, witty picture. Frieda and everybody else were delighted with it. The whole day was marvelous, but I can't describe it to you in a letter, as I have far too many to write. A thousand thanks for all your kind thoughts, your nice letters, and all the love that came from you. Too bad that you couldn't be here yourselves. There was also a lot that was funny. We will tell you everything when we (finally) see each other again. Björn will soon be getting a cadenza for the Beethoven concerto that I have written. I hope that Gösta will like it. Here there is lots of music and all kinds of music and much impure music (the sequence begins with the worst and ends with what is dreadful enough). Stay well, you dear people, we'll see you soon (you will see somewhat less of me than you are accustomed to, as I have lost weight: I have just made it down to 187 American pounds).

Fondest greetings, all love from your grateful

Adolf and Uncle Adolf

³ In America he generally called himself William, and during his years as conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra occasionally even "Buffalo Bill".

¹ A Carl Spitzweg drawing.



*With Irene Busch Serkin on his 50th birthday,
Gloucester, Massachusetts*

TO VOLKMAR ANDREAЕ

Gloucester Massachusetts

August 23, 1941

My dear Volkmar,

It has been bothering me for a long time that I haven't written to you, and yet I think of you and your whole family every day. Your dear, good letter only made me feel worse about not writing, and each day that passes since then makes "answering" harder. A person feels so much, especially for the friends in Switzerland, that he can't find the courage to begin. Also there is so much that has to remain unsaid or unwritten, that it strikes one as almost senseless to even write at all. But I am afraid even my best friends must think I have forgotten them. If you have felt angry with me, and thought of me as somebody who is sitting in the honeypot and taking it easy, and forgetting his friends at home, I can't really blame you. But it isn't so. As far as I am concerned, I would also rather be there with you, now and most of all if things should someday turn worse for Switzerland — which God forbid they do. The news we have from "home" is happily reassuring. And your letter made us downright exultant, though we did agree that you possibly see things in a rosier light than others do. So a thousand thanks for your nice letter, and forgive me for not writing earlier. I won't bore you with a thousand excuses. I will give one reason that you will understand. Once I recovered, I started working again. At first I wrote music, then began practicing — also playing



Summer 1941, Gloucester, Massachusetts. From left: Hermann Busch, Arlie Furman, Adolf, Frances Shapiro (Magnes), Gerald Warburg, Elsie Stein.

a lot of music "for pleasure." Between the rest prescribed by the doctor, taking a few short walks, or here at the ocean going into the water (I'm not supposed to swim yet), the day is over before you know it. I have practiced a lot more than ever, as I have enjoyed being able to study for once in peace, without any thought of a specific concert or series of concerts, something that I have wanted to do for years. I feel you will enjoy the fruits of my endeavors when we see each other again and finally get to play music again together. We have heard of what you have been doing since we left through our Swiss newspaper, which comes out in New York and which we get regularly. Congratulations on your success with the play. I can imagine how well you must have done your part. Sometime I hope to be able to hear it as a cantata. It is very smart that you gave up the Consi. But now you must stop giving things up. I would like to make a lot more music with you (and — for my part — better than I ever did before). However it was not until we got your letter that we learned about your illnesses (2 at once! Disgusting!). We were really shocked, but comforted ourselves with the thought that you were already better again — a real johnny-jump-up, as you always were. I hope your dear wife has also recovered — mine has borne the whole trouble well, magnificently, in fact, and survived it. Still it was a terrible fright, which she can't entirely forget. It also meant a lot of work and upset for her. Naturally I haven't made any money, there were some recording royalties, and later I

could start giving lessons. With the latter I have had quite a lot to do the last few weeks. Unfortunately there are always lessons to give that aren't paid for, because they are poor as churchmice. And there are lots of those, not only the ones who want to study with me. — In a few days I start rehearsing with a chamber orchestra (only 25 people) like the one I had in Switzerland. The competence of individual musicians is extraordinary here. But the whole attitude to music is quite different from what we are used to and what we love. The virtuosos have ruined the country in this sense. Every young person tries if possible to play even faster or louder than the famous X, or Y, or Z, and thereby to deserve to earn more money and have a more impressive career than his colleagues. That one masters one's instrument so as to make good and beautiful music is something that most of them still have to learn. But it is beginning, and a few true musicians are already having some influence. In a few days Fritz and Grete are arriving from Argentina. He is to conduct a kind of Glyndebourne opera in New York, and later we also have concerts together with the Philharmonic Orch., and he a few others. He is feeling fine, but he worries constantly about Eta with her husband and child, who still can't get out of France. Also it is not so nice having Gisela in Denmark. She has had a second child¹. The future looks very uncertain for her husband, who is a Danish officer, and of course the present is bad enough. From Annele Andreasson we heard by way of a letter from Mengeli² (I also had a birthday letter from her) that Ruth³ got married. That was good news — we learned of it 5 days ago, and are very happy for her. Of course one can't look forward to more news of this sort from your family. So now the two of you, you and Elisabeth, are left alone at home. But you do have your children nearby, thank God. In geographical terms it's not really far from Lübeck to Zurich. Here in this country one gets a different concept of distances. —

We have had a wonderful time here at the ocean — 2 months — with the children and grandchildren. Now next week we go back to New York, 49 East 96th, Apartment 16, and the real work begins again. I am fully fit again, thank heaven. I also lost a lot of weight (intentionally), and am feeling much better at the moment at 182 than I did at 210! We — the quartet — recorded the B-flat major quartet op. 130 of Beethoven for Columbia 2 months ago — it turned out well. It was hard work, as you can imagine. — Now I have to stop, dear friend, much as I would like to keep talking with you. I haven't written anything about politics either, for I'm sure we feel the same. I wish I could trade places with my friends in Switzerland for a few days, so that you could gain a certain confidence in the positive outcome of the war. It is almost a miracle that the Russians are now turning against the Germans after all. You

¹ Yvonne von Moltke, born in April 1941.

² Domenica Fierz (Biber), former pupil and member of the European chamber orchestra.

³ Ruth Andreae Schkölziger, Volkmar's older daughter.

can imagine what this breathing space means for England and the added time for arming over here. Stay well, my dear, good Volkmar, I embrace you as an old friend, you and your dear ones.

All the best and love from all of us to all of you. Greetings to all our friends in Zurich, especially Lily Reiff, to whom I have also wanted to write for a long time. Tell her not to be angry!

Your old (now 50-year-old) Adolf

FROM MICHAEL MANN¹

Carmel by the Sea
September 3, 1941

Dear Herr Professor:

Many thanks for your nice letter — if only I didn't have to be so embarrassed on this end for not letting you hear anything from me for such a long time! What you wrote is most interesting, and gave me all kinds of things to think about regarding my work — and what has come of it since I left you at the Park Hotel so long ago. I would love to come and talk to you again sometime — for it is true that the more one struggles along alone, the more receptive one is to important bits of advice. Now it seems it won't be possible for me to come East this summer — as I had originally hoped — but I am counting on January or December; it would be wonderful if I could then work with you intensively for a month; would you mind letting me know sometime whether that might be possible?

Above all, I would like to congratulate you belatedly on your special milestone, and tell you how happy I am that, as my mother writes me, you are completely recovered.

With her report, my mother made me utterly jealous, so that I wish the distance between East and West were not so great and I could join your circle of pupils — and were somewhat less tied down here. It is too bad that one probably has to tie oneself down sometime, and especially when one is so rash as to be a father and head of a household already.

On the one hand I have my own pupils here — am even a teacher at the Conservatory; on the other hand I have myself found in Henry Temianka a teacher to whom I definitely owe a great deal; and now — on a third hand as well a lease — and I don't know what else...

Teaching is peculiar; I am frequently forced to think of something you said back then when I told you about my plans in this regard: that they shouldn't turn me loose on innocent children yet. You were right. One truly has to know things in order to teach. And one frequently feels sorry for the poor guinea pigs; but ultimately one says things and rephrases them so often that one day in his own work one discovers he has finally learned them himself!

¹ Thomas Mann's youngest son, who was a violinist in California.

Herr Professor — I would love to play for you sometime: for example the Beethoven violin concerto and the Kreutzer Etudes. So will you please let me know?

Many many thanks, and with best regards to your dear wife and especially to Rudi I am

Your Michael Mann

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

Riverdale-on-Hudson
September 29, 1941

My very dear Adolf,

you have been so quick to send me the new Electric Metronome¹ and I so late to acknowledge it and to thank you that i feel ashamed.

I want you to excuse me and to believe how happy you made me in sending to me that very useful instrument...I already ordered one for Horowitz...he will be certainly pleased...i embrace you friendly...remember me to dearest Frieda

Yours

A. Toscanini

FROM AGNES MEYER

Mount Kisco
October 9, 1941

Dear Mr. Busch:

We talked about so many plans that my head is a little confused about it all now, and I am writing you as much to get things straightened out in my own mind as in yours. I think your idea of having the orchestra play at the Library in Washington is excellent and is something I did not think of, but I am particularly pleased with it because I think Eugene would like it if we did something for Washington as well as in New York.

When I spoke of having two orchestral performances at Columbia, I really meant it as a substitute for the Quartet concerts, for, although I did not mention it to you last year, I was responsible for financing these concerts and I doubt whether I could swing so many different things single-handed.

What would you like best? If you prefer to continue with the Quartet concerts at Columbia, shall we give up the orchestral performances at Columbia and have one of these instead at the Library in Washington? That, it seems to me, would be a good balance, and it is a program which I could handle alone from the financial point of view.

When I see Miss Gildersleeve this afternoon, I shall speak to her about continuing the concerts just as they were last year and see what she has to say.

¹ The metronome had been demonstrated to Adolf by its inventor.

I hope this division of the program appeals to you. Do not bother to reply by letter as we can have a personal talk about it just as soon as the excitement of Eugene's return is over.

With kindest regards to everyone

Yours sincerely

Agnes Meyer

P.S. I shall see you at the Opera Tuesday night and we can then make an engagement.



With Rudolf Serkin, 1941.

FROM AGNES MEYER

Washington
December 18, 1941

Dear Friends,

I am going to write in English in order to answer your letter right away.

I have just this minute gotten off the plane returning from Westchester County where, as you know, I am in charge of our big concert hall. I found there exactly the same thing that Rudi mentions, that people are not spending any money on concerts. Audiences in the County Center which formerly were always four to five thousand

have gone down to twenty-five hundred or less. Moreover, this has not merely happened since the war but has been going on ever since the beginning of the season. I am very much afraid it will become accentuated with the enormous rise in taxes.

In other words, we must bow to present conditions and, therefore, I advise Adolph not to give the concerts. I would not do this under any other circumstances but would be only too happy to back him to the limit; however, I know you would not have a moment's peace of mind between now and then because it would not comfort you in the least to know that the money has been provided. What Adolph must have is a great success when he begins with his orchestra and, money or no money, you would feel sad if the audience were very small. Therefore, without wishing to discourage you unduly, I really think the sensible thing to do is to wait and see what happens in this country in the next month or two.

As for the five hundred dollars you mention, I cannot even remember giving them



The Busch brothers—Adolph, violinist (left), and Fritz, conductor—will join in a performance of Reger concerto with Philharmonic.

to you and I certainly never gave them to you with the idea of your giving them back. I love sending money to my friends when special need, such as you had to face, comes upon them but I never lend anybody money. I do not remember the incident and I want you to forget it.

I was in New York only one day and wanted very much to see you, but owing to the pressure of defense work up in Westchester County, I did not have a minute in which even to telephone, let alone make a visit.

A few days ago I sent a box to the Serkin children. There is a little doll's bed with curtains that a friend made for a charity bazaar and it looked so entrancing that I could not resist sending it to Ursula. We had to take down... [the rest of the letter is missing]

FROM DANNIE HEINEMAN¹

New York
April 7, 1942

Dear Herr Busch,

I read your letter of April 5 with great pleasure. If you can present the Brandenburgs next year, that will not only be a musical event, but then we will still be living in a world in which it is worth the trouble to be alive. And I would like to be a part of it, if higher powers do not decide otherwise. I will refrain from making any sorts of petitions to these powers, but hope that I will be there next year. And why shouldn't I allow myself this pleasure, it won't cost anything — not even the tickets.

As you see, I am not so unselfish after all. And then I figured out that I am not so bad that the dear Lord (the higher power) will call me to himself at too great a discount, but have also not been so good that he will pay over par, for example (105). So let us look to the future with confidence in every respect. I am really delighted about the prospect of the concerts in Washington.

As always,

Your D. Heineman

TO MORITZ ROSENTHAL

New York
May 6, 1942

Dear Mr. Rosenthal:

I hope you are planning to attend the Russian War Relief dinner of the Radio, Film, Theatre and Arts Division on Monday evening, May 18th, at the Waldorf Astoria, even though you have not yet made your reservation.

¹ Heineman and his wife Hettie had supported the chamber orchestra in Europe for years, and made possible its concerts in Brussels. Adolf was able to rely on their help once again in America.

The dinner, as you probably realize, is an expression of American sympathy for the valiant Russian people behind the lines who have helped to shatter the legend of Nazi invincibility.

We want them to keep up the fight for our own sake, as well as theirs. I am sure you must agree with me that it is an American duty to help them with the relief and medical aid that Russian War Relief supplies.

I should appreciate your returning the enclosed card telling me that you will join us on the 18th.

*Sincerely yours,
Adolf Busch*

FROM ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE

May 29, 1942

Dearest friends:

How happy I am to receive such an honor and pleasure as you have bestowed upon me in the dedication of your work! I only wish that I could foresee an immediate opportunity for performing it. I shall, of course, put the original manuscript (when I receive it) in my valuable collection in Washington, and in the meantime, shall show the photographed score to some of my orchestral friends, such as Dr. Koussevitsky and Mr. Stock.

I do not know how to thank you adequately for this wonderful tribute, and I hope that the dreadful war conditions will not interfere too long with my ability to give it to the world, doing justice to your great talent and your priceless friendship.

I thank you with all my heart and offer you my most affectionate wishes for a happy summer.

*Yours always devotedly,
Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge*

TO BENEDICT VISCHER

New York
June 8, 1942

My dear Bene,

Your letter of May 14 arrived today, and since Frieda has more to do at the moment than I — I'm on "vacation" — I will thank you for it. My conscience is heavily burdened by my not having written in any case, and perhaps I will feel better after writing these lines to you. I know that you are not upset with me and also that you recognize how busy I am during the winter and in general. The sad thing is that once I am "finished" with the concerts, with the practicing for them and with "recording," I immediately start composing, something that has been essential to me for a long time. So my friends get short shrift even when my external life becomes somewhat more peaceful. But one can't even say that: scarcely have I put the concerts etc. behind me,

but the social obligations begin (which one can escape somewhat in the winter) and take my time. For two weeks now we have been out almost every night, and even though it has been for the most part only with nice and interesting people, it does take time and energy. You almost always get to bed late and even so wake up early (not by your standards, of course!); a) the sun is usually shining (the weather is almost always beautiful), b) there is a lot of noise on the street (even at night), and all of the air traffic flies over our house, and now that there is a war even more planes fly over us. For us the roar of bombers, even though it disturbs our night's sleep somewhat, is a lovely, comforting thing, and in the present circumstances a wonderful new score could not give me greater pleasure. Such is man — suddenly a flesh-and-blood pacifist begins to be a lover of military things. You know why. And here they are gradually beginning to know why as well. But it has taken a fairly long time. America is a free country, and the American is a free person, and no matter how powerful the propaganda is and what kind of impression it makes, he ultimately wants to make up his mind himself about what is right and what he has to do. One now has the general feeling that the worst is over, even though absolutely nasty and horrible things can still happen, and will. American industry is now wholly in the service of the war, and you, knowing the country as you do, appreciate what that means. The ordinary citizen has to do without a few comforts — there are no longer so many cars on the roads (though still plenty or too many), one cannot buy as much gasoline — only a specified amount, the point, however, is to save rubber, and people are beginning to occasionally put only one cube of sugar in their coffee (you have made a special request for a second), or it is appreciated if you don't take any sugar at all, it is said that you can't buy a bicycle anymore (however Irene's Emmi¹ bought a really beautiful one yesterday). Prices for some things (provisions) have risen a little. — On the whole you don't sense any change, and you certainly can't say people are doing without. They don't even know what that is here — however perhaps they soon won't waste as much as they have up to now. —

We, Frieda and I, are again looking for places to live. One in New York for next winter, however we — I especially — would like to move in right away (you get a discount for the summer months, as no one stays in the better apartments — those who can, go to the country on account of the heat, which can sometimes be incredible, and the humidity combined with the heat, which is even worse). Only the poor people stay in their poorer apartments, and so I too would like to stay in my lovely new one or even in the present one, but the family won't allow it, as the doctor doesn't want me to either for health reasons. So we also have to look for a place in the country. The children just found something, and we are still hoping to settle in the same vicinity —

¹ Emmi Karlen had come to America with the Serkins in November 1939 to help with the children. She later married the pianist Felix Witzinger, who studied with Rudolf Serkin.

smaller houses or 2 quiet rooms are more difficult to find, however, and proportionately so much more expensive than large ones, so that we still don't have any prospects, and will possibly end up someplace else entirely. Here in New York we have seen literally hundreds of apartments, at least Frieda has, I close to a hundred. The nice ones are expensive, and cost more than we would like to pay, and can pay. — In the others you die of homesickness, or at least wish you could die. Every day, and nights too, we long to be back there with you, our good friends, and you, my dear, good Bene, are at the top of the list, back in Basel, in Riehen, our house, in the Swiss mountains and the Swiss air, and I back in front of Swiss audiences. Though I don't have any reason to complain — nobody has much to do, and unfortunately you have to practice just as much for 20 concerts as for 60 (or 120, back in antediluvian times!!). For 120 I couldn't even practice as much as for 60, and certainly not as much as now for 20. You can see what apelike dexterity I must have attained already on my violin. You will be amazed when you hear me again.

The 3 evenings with my small group of chamber music players went well and were a stupendous triumph, especially for music. And in the two final ones we took in so much money that we were able to pay a portion of the expenses for next year already from what was left over, and even though Rudi and I were able to each bring home the fantastically high honorarium of \$130!! For me that served as payment for weeks of work! Six quartet concerts brought in \$150 each, after deducting for expenses (they were engagements)! That is no way to make a living, but no one claims that it is! But we are still living, and living well, only I wish that Frieda didn't have so much to do in the house. Also she worries more than I do, even though she doesn't let it show. We are hoping for some good income from the new records with Columbia (His Master's Voice appears to be discontinuing the sale of Busch records because we are now with Columbia). We recorded a number of beautiful things — it was incredible work for three weeks, especially for me, but it will be worth it once they are in circulation. I was happy that you had finally gotten the quartet records and that you are enjoying them. —

Whenever I write you I have the feeling that Jotti is still able to read it, in any case it seems as though I were still writing to you both, as I always did, actually. Unfortunately it wasn't often. My dear friend, when we see you again it will be sad not to see Jotti, but she will always be with us as long as we live. And who knows how lovely it is afterward. That you know, and that you have been given assurance of it by God — that makes me truly happy.

Stay well, my dear, good Bene, I have really had a proper chat with you, and simply written what came into my head (which is why there is so much about us — or rather me — old egotist that I am). Be good, greetings to Hedwig when she comes to eat with you on Saturday. Hello to all our friends, I will write to all of them during the next few days, and to Fahrlander and if

my strength holds out even to my dear Oertli. Lüschers will have to be patient a while yet, I wrote to them already half a year ago, I think. Scandalous, all of it, but what can you do if you have so much to do with music!

I hope we see you soon!

Your Adolf



With his granddaughter Elisabeth, Narragansset, Rhode Island, summer 1942.

TO MAY FAHRLÄNDER¹

Narragansset
August 11, 1942

Dear May,

Your nice letter of May 2 (together with the one from Virginette²) arrived a few weeks ago. I wanted to write you right away, as I was very touched by your kind thoughts — you had already made us very happy once with an earlier letter, but this time I had the feeling that you had written especially sweetly to me, and so I wanted to answer you. However I was up to my neck in work — as I usually am. I had set aside my violin, to be sure, after the last concerts and phonograph recordings, but I immediately began to compose. Once underway, it is impossible to take a break until a certain amount has been "harvested." Yesterday I finally started taking a vacation (for 8 days),

¹ Max Fahrlander's daughter.

² Virginette de Filippi, a former pupil and member of the European chamber orchestra.

I even did some oil painting with Irene yesterday for relaxation!! The view from my window into the garden and out at the sea here at our summer getaway. We have a very charming place here, we are living — Aunt Frieda and I — in a (small) garden house belonging to the villa that our friend Mrs. Leventritt and her children, Mr. and Mrs. Berner³, have rented. The garden house was in such terrible condition that the owner didn't want to rent it. But Rudi and Irene insisted, and correspondingly (corresponding to its condition) got it for a very little rent. They had it all newly painted, and they themselves cleaned everything and painted garden furniture etc., so that later, when we arrived, everything was quite charmingly arranged. Now we are very happy here — we're staying until roughly the 20th of September, on the 24th we have a benefit concert (Rudi and I) in New York for the U.S.O. This is an organization that provides entertainment for the troops in their free time. The real concerts only begin later (in October). As long as we are here I want to keep working hard at composing (I still have a piano quartet in hand, of which only the first movement is done). — My work on it was interrupted by quartet rehearsals. My brother and Gösta Andreasson and Doktor were here for a week (Hermann and Doktor stayed with us, Gösta with the Serkins), and we got ready for the winter. Our working together is somewhat hampered by the fact that Gösta has become an instructor at a large institute in Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Institute of Technologologie (a dreadful word that I have surely spelled wrong), and Hermann and Karl Doktor are playing in the Pittsburgh orchestra. The quartet engagements aren't enough to live on. One would have to play for so little money that one could have many concerts — there are too few well-paying ones. The concert situation here is so completely different from what it is in Switzerland or Europe in general. Aside from the hullabaloo of agents, who are in control of everything, as there are hardly any associations (concert societies), and whose chief, possibly sole interest is making money, the lack of chamber-music societies and above all the lack of smaller halls is extremely important. Here in this country everything has first of all to be big — they have the biggest houses, the biggest halls, the biggest orchestras (also the best ones), the biggest virtuosos, the biggest audiences for these virtuosos, etc. However since chamber music is always and everywhere intended for a smaller, though cultivated audience, but the programs have been set for decades by managers and virtuosos (with bad taste and lust for the American dollar), the audience has to suffer, and does suffer, quite literally, still today. For here, just as much as anywhere else, the public yearns for good music and good art, and is happy about concerts with good programs. So the work that we do here — a few serious artists, Rudi and I, the quartet, my little orchestra, which I have once again established — is very satisfying, for the audiences are on our side. Unfortunately you still get concerts through agents, and

³ Ted and Rosalie (née Leventritt).



Gösta Andreasson, about 1942.

without concerts you can't have any influence on musical life as a whole — so you see that the business is not always so easy. But we are doing fine, and we are all as happy as a person can be in these ghastly times. And to my thinking this dreadful war is better than the time before, when so many horrible things happened and most people permitted everything to happen without becoming involved. Today, at least, all peoples have been drawn into the struggle against brutality and terror, and for freedom and all the good and beautiful things that make our lives worth living. The democratic countries have always hated war so much that they are at a disadvantage compared to the others that have been preparing themselves for years. However the outcome of the war will demonstrate the superiority of freedom-loving peoples. May this happy conclusion not keep us waiting too long.—

Now I have had a long chat with you, and you will be getting this long scrawl even before your dear father, to whom I have owed a letter for so long. I can't write short letters, and so I generally don't write at all. But your father will get a letter soon. For the moment you may tell him whatever might interest him, and please tell him that I am grateful to him daily for the great

deal of trouble that he is constantly having to take upon himself in our behalf. Please let Virginette know that I was delighted; I won't reply to her, however, although I know how she feels. But I don't wish to have any contact (not even via Switzerland) with an "enemy alien." Moreover it is forbidden. Thank for your news of Hans Jürg⁴ and the grown-up Ulli⁵. Once again sincerest thanks for your nice letter.

See you soon with music in our beloved Switzerland and in your house.

Your Uncle Adolf

Fondest greetings and all our love to your father, mother, and siblings.

FROM HETTIE HEINEMAN

[New York?]

August 17, 1942

My dear Friend,

I don't know how one thanks a person for a composition, it is the first one anyone has dedicated to us.

I feel proud, touched, grateful, all three in equal measure, and I wish I could tell you in some language what I feel, but unlike you I don't have music at my disposal, and so I will only say a simple, humble THANK YOU.

I have known this negro spiritual for many many years, and always loved it so much — and now I own it. I am enormously looking forward to hearing it. A friend of ours, an English lawyer who was born in Russia and was first clarinetist at the St. Petersburg opera, had a look at the manuscript and was enraptured by its great simplicity.

I would dearly love to come see you, but I fear nothing will come of it. This Thursday (August 20) we are leaving for Montauk (L.I.). I don't yet know how long we will be staying there. Dannie has to fly to Buenos Aires either the beginning or the end of September. Everything depends on that. May¹ has only been on vacation since Saturday, she is tired after the very strenuous work in this great heat. James² has been here the last four Sundays. He is now in an "intelligence school" in Maryland in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where it is cool. He is content.

I was in New Hampshire a few days ago to look at a "farm".³ In case we buy it, we can all go there together next summer. Seven bedrooms — large living room for music, wonderful landscape, far from the din of mankind, peaceful cows on 500 acres of meadows and woods.

⁴ May's brother.

⁵ Her younger sister.

¹ Her daughter May Heineman.

² Her son "Jimmy."

³ The Heinemans did buy this farm, "Kiwatin," and the Busches were later invited to come stay there.

*This and the rehearsals⁴ are wonderful things to look forward to.
Meanwhile we are happy every day to be in our new flat and to be able to have meals
at our own table.*

Again I say:

I thank you.

My love to everybody and loads to you.

Yours always

Hettie

Many many thanks to Mrs. Leventritt⁵ for having sung that song for you and us.

FROM HELEN H. HULL¹

January 18, 1943

Dear Mr. Busch:

Immediately on receipt of your letter I took up the matter of Mr. Amans² playing with you on the two February dates you mention. I think everything can be arranged satisfactorily and you will be notified presently. I believe we have some understanding with the Union that members of the "Rosalinda" orchestra can not take outside engagements. However, in this case I think a satisfactory solution can be made. I would want so much at all times to grant any request in my power that you might make. Your contribution to the music world is a very great one, to say nothing of your generosity and willingness to help our organization. I was so dreadfully disappointed last year when you were taken ill the day before the first Monday Morning Musicale, and am ever appreciative of your generous gesture.

I felt so badly I could not obtain permission for Dr. Fritz Busch to re-enter the United States. I did all I could with the State Department; they were polite but firm. I was very disappointed. Aside from the artistic loss of not having your brother with The New Opera Company, I also missed seeing him as I became so fond of him.

I am looking forward to your Spring concerts. The ones of last year are still a delightful memory.

With best wishes to you and Mrs. Busch

Very sincerely,

Helen H. Hull

⁴ The rehearsals of the Busch Little Symphony, which were about to begin, as a series of concerts in Town Hall and the Metropolitan Museum was coming up. The Heinemans were supporters of the ensemble.

⁵ During this summer Rosalie Leventritt sang a number of spirituals for Adolf, which he then orchestrated.

¹ Mrs. Hull (née Astor) worked with numerous New York cultural organizations.

² The flutist John Amans played with the Busch Little Symphony.


FROM GEORG SZELL

Philadelphia
January 19, 1943

Dearest Adolf,

Only today, on the train to Philadelphia, was I able to read your madrigals in peace. To be brief: I am enchanted. Each one of them is a perfect little masterwork! I was especially taken with #5, and I had my imaginary madrigal chorus sing it for me three times in a row in my Pullman, up to tempo (is 76-84 roughly correct?), not in reading tempo.

By the way, shouldn't the alto part in No. 3, page 11, next to last bar, read ? "B" would of course be possible as a procrustean suspension, but I prefer to think it is a copying mistake.



Now these pieces must be performed. I hear that there is now a new, fantastic chorus called the "Collegiate Choir" under the direction of an odd, serious young man by the name of Shaw¹. I should be meeting him soon — would you be agreeable to my giving him my score and your sending me another one?

I have "Boris" here tonight, am back tomorrow evening, then on Saturday I am off to Boston for 10 days.

Once again thanks for the great pleasure you gave me with the madrigals!

Sincerely,

Your old Georg

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
May 18, 1943

Dear Adolf, dear Frieda!

Finally I can send you a long letter. The reasons for my silence of the past year are varied.

That we succeeded in getting Gisela with her husband and children out of Denmark under the present circumstances and bringing them safely to Buenos Aires, where they arrived to join us here a few days ago, happy as can be, is an achievement that cost Grete and me a lot of work and money, but also a degree of imagination and determination that many people in a similar situation would not have mustered.

Three letters that Eta and Martial wrote to the Serkins, and which they could have shared with you, as they naturally spoke of our fates as well, were never answered. Had you troubled about Hans as much during the summer as you have more recently, you could easily have heard all the essentials from him, for of course we were in constant contact with him. To be honest,

¹ Robert Shaw.

I was sorry that Hans saw so little of you at a time when the experiences of his Uncle Adolf, whom he so loves and admires, would have been valuable to him. I know that Hans is a problematic young man, but believe me, he also has — *au fond* — the best of intentions and is full of high ideals.

A further reason for my silence was that I thought that since you have been leading a much more settled life in the meantime than we, I might sometime hear from you, even though I didn't write. It is not true, dear Adolf, that I only write you when I want something from you. The only letter that I received, a year and a half ago, contained the request on your part that I perform the Reger concerto in New York. Otherwise, if I am not mistaken, I have always only asked musical questions when your experience and knowledge seemed valuable to me. The decisive reason, however, is that I have been working like crazy, and was, as perhaps you know, already fetched off the ship in Lima (Peru) after leaving New York the last time, only to be flown across the Cordillere with its altitudes of up to 20,000 feet to Buenos Aires, to conduct 5 concerts here unexpectedly. That is not as simple as it sounds. Not only do I not have my own flawlessly annotated music that has been tested in performance, but essential orchestral works that are perfectly familiar in other places simply don't exist here, one has to have them written out and then go over them carefully oneself. The excellent orchestra of the Teatro Colón has a large repertoire, but it is spread across so many areas that many of the standard works are completely unfamiliar, and it has never played the Brahms Third at all, the Jupiter Symphony not for 20 years, and other great works only in passing. Thank God there are rehearsals, and I have not conducted a single concert with fewer than 10 orchestra rehearsals ahead of time. Accordingly, my success has been tremendous, absolutely unanimous, so that after the opera season, which ended in mid October ("*Parsifal*," "*Lohengrin*," "*Tannhäuser*," "*Ariadne auf Naxos*," etc.), I received a new contract for this year. In between I was obligated to do 12 concerts in Chile, all of which were repeated to sold-out houses, so that they turned out to be 23 (a 24th didn't happen, as I absolutely had to leave), and conducted in Lima until Christmas. We then had a peaceful vacation in a delightful little resort, Atlantida, which I used for orchestrating Reger's opus 29 (this time with triple woodwinds) — 50 pages of score. Now the parts are done, and I will try it out as soon as I can, it will certainly sound, at least. The Bach choral preludes that I did quite simply were so successful everywhere that they regularly had to be repeated in the same concert. Now I will give it a try with Reger. In addition, I wrote for my own amusement some variations for orchestra on a French children's song that Lolo¹ kept singing (9 of them so far — now it has been set aside; I'll never perform them, of course — written only as an exercise). In any case, they are better than the dumb quartet movement that I once showed you, because I have studied the variation form quite

¹Michel Singher.

seriously, and also find it easier than the sonata form, not to mention the fact that I love music even more than ever the older I become (swan song?), and am trying to improve myself.

Moreover I worked, naturally with various co-workers, on the first Spanish translation of the St. Matthew Passion. Heretofore we have had to perform the work in two languages, with the soloists singing in German and the chorus in Spanish. We had to put an end to that, and since the work appeals to people at large and is intended to strengthen the religious feeling of a community of believers, it makes no sense that essential portions of the work be incomprehensible to that community because the text is in German. It has been a lot of work, but it turned out well, and once again the performance (uncut except for two arias in the last part) was a tremendous success. I was only sorry that you couldn't hear it. I feel that it is the same as with Mozart in Glyndebourne, as the same orchestra has had all together some 60 rehearsals of the work under me since the first performance in 1934, so that it is familiar with the meaning of every note. I had 2 organs, cembalo (piano), 2 orchestras, 8 first, 8 second violins, etc. on each side, 8 flutes, 8 oboes, 2 oboes d'amore, etc. and a wonderfully expanded professional chorus along with for the most part outstanding soloists. I did not begin or end a single performance without thinking of you.

I now have 4 concerts behind me, am going to Montevideo for three, then the end of June I start the hard work of the opera season. I will be conducting, with at least 10, sometimes 18 orchestra rehearsals, depending on the length and difficulty of the work (always the same musicians), "Tristan" (with Traubel and Melchior), "Götterdämmerung," "Fidelio" (Rose Bampton), "Electra," then the Missa solemnis and afterward a few more concerts in Buenos Aires; then beginning in mid October back to Chile, and like last year to Lima (Peru) until Christmas.

Since I conduct and rehearse all concerts from memory, in part because my eyes have grown weak and force me to, as I cannot and will not conduct with glasses, and accordingly have to conduct the operas too more or less without looking at the score, you can easily get some idea of the kind of work I do. It is strange that I work infinitely more easily and better than in New York, as I have found the "knack" and my own rhythm. Naturally the atmosphere is part of it, one in which I have always felt especially comfortable, and where, as I am constantly reassured, they genuinely like me.

One special triumph was a lieder recital of Martial's a week ago to a sold-out house (2,000 people), among other things "Die schöne Müllerin," with me playing piano. I also had to exercise my fingers for a time, you see, and even when we were in Atlantida I had worked with Martial daily for roughly 3 months on these lieder. The concert was truly a hit, and we were immediately invited to do "Die Winterreise" yet this season, which we have already worked on, and "Die Dichterliebe" next year. I was especially pleased about the success for Martial's sake, who has had to contend with opera intrigues,

not only on the part of his own countrymen, and now, with the fantastic reviews and the success with the public that he had, has finally gained acceptance with a single stroke.

Eta says to tell the Serkins that since they did not inform either the Singhers or us about the birth of a third child², we don't see any reason to tell you that Eta is expecting a baby in September either.

People here are talking a lot about your success, dear Adolf, with the chamber orchestra, and I was tremendously happy that you are having some artistic gratification.

I only hope, after sending you this fact-filled novel, that I hear from you as soon as possible with details about your affairs. Grete, who devoted herself to worrying about the arrival of the Danes and has had her hands full with all the rest of our doings and her concern for me, will soon write to Frieda, which she hasn't gotten to up to now. We have never forgotten Frieda, and almost daily we say how grateful we are for what she did for us when we were getting the Singhers over here, with whom we are now living so contentedly. Lolo is a truly charming boy, who at barely two and a half not only speaks and understands French and German well, but also manages to keep both languages separate, and demonstrates exceptional sensitivity and intelligence. The Danish grandchildren, by contrast, are at four and two proper Vikings, sweet, but so lively that I entrust you with our private address with some hesitation, fearing that the landlord will soon throw us out.

With my connections I am hoping to soon find a suitable job for Ove in this country where horses are frequently more important than people, so that he can find his inner peace. Gisela, whom we hadn't seen since 1940, is just the same, and hasn't lost any of her perilous sex appeal.

So, I will now really close. With fondest greetings from all the others and hoping to hear from you soonest,

Your Fritz

P.S. I have specified in my will that in my obituary they print "our caring father," which all of the above will explain.

TO BJÖRN ANDREASSON

New York
July 16, 1943

My dear Björn,

Your nice letter made us very happy, especially as we weren't able to see any more of you "in mufti," and were a little disappointed about that. We had hoped to enjoy a few relaxed hours with you before you reported for duty. As it is, we will have to wait for some day to bring you to New York,

² John Serkin.

or do you think we will see each other in Europe, once you have straightened everything out? I assume that your leave — if you get one — will take you out to see the parents in Pittsburgh.

We are staying until the end of August, as far as I know, in Gloucester, Mass. You knew that we had been invited there for the summer by Mrs. Leventritt!? Since day before yesterday, we (Aunt Frieda and I) have been here "at home" in New York for a concert on Sunday, where I am to play the Brahms concerto under Master Steinberg (with the Philharmonic Orch. in the "rubber hour" between 3:00 and 4:00 in Carnegie Hall). I have a rehearsal tomorrow, and came back a little earlier so that my violin and I could get acclimated. For the moment it is better here than in Gloucester anyway, where in addition to the humidity and the heat there was also the sea air and salt water (!). I have been practicing on the Baumgartner the whole time, as I was afraid to unpack the Strad. It has still held so far. I have practiced a lot, and hope that I can do something.

I was very happy to hear that you get to play some music on your lovely \$10 violin! Perhaps in time they will discover that you can handle the violin better than a cannon, and will let you work a reverse schedule: 10 hours of violin detail and 2 with the cannon. —

Did you hear that Drucker¹ and Galimir² are in the same camp. Galimir wrote that he is policing cigarette butts, and that Drucker has apparently started his military career cleaning latrines. You appear to have started at a somewhat higher level after all — where will it end?

So do a good job, my dear boy, we think of you very fondly. Aunt Frieda has taken your letter with her on account of the address, she wants to send you a "love package" (she also intends to write you). How nice that you are a soldier on the right side, and that if you should have to fight, you know what you are fighting for and against. This time it is worthwhile, I mean that it makes sense even to be torn away from the most beautiful and satisfying of occupations — which making music is for us, after all. But let us hope that you will be able to return to your old vocation.

I have to close — writing is always a special strain on my arm — I am still having trouble with it, but it is better. I was very happy for him that your dear father signed a 5-year contract, less so for me (and the quartet). We will be seeing each other for rehearsals and can talk about everything then. In any case, I am delighted for him, and it was surely correct to say "yes." It only seems that for the first time the prospects for the quartet are improving! So it goes.

Stay well, old fellow. I embrace you fondly and in devoted friendship.

Your "Uncle" Adolf

¹ Ernst Drucker played in the Busch Little Symphony, and later became the second violinist in the revived Busch Quartet in the fall of 1946.

² Felix Galimir was a violinist in the N.B.C. Orchestra and in Adolf's Little Symphony.

FROM AGNES MEYER

Mount Kisco
August 1943

Dear friends,

I have just returned from two weeks' vacation in Canada, which constitute the first break in an exhausting winter of war work, my studies made after three months' tour of our war centers, on some of our more acute social problems was published in book form today, and I have had them sent to you.

You may be sure I thought of you all very often, and wished I could hear one of those informal concerts at your house that so often made the burden of life lighter and easier to bear. As I travelled without any long intermissions since last Sept., my inability to hear good music except now and then on the radio was one of the major sacrifices.

Eliz.¹ is very happily married, Kay² has a beautiful little girl a month old, and Florence³ a huge boy, two weeks old, imagine me with three grandchildren! I have caught up with you, Frieda. But Bill⁴ has been first in the Tunisian and now in the Sicilian campaign, and the thought of him sobers our happiness. How are Irene's children? I send you herewith a funny photo of little Eugene Bradley Mayer, just the age of your grandson. Brad is not yet disturbed it seems by the kind of world we are leaving him. Let's hope it will not be able to conquer his mirth. Please send the picture back to me as it is the only one I have, but I could not resist showing you what a jolly soul he is. Doesn't the war at last look as if the end cannot be far off? We are none of us satisfied with the way in which the political questions are handled, but I try hard to be thankful for the military progress. Italy will crash soon and then we shall know better whether we can make good the magnificent promises our Pres. has made to the world.

But peace or war I see nothing ahead but work and more work for all of us who want to see a genuinely new social equilibrium...[the rest has been lost]

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
October 2, 1943

Dear Adolf and dear Frieda!

A very dear friend of ours, Mrs. Rose Bampton, will be bringing you this letter. I have a bad conscience, as I didn't cable you on your birthday, and also didn't respond to your cable inquiring about my health! But on the day of your birthday I had to conduct a two-and-a-half-hour orchestra rehearsal for "Die Götterdämmerung," and two hours later a "Figaro" performance. To

¹ Elizabeth Lorentz (née Meyer).² Katherine Graham (née Meyer).³ Florence Homolka (née Meyer).⁴ Her son, Dr. Bill Meyer.

send a cable to the United States you have to go to the post office in person with your passport, write out the text three times and translate it into Spanish, with the result — in our experience — that the cable usually doesn't arrive. The simpler the text, the more suspicious the censor. That is why we gave up sending cables months ago — not even to Hans or to close friends. I was hoping the whole time that I would instead respond to your nice letter, which made me very happy, and I would also have enjoyed talking ("gossiping") with you about music and all sorts of things. But you know that my life and especially my "business" in South America is extremely demanding. After my return from Montevideo in June, where I conducted four concerts with the largest orchestra in South America (110 "profesores"), I accepted the job, for various reasons, of conducting three concerts with the second (and in many respects second-rate) orchestra in Buenos Aires. That forced me to hold roughly 30 rehearsals for the three concerts, which had interesting and very successful programs, to be sure, but did not earn me a penny for my pains. It had been my custom to conduct one concert a year for this same society without honorarium, and I was dumb enough to expand this "custom" to the three concerts they wanted from me this time! On the one hand, I did it because I wanted to help the poor orchestra musicians, and on the other because I hoped to develop a second permanent orchestra in addition to the one from the Colón, which would give me an opportunity to perform new and interesting programs — the Colón generally hires me for Beethoven and Wagner! But at the same time I had to rehearse "Tristan" and "Figaro" for the Colón — so that in July alone that meant some fifty rehearsals with the two orchestras! The work hardly let up in August, as I was preparing "Götterdämmerung" — up until the dress rehearsal. Since the performances here generally get out so late, moreover, that one has to have his main meal at 2:00 (2 o'clock in the morning), since I can hardly eat a thing during the day — I am simply incapable of conducting after a meal — I got very tired around the middle of August, and on the twentieth I had an attack in the night. It wasn't as bad or as painful as that first time in Glyndebourne, but Grete immediately called the doctor, whom she then waited for, "jauntily" enough, but with a heavy heart, down at the street door in her nightgown. Since he lived a long distance away, he only got there a half an hour later — one that I will never forget as long as I live! In the meantime Grete dug out all the old medications that were still on hand, and successfully administered them — so that as soon as he had felt my pulse the doctor immediately announced: "This man is going to live!" But he insisted on sending me immediately the next morning, without delay, to the hospital (after prescribing me beneficial injections in the night). In the entire world of medicine there isn't a thing they have not treated me with in this excellent hospital. After a few days I was feeling well enough to strongly insist — behind Grete's back, of course — that the two doctors permit me to get up so that I could conduct "Die Götterdämmerung" on the 24th (precisely as I had

done with no ill effects nine years ago in Glyndebourne — and then it was even a matter of the next day). To this end, I worked on my doctors, who resisted mightily, to be sure, by telling them that I would suffer a worse attack if they forced me to stay in bed that day. I explained to them that with the same arguments I had talked my doctors into letting me go to B. A. in 1934, after I had finished my engagements in Glyndebourne without recurrence, so as to conduct my season there. — Grete was naturally indescribably upset about it. But on the morning of the 24th, after Grete had already told me before the doctors' visit that I looked pale etc., a second attack occurred while she and the doctors were there, so that even I had to admit that there could be no thought of my conducting that night or even on the following ones! I am convinced that I only owe this second attack to my desperate inner struggles not to give up the season after one mild attack, when I had only accomplished a third of my work.

I had felt quite well the day before, by the way, so that I was able to successfully bluff the doctors, just as I had intended. The second attack was worse than the first, so that even I had the feeling that I would have to give up and stay in bed. Grete, who was worried that the doctors could be about to permit the experiment, brought in a specialist, an Argentine professor at the University of B. A. who had studied with Krehl in Heidelberg and in the United States. He agreed with the treatment of the other two doctors completely, and as soon as he had examined me declared that I would fully recover, and immediately, in fact, provided that I stay motionless in bed for six weeks. His first question on entering the room was: *¿Ud es fumador, Señor!* — and when I said I was, he told me I would have to give up smoking forever! He finally explained to me that he was personally interested in my recovering completely, as for him there was only one Toscanini in the world, but that since that gentleman was quite old, he had had to look around for a replacement, and had only found one — and as luck would have it he considered me to be him! For that reason he took a great deal of effort in taking care of me, and I did what I could to obey him. It is now precisely six weeks today that I have been in hospital, and even Grete would agree that I have been very good, mainly out of gratitude to Grete, who has slept next to me in my room and cared for me in the best way imaginable — and also for the sake of little Lolo, who is my darling, and is my greatest joy and the greatest happiness in my life. He has an astonishing memory, speaks and understands three languages — French, Spanish, and German — and is absolutely crazy about music. He is forever sitting at the piano, and knows all of the roles his father sings, words as well as music. He is truly uncommonly gifted, and with the greatest of caution that one must observe in such matters, I am now beginning to give him, at three, piano lessons and such. In three days I will have the right to “go through the red lights at intersections” (though there aren't any red lights in Buenos Aires, as no one would pay any attention to them), and then I will have to obediently lie still at home

for another two weeks. Then not only the doctors but also I myself will be quite certain that we have done all we can (even now I have been without any pain and without temperature for several weeks already). I will then be in a position to do what the specialist recommended, namely to play pelote (the most strenuous sport there is) and once again conduct Wagner festivals.

Dear people, I am dictating this letter. I will write another less self-centered one as soon as possible. Please consider this one as only a "bulletin." Please send it as such to our friends Dr. Paul Backer and his wife, 344 West 72nd St., and let them read it — but please don't breathe a word to Hans about the seriousness of what I have been through! Given the little, extremely little communication that exists between the United States and that part of the army, he would be dreadfully upset, and that would worry me more than all the rest. Grete has sent our dear friends the Backers very brief and harmless-sounding reports designed to be passed on to Hans. But I will go ahead and tell you that thanks to my illness I have suffered heavy financial losses, of course, as the "Colón" only pays by the day and I was forced to cancel a whole series of operas and concerts in Chile etc. I am only grateful that I have a good contract for roughly three months starting next April in Montevideo, for my independence is very important to me. And I have no doubt but what Chile will postpone my contract for this season until the next. As far as the Colón is concerned, Rose B. can tell you about various changes — but it is virtually certain that I will return there and work there as before. — The "temporada" [season] is now over here, and until next March I don't have to do a thing but enjoy a lovely vacation! So I will have plenty of time in which to write you again and ask you how you are all doing.

Your loving Fritz

Dear Frieda and dear Adolf!

I know perfectly well how awful it seems that I never wrote you after receiving your nice letter. But try to imagine the worst thing that ever happened to you in your life — then you will know what it has meant for me. At the moment I don't want to say anything about what Fritz has written. On the 24th of August I had the feeling that his unbelievable stubbornness could well cost him his life — but no one could have held him back. — But since then he understands the situation, and at the same time, thank God, he is cheerful and confident. And in fact this is in large part thanks to our darling little Michel. — In the meantime you will have had a letter from Eta, so that you already know that a second sweet "Domingero" — a Sunday boy — arrived on August 1. (Just be quiet, despite everything you found out about it sooner than we heard about the birth of John Arthur). His name is Jean-Pierre Aime, and soon — in early November — Martial can tell you more. So many other things, problems etc., have happened in the meantime, that I have wondered at times whether I could keep going. But behold, we survived! A lot of work is ahead of me still, but once we are on vacation I will write more too. (It is now two years since you, Frieda, were so very very

helpful to Eta! I will never forget that.) Please give our best to the Serkins and Mrs. Leventritt, dear "Winnie," and anyone else who still remembers us.

I will definitely write during our vacation.

Grete

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
October 22, 1943

My dear Adolf,

I hope you received in short order my invalid bulletin, which I dictated to Grete while still in hospital and sent along with Mrs. Rose Bampton. For the past two weeks I have been back in our lovely departamento, after lying in the hospital for precisely six weeks. A few days ago the doctors pronounced me a free man, so that I am hobbling around, still somewhat weak in the legs, in this large house of ours and can play the piano (Haydn sonatas — not particularly interesting to me, with some exceptions). How did it go with your lovely legs, after you had gotten up again? Did you have any sorts of pains, pressure on the chest, etc., anymore in the meantime? Have you meanwhile gained weight again after losing so much in the summer of 1941? Are they still permitting you to take thyroid, or whatever they call the poisonous stuff there, which they have strongly forbidden me, so that I have to banish my fat the hard way, poco a poco, by means of days of nothing but fruit? It is nice that my smoking days are definitely over, but how about you and your alcohol consumption? I also gave this up weeks ago, or better, severely restricted it. All for the sake of Grete, as I don't do a thing on my own hook, and if I were a bachelor would lead an even more dissolute life than before. [corner missing] ... then, Adolf! In any case, this sacrifice has brought it about that I sleep, at least, and enjoy good reading as much as possible given my limited intellectual gifts, write lots of letters, and play the piano. In time I will have some violinists etc. come join me, so as to be able to get to know the chamber music I am still "missing." I don't have anything to do in public until the middle of March '44.

Now, my good brother, how can I get to know your negro spirituals, your Schütz arrangement¹? I can easily perform such things here: money, singers, and musicians are more readily at my disposal than anywhere else. Further, I have to know what your quartet is doing, what the little orchestra played, what you have been composing. I feel incapable of reading reviews like the "Musical Courier," and know absolutely nothing about musical life there. I recently heard on the radio some music that was unfamiliar to me but extremely uncongenial, no, that is too nice a word, rather: an incredibly

¹ The Schütz Litany, which he had performed in Town Hall with the Little Symphony, soloist, and chorus.

stupid bit of doodling — Sibelius. If Reger is beer and sausage, this wretched fellow is a moonshiner; one swallow and I'm dead. And then I heard, from recordings, the Mozart C-minor piano concerto played in such a dilettantish fashion that I waited until the end so I could find out the criminal's name. It was Edwin Fischer. "Better to be a gardener," as I think Nestroy says. So now Martial will be flying in around the beginning or middle of November², and will be able to report...[corner missing]. He is enjoying a splendid, unobjectionable wedlock with our good Eta, and is so intelligent and cultivated that these qualities have to make up for a certain lack of native musicality. I am eager to learn how you like him on closer inspection and hearing. We have had no news from Hans for weeks, up to that point (mailed from over there on Sept. 4) he had written regularly and was cheerful enough. I am always afraid that he places little value on using his intelligence, say his knowledge of languages, and a lot on his physical strength, and will act accordingly. Willi's house is completely kaputt; only a few linens and books salvaged. Ove M. tried desperately to get accepted in the British army, after leaving his wife (Gisela) and the two Vikings with us. He didn't succeed, to his regret, because small defects in his foot make infantry service an impossibility; he doesn't want the cavalry. Now he is trying, with the help of his friend the free-Danish ambassador in Washington, Kaufmann, to be accepted by the U.S., as his brother is fighting in Italy. We are all waiting nervously for the result. Tell us what your grandchildren are up to, how Irene and the perfidious Rudi are doing.

Fondest greetings to all, also from Grete.

Your old Fritz

FROM BRUNO WALTER

New York
March 10, 1944

Dear Friends:

I would like to add to my fleeting thanks in the Carnegie Hall dressing room this more emphatic assurance of my deep pleasure in and gratitude for your kind words, the wonderful flowers, and the delicious libation.

It truly delights me that my music making really means something to you of all people, dear Adolf Busch, to whom I feel so deeply attached and indebted for such unforgettable impressions.

Once again a thousand thanks and fondest greetings from house to house.

Your old devoted

Bruno Walter

¹ Martial Singher sang at the Metropolitan Opera and with Adolf's Little Symphony in a performance of the Bach cantata "Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen." He stayed with the Busches.

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

Riverdale-on-Hudson

June 17, 1944

Miei cari amici Frieda e Adolf —

Grazie per i due libri che mi avete mandato sono belli e commoventi ma quanta tristezza lasciano nel cuore! Spero che siano veramente al principio della vera fine vittoriosa. Dio lo voglia ho trovato in questi giorni una belle edizione dei quartetti di Haydn. Ho pensato subito di mandarle ad Adolf. Carla le porterà oggi stesso coi miei piu affettuosi salute.

Voiotemi sempre bene come io ve ne voglio

Un abbraccio

Arturo Toscanini



FROM BASIL JONES

[Australia]

July 7, 1944

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Busch,

It is a long time since I wrote to you, but so many things have happened to me during all these months that I haven't been able to put my mind on writing. Just before I left Ireland to come to Australia, I became engaged to a very beautiful Irish girl. Twelve months after I left, she boarded a ship to come out here, but on the very day you wrote your last letter to me (April 7th, '43) her ship was sunk and she was lost — all except four of the crew. Needless to say, I have been very unhappy and have been rather bitter about the war. But then, so many people have had great suffering during the war. There is misery everywhere, what with so many of our boys being killed. Let us hope it will be over soon.

I am still in the Army Education Service, and we have done some great work out here. In a previous Division I was with we brought a full Symphony Orchestra to a forward area, and hundreds of miles from civilization presented a Symphony Concert. I played the Mendelssohn concerto. We have given four such concerts to troops away in the bush. Apart from concerts, in which we explain the music we play, we give lectures in theory and musical appreciation, and form choirs and orchestral groups. Unfortunately, living in the bush and jungle one can not get all the practice one would like, and consequently my playing has suffered. Many times I have to practice in the open air, under the trees. However, the troops are liking our music. I have done only four broadcasts since I arrived back, but I am seldom near civilization. I did the "Spring" Sonata of Beethoven, which brought very favorable comments from the cities and also the César Franck. But I wish I could do more, as I feel starved for the companionship of other musicians. They were happy days before the war, when we gave concerts in England and Italy. I wish we could have them over again.

All my family are very well. Dr. Perry¹ is very busy in the musical world. My youngest sister has developed a beautiful voice, and is studying with one of our leading singers. My eldest sister is in New Guinea as a Navy nurse. I haven't seen the Serkins² for a long time, although Dr. Perry sees them occasionally. They seem to be well. I was sorry to hear that Mr. Busch had been ill, and I hope he has fully recovered now. I often hear recordings of the Busch Chamber Players, and sometimes by Mr. Busch and Rudi, on the wireless out here. They are very popular. You must come out to Australia after the war. We would be terribly pleased to see you all again.

Well now, I have no more news. Please give my love to all the family. Hope the children are well.

Yours sincerely,
Basil

¹ The patron who had supported Jones's study.

² Rudolf Serkin's oldest brother Willi had emigrated with his wife and daughter to Australia. The lived in Melbourne.

FROM VICTOR HUGH HUTCHINSON

[England]
August 23, 1944

Dear Mr. Busch,

very many thanks for your letter of Aug. 3. I am going to London in a week's time and will then make enquiries as to the possibility of arranging for you to come over. As Mr. Curtis¹ will have told you, I am personally very keen that you should come, more particularly as we are now very short of really good soloists and teachers of the violin. During the past year we have lost two of our finest soloists — Arthur Catherall and Eda Kersey — and one of our finest teachers — Rowsby Woolf; and our "violin economy" needs reconstructing by a master hand. Now for my own position in the matter. As you probably know, there are a good many restrictions by the Ministry of Labour on the employment of people not of British nationality; and — having been for the past ten years a University Professor, and consequently out of touch with these things — I do not know exactly what they are at the moment. The next point is that as the B.B.C.'s Director of Music, with the scanty amount of "Home Programme" space that at present exists, and the uncertainty as to how programmes will be disposed in the future, I could only offer you an occasional broadcast; it would certainly not amount to anywhere near a living for you. I mention these two points as I do not want to raise false hopes in your mind as to what I can do; they do not in the least detract from my personal wish to see you established in England. I do not take up my position at the B.B.C. until next week. When I get there I will make enquiries of the Ministry of Labour as to the general position, and also speak to a number of people who might be able and willing to help in offering you a position here. As soon as I have any news I will write again; but it may take a little time.

I do hope that this letter does not sound discouraging, or convey the impression that I am half-hearted about the matter. I only feel it my duty to point out to you that I cannot give an absolute promise to bring you over; all I can promise is to do my very best to make it possible, and this I shall consider it a great honour to do.

I don't know whether you will remember that about a dozen years ago I played a continuo part at your performance of the Bach E-major Concerto at a B.B.C. Symphony concert at Queens Hall, & I came into the artists' room after the rehearsal and spoke to you of Donald Tovey, and also of our dear friend Tom Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle), who died not long afterwards. I think Sir Henry Wood was conducting; how sad it is that he should have died, though he did have the happiness and pride of living to hear and take part in his fiftieth season of Promenade Concerts.

All good wishes. I do hope it will not be too long before we meet.

Yours sincerely,

Victor Hugh Hutchinson

¹ Edgar Curtis, a pupil of Tovey's who also studied with Serkin in Basel and the United States.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
September 2, 1944My dear Adolf,¹

this is already the second time that I did not wish you a happy birthday! Don't think we forgot about it! We thought of you all that 8th of August and more than ever we wished you many happy returns — I say more than ever because it is such a long time since we have seen one another! The reason why I did not write or wire you was because we were to leave Santiago de Chile by plane just on that day, over the Cordillera, passing Aconcagua (8,000 mtrs.) on the left. (It was postponed in the last moment because of a storm.) Such a trip does not affect me even though we travel over 5-6,000 mtrs. and the plane jumps 400 mtrs. Grete was nervous before the journey but becomes quite brave afterwards.

Since April of this year I have given already 26 orchestral concerts, having rehearsed and directed all of them by heart. They were all sold out. The same thing happened to the Beethoven Cycle (all symphonies), which will begin next week in the Colón Theatre. After three days there were no more tickets to be had. I gave up smoking completely over a year ago and I am drinking alcohol very moderately. But on the other hand I have studied and played the piano very much during summer and instrumentalized the music of Schubert — Tanz Suite (Polonaise, Eccosaie, Menuett and Valse nobles) with natural horns (2) and trumpet and 3 trombones. It was useful to me and enjoyed by the rest. they are going to be recorded now. I am so very anxious to "talk shop" with you and I hope to have occasion to very soon! Soon more details about it.

Apart from feeling a little uncomfortable sometimes, I think I am completely recovered, anyway I need no medicines and I can always concentrate on my work without getting tired. We live a very retired life, no social life whatever — all this Eta can verify when you are together. On the 24th of October my activities at the Colón Theatre will have finished. At present it seems probable that we shall fly to New York after a week's holiday. I shall direct in that case from the middle of November at the Metropolitan. But it will be more important to us to see you again, the Singhers and darling Lolo. I hope you will write me before our departure, giving me all the news! Now and then I have heard about your work; how I wish I could have been present! Keep well all of you! If I should not make arrangements with the "Met" I shall go "for a visit" to New York for Xmas and from February I shall wander to Mexico etc. What plans have you? When the Gangsters will have gone to hell with a stench — will you return to Switzerland? I make or work on music all day long. I love it more and more. The orchestra and the chorus at the Colón are first class, and in Uruguay and Chile they have been more than decent.

I hope to hear from you soon. You must try and find a free hour to write to me. Make nice programmes for when we arrive in the middle of November.

¹ At this time it was forbidden to send German letters into the United States.

Kindest regards from Grete to you, Frieda and all the family.
A close embrace from me.

Your old Fritz

Sept. 15. In the meantime, I gave the first Beethoven concert, it could not have been a greater success. If you are interested, tell Eta to show you the press notices which my secretary has sent to the management for publicity.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Buenos Aires
October 23, 1944

Dear Brother,

still another concert and then I may rest for a while. Enclosed I am sending you a critic about my last concert published by the greatest English paper of Buenos Aires. I am sending you this cutting not to show off but in order to give you a small notion of my work here. The Schubert dances sound very well indeed. Naturally it is not a great achievement for an experienced leader to orchestrate sonorously but on the other hand I had to work quite enough in order to learn it.

The negotiations with the Met were definitely broken off. From the beginning I have not been very anxious about it, and finally the payment was out of proportion to the expected achievements. I do not feel sorry about it. At present, Grete and I are reflecting if we should make holidays first and finish the book¹ or if we should try to go to New York for Xmas. Visas etc. have been promised to us and the voyage expenses are paid by the Colón Theatre. I should like to postpone the concerts in Lima, feeling that it would do me good to take a little rest. At the beginning of February I have to be in Mexico to direct there five concerts, probably all the nine Beethoven symphonies. In this case we would come from Mexico to New York, arriving there about the middle of March.

Another thing which might interest you or Hermann. An instrument-maker of this place who has been recommended to me by experts as an especially capable man has in his possession a first-class Bergonzi cello. At the present moment it is dismantled, but it is said to be wonderfully conserved and several musicians of the Colón orchestra spoke to me about it as of something quite extraordinary. In about two weeks I shall be able to hear it. There being little opportunity to sell precious old instruments, the price is about 2,500 Am. dollars. As you know, dear Adolf, I understand very little about those things. If you believe the price to be low — provided that the instrument is really first-class and well preserved — I would perhaps be interested buying it. Please let me know your opinion. There are also some first-class violins of Italian masters which are sure to be cheaper here than elsewhere. A Steiner violin, wonderfully conserved, has been sold the other day at the price of 500 Am. dollars. If we should go to New York, it would not be difficult perhaps to bring such an instrument along with us.

¹ He was working on his memoirs, *Aus dem Leben eines Musikers*.

We heard from Eta that you have had a charming meeting and how talented you have played with the children. That's no news to me.

Well, I have written you twice now and I guess my "writing sins" are atoned for. I hope to hear very soon from you all.

With love to all of you,
your old Fritz

TO BJÖRN ANDREASSON

[New York]
December 6, 1944

Dear Björn,

two days before we go on tour with "the Busch little Sinfonie" I try to get a better conscience in writing you. I felt the perversity of the world very strong when I got your two charming letters instead that you got two letters from me. But first of all: your english is much better than mine. I even think you are already accustomed to it as to your mother language. However it may be, you wrote me a very touching letter — I think you know still on what matter — and I thank you very much for everything what you told me. Monday begins our tour through the whole country (to the west coast and back). From the 8th of January to the 24th of March we will have 54 concerts. With all the travelling each day in another town you may imagine what it means.

Tomorrow we play (with the whole ensemble) for "Friends of Music." With all the preparing for the tour, rehearsals, getting the musicians (which is really difficult because you all are "out of town"), with own concerts in the meantime, practicing and so on, I had not a minute for months to write letters (in english). I hope you will forgive your old uncle Adolf and you will understand!? We think of you every day in greatest love and we hope we will see you in not all to long time. We were very happy to hear how you entertain the soldier boys when you don't play the violin! Rudi saw the program you send your parents.

"Alles Liebe"

Your Uncle A.

FROM ERICH KAHLER

Princeton
March 19, 1945

Dear Herr and Frau Adolf Busch,

To our great delight, a concert of yours has been announced here for Saturday! After unsuccessful attempts to phone you in New York, I managed to worm my way through to a Miss Johansen in your concert bureau, who gave me a summary overview of the labyrinthine course of your tour during these weeks. Given the present postal situation, in taking the chance of reaching you with this letter in York, Pa., I feel like somebody in a shooting

gallery taking a shot at flying wild ducks. I hope I get lucky. The entire exercise has been for the purpose of asking you whether we could snag you either before or after the concert — for a bite before, or much better and nicer, a more relaxed get-together afterward, also with something to eat here at our house. Please let me have your brief reply right away. Naturally we would expect all of the players and all their friends here as well. I hope it works!

With all best wishes and greetings,

Your Erich Kahler



Busch Little Symphony, Town Hall, 1944. Eugene Istomin at the piano.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Atlantida
March 23, 1945

Dear Brother,

You are now doubtless returned from your strenuous trip around the States, and I only hope that you survived all of the inner and external upsets in good health and were completely satisfied artistically. Unfortunately, I can't take you in my arms on your triumphal return to New York, as I had long thought; though we got our visas this time in plenty of time and had free passage, at the last moment we did not set out after all. If you are interested in knowing the reasons, have Eta tell you everything. Since yesterday my schedule up until the end of November has now been fixed as well. Here they

always make up their minds at the last moment, a nasty habit that causes a lot of problems for people like me who like to plan well in advance. Even so, it is possible to live and work well down here, at the moment certainly better than anywhere else.

Many thanks for both your letters, of which the one sent to Lima only reached me very belatedly. The Bergonzi cello was finally sold for 500 dollars in cash, with the buyer giving him a sickly Testori in exchange. According to him it was a Goffry or Goffrey after all — how is anybody supposed to know his way around among all these *meschuggene* instrument makers. Do you still remember, my brother, how our father set out one night in Cologne, armed with a saw or an ax, intending to saw out one of the timbers from the wooden bridge over the Rhine that lead to Deutz, as he was convinced that it would be splendid old wood for the belly of a violin? I had to think of that a few days ago when it, like so much else of material value and integrity, was blown to smithereens.

Now I would like to know, *à propos* integrity, whether you know any way to find the score and parts for Regers's G-major *Serende* for Small Orchestra in the USA? Despite its weaker last movement, I am once again enjoying it so much in the four-hand piano reduction that it seems to me it would be nice to introduce it to the people down here. If necessary, I could make do with just the score, from which I could have the parts copied out here. They do that quite well. And 75% cheaper, compared to you Trade Union Members. Anyway, the copyists can even today get a satisfactory midday meal, one containing 3,500 calories, for thirty American cents. And a liter of the local wine costs 20 American cents.

If you, or better yet Frieda, whom I credit with more sense in such matters, could buy me the score at an acceptable price, please do so, and have Eta pay you back, as she administers a small account I keep for such purposes. If you could make suggestions about other Reger works that one might scare up there in the far north, I would be grateful.

On revient toujours à ses premiers amours. The older I get, that more I enjoy Reger. Today I finished the thirty-fifth page of score, an orchestration of two amusing pieces for four hands: *Burlesque* (G minor) op. 59, and *Andante con moto* op. 94 (B minor — major). Doing such work in my free moments gives me a great deal of pleasure and does no harm to anyone, as I won't ever perform them. But I have learned a lot, and now look at old and new works with greater understanding than before. For that reason too I would truly love to get to know your most recent works. Strange how sourly you react to my repeated requests that you send me something! Many musicians know chamber works of yours, pieces for clarinet and violin and much else, and languish for more. What can be done? Calusio, for many years a collaborator of Toscanini's, who in fact once studied with Reger in Meiningen, knows you especially well. Like your brother, he considers you something extra fine as an artist, and last season when he was the director of

the Colón, wanted to definitely commit you to the Teatro Colón in 1945 as soloist in various orchestra concerts. Sadly he declined the same position for the temporada that is coming up, despite repeated entreaties. A veritable ass has taken his place, one just as dumb and stubborn as the real animal. But even if Calusio had stayed, my constant discussions with him and other enlightened souls about inviting you here would not have led to any positive results, as the way things are, even with the highest fees they are accustomed to pay here, you would have had to chip in some of the money yourself. Only a Menuhin, who plays his little offerings, the Kreutzer Sonata followed by the Ave Maria and the Wieniawsky Polonaise, with some poor and inexpensive pianist in the tiniest of towns out on the pampas, can cover his expenses. We conductors are better people, after all, and have it easier in the opera and in concerts. I hope to be able to tell you more about all of this face to face sometime, my dear brother, now that I, in my ninth season, have finally come to have some slight understanding of the uses, or rather abuses, of culture in these countries. Unless something intervenes, we are planning to get to New York in December 1945, only one year late. In the meantime I hope to hear a great deal from you. Have you heard any news about Otto and Fritz Grütters? Do you ever think about our Willi? I sometimes send him packages from Buenos Aires, and up until over six months ago used to get news from him often. But now.... Hans is doing fine for the moment in Florence, where he has produced a series of operas with Serafin as musical director, and is in constant touch with Passigli, helping to work on a reorganization of the Maggio fiorentino. What is Rudi up to, how is Irene? Are you enjoying your grandchildren as much as we do ours, especially the French one? Let us hear from you soon.

Our fondest greetings to Frieda, and for you an abrazo efusivo (warm embrace) from your brother

Fritz

FROM OTTO MAAG¹

Basel
May 30, 1945

Dear Adolf Busch,

I was sincerely delighted over the telegram from you and your dear wife, it did me good, after all the constant hostility — the whole caboodle of Swiss musical officialdom is on the side of Furtwängler, after all — to receive a kind word of sympathy and fellow feeling from overseas.

One could almost be driven to despair here at times. Ansermet, who was still conducting Christmas concerts in Salzburg in 1942, is now being lionized in Paris as though nothing had happened. And Casals, who is

¹ A nephew of Fritz Steinbach's and music critic for the *Basel National-Zeitung*.

probably completely unaware, is playing in this year's festival in Lucerne as well as in Gstaad, where Edwin Fischer is directing a music festival of his own!

Because I pointed out that Fischer, who likewise played for the Wehrmacht in Salzburg in 1942 and is said to have let loose with the Horst Wessel Lied at the beginning of his chamber orchestra concerts, is not the ideal man to give a lecture to the Society of Teachers of Music on music and the conduct of life, of all things, I was branded as "a German working with Nazi-like methods" who would never understand the Swiss mentality. If that is the Swiss mentality, they're welcome to it. It sometimes makes you want to vomit. What would have happened to us, the tireless opponents of Nazism, if these beasts had invaded Switzerland, we've seen now from Buchenwald and Belsen!

I would like to know more about your lives over there sometime. Herr v. Hirsch tells me a little now and then. When are you ever coming back to us, when can one finally hear you play the Beethoven concerto and Bach again, and all the nice things that have disappeared in the autocratic craze that has distorted proportions and destroyed all standards? How are Serkin and his family? Will he come with you when you make your next trip to Europe?

Does Toscanini have any idea what has become of his, your, our lovely Lucerne Festival?

I would be very happy to hear from you again sometime, and even more so if we could see each other face to face again sometime soon.

With sincere best wishes to you and all of your dear ones,

Your

Otto Maag

Fondest greetings from my wife as well, and to your quartet colleagues.

TO BENEDICT FISCHER

Telegram

June 12, 1945

Having heard sad and alarming news about Nazi musicians and musicians living and playing in Germany during Hitler how they live and play in Switzerland with large audience now I decided to take back my promise and will not play wherever such artist will play. Give this to Maag and papers please —

Adolf Busch



Björn Andreasson, Bremerhaven, 1945

FROM KONRAD ADENAUER¹

Cologne
[July 1945]

Dear, esteemed Herr Busch,

It looks deplorable in your Rhenish homeland. That is especially true of Cologne. Cologne was extremely heavily destroyed. All of its old churches are damaged, most of them very badly. When the Americans arrived, there were only eighty thousand inhabitants left in Cologne. However the people of Cologne are as strongly attached to the city as always, and every week some fifteen thousand of them return. We all wish to do all we can to once again make Cologne a treasure-house of Rhenish culture and the Rhenish spirit. You know how important musical life has been to us, and it will also be so in the future. I am now asking you and your brothers to help us in this. I only have your address, and so I am turning to you. Our municipal orchestra is basically intact. We are looking for a conductor. Would your

¹Published in Grete Busch: *Fritz Busch, Dirigent*, Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, Frankfurt am Main, 1985, p. 244.

brother Fritz be a possible candidate? Also the Conservatory of Music is to be rebuilt. Would your brother Hermann or you yourself be interested? I am appealing to you because you are Rhinelanders and will understand our concern and our need. Please let me hear from you through the same channel¹ that brings this letter to you.

Respectfully yours,
your devoted
Dr. Adenauer
Oberbürgermeister

FROM OTTO MAAG

Beckenried
July 18, 1945

Dear Adolf Busch,

Now that I am finally enjoying a peaceful vacation, I also have time to write you more fully regarding the business we exchanged telegrams about. First of all, I was of course extremely delighted about your uncompromising behavior. Thank God there still are such people! (Greetings and admiration to your wife as well!) If I recommend your playing in the special concert, and did recommend it, I did so considering a number of things.

First: people here in Switzerland don't like to be told what to think about anything, and especially by those who do so from a "safe haven." You mustn't forget that, life and limb, we here — by "we" I mean the determined warriors against the Nazi plague — were extremely threatened, and we have now been able to see in detail what would have happened to us in the pictures from Buchenwald and Belsen etc. This fact makes people, even if they were not among the bravest, somewhat sensitive about judgement on the part of those who were not endangered, who also didn't help to hold the wall against Nazism with word and deed in the riskiest of times and could document their attitude, splendid though it was, in a free country where it wasn't dangerous. I am already uncomfortable enough for them, however in your case they have the excuse of being able to say: it's easy enough for him to say, he wasn't here.

And to a very tiny extent they are justified, for no one far away can truly conceive of many of the things that happened here, and had to happen to keep from inciting the vicious beast to a "sudden," senseless pounce. In 1941, for example, we simply couldn't deny Furtwängler a concert.

As far as settling scores with the collaborators in the broadest sense goes, if you are rigorous, you won't be able to play with any orchestra again in your whole life. They were everywhere, in every profession and in enormous numbers. Even over there in America; for what else, I ask you, was the

¹ Adolf's friend Dannie Heineman.

"America first" movement, which wanted to let the Nazis gobble up everything and leave England and all Europe in the lurch? Do you really suppose there was a single orchestra in America that didn't have such people in it?

Further — I find it somewhat comical to be playing Devil's advocate for this side, of all things — it can be said in justification of many a fellow traveler that the vast majority of people everywhere didn't fully understand what a bestial horror Nazism was. For us, it was mainly censorship that kept the public from knowing until only very recently what crimes were being committed. Anti-semitism in general suited lots of people who weren't by any means Nazis because of it, and it is depressing as can be how strongly this seed sprouted up everywhere. Eight weeks ago they carried large placards around in Paris to the cheers of thousands of people: *les juifs au crematoire!* This after the Buchenwald-Belsen films!! And when you see how gently the French, the Russians, the English, and the Americans are treating the collaborators, ours for example, but also even the Nazis themselves, how Sauerbruch¹ is honored, or Richard Strauss, how Karl Böhm gets asked by the Americans to create the Mozart Festival in Salzburg, how Heinrich George, the most vicious of all the filthy dogs, assumes the direction of the Schiller Theater at the request of the Russians, how Fräulein Geismar makes successful propaganda for her deity Furtwängler in a book in London, how all the Swiss who were still concertizing in Germany up until two years ago and doing their Heil Hitlers in their own way, are being invited to France, England, America, and liberated Germany, then you understand how people here can say: should we be more popelike than the Pope?

One has to consider further: if you stay away, your enemies will only laugh, and you lose your chance to tell the people what you think yourself, for once, which would do folks like me a lot of good. In your place they'll simply get Herr Kulenkampf² to play. And the only ones who are punished are your friends, for whose sake you really have to play in spite of everything. For we have earned the right to be able to hear you again, and that alone ought to be decisive, especially when you think how close it came to your now having to place a few flowers on some mass grave on your return.

I could imagine how much more effective than your protest up to now it would be if you were to say a few pregnant words — for example at the end of a concert, after the audience has wildly applauded you — that express everything there is to say about the issue.

By the way, we fought the battle here — I have to say this — with damned little assistance. When I think how helpful it would have been if Toscanini, who was so courageous in his writing on the Sforza issue, had sent a strongly-worded telegram after the affront of seeing Herr Furtwängler given his position in Lucerne, and had had it published, possibly returning his key

¹ Prof. Ernst Ferdinand von Sauerbruch, Hitler Germany's most famous surgeon.

² The violinist Georg Kulenkampf.

to the city — when I think of that, I get furious! But nothing of the sort happened — now Casals is playing in Lucerne and even Huberman! (who surely doesn't know anything about all these things), and they laugh at me as though I were crazy! Anyway, you could tell Toscanini sometime what Dr. Strebi, the Lucerne city councillor and actual manager of the festival, said to me personally when I mentioned that Toscanini might not come back again after Furtwängler: Ach, we don't want him anymore, for a man who conducts a celebration concert while his fatherland is collapsing (the fall of Mussolini) is no patriot! —

The long and short of it is this: come as soon as you can, play here — for your many, many friends — even in an orchestra concert if at all possible. The people are mostly not bad, only stupid, or, like the majority of mankind, opportunistic. Come and talk, tell the people what you feel, and with all of that help us, your true friends and partisans.

In fond affection and friendship,

Your

Otto Maag



With his grandson John Serkin in Vermont, summer 1945.

FROM OTTO MAAG

Basel
August 29, 1945

Dear Frieda, dear Adolf Busch,

First let me embrace you, in gratitude for the letters and the thinking they reveal. How few people there are who think and feel this way — I'm afraid you don't have any idea. And these few must stick together all the more. You also have no idea how unanimously the Swiss press has attacked me on account of my stand regarding Lucerne. My publisher has brought together the little essays I wrote in the *National-Zeitung* during this period on the theme of "Art and Politics," and is sending you the little collection specially. (In this connection I would like to suggest that if Adolf and Serkin do make a tour through Switzerland in the spring, they engage my publisher, who also has a concert department, as their Swiss manager. The concert agency Kantorowitz and Schulthess, which has continued to work with Furtwängler up until the present moment, cannot be considered in any case. The address of my publisher, who by the way represents almost all of the theater literature forbidden in Germany, is "Kurt Reiss-Verlag," Bäumleingasse, Basel.)

One thing I must set straight. Karl Barth is the most honest and courageous person imaginable. He is the only representative of Christianity who takes Christian teachings seriously. It is pure fabrication that he did not protest against the Nazi horrors. On the contrary, he did protest when he was still there, from the very beginning, and was in considerable danger. Was also considered to be one of the most prominent enemies of Nazism the whole time, and like me, would have been immediately "silenced" if the Nazis had come. He was at the very top of the list. And now he is uncompromising enough as a Christian to say: the murderer is the one from among my brothers who needs me most. That does not mean that the murder itself should not be avenged, by no means, but the genuine Christian has to concern himself more, and more intensively, with the soul of the man who has fallen into sin than with those of the "just." One may or may not agree with that, but it has about it an earnestness and magnificence that can only derive from an unshakable faith. So there is nothing to be said against Barth, and if you read his writings relating to the German problem, you will see how full of integrity he really is.

I read of your family affairs with great delight. I look forward to seeing you all well again here in the spring more than I can tell you. Perhaps there will be an opportunity for Adolf to also play here with the orchestra after all. There are major doings afoot in opposition to Lucerne, namely in Interlaken, where they are thinking of having the orchestra of the Czech Landestheater come as well as the Concertgebouw, and doing a few weeks of splendid operas and concerts with the finest musicians — no collaborators. It would

be wonderful. I made use of the report about the journeys of your chamber orchestra in the newspaper, and am sending the article to you separately. When my letter arrives, you will of course be back again from Iceland. And then you'll soon be off on your tour of the South. I wish I could come along.

One can in good faith be of various opinions regarding the question of Swiss neutrality. The simple fact that without it there would not be a Red Cross reveals that there is indeed something to it. We will talk about it at length. I am truly looking forward to seeing a lot of you. Some artists here behaved perfectly decently, after all, and never took part in anything having to do with Axis filth. Unlike Andreae, Denzler¹, Vogler², Schoeck³, Fischer, Sutermeister⁴, and consorts, who were most sympathetic to Nazism. Not to forget Ansermet. And Hans Haug⁵, for example, who refused every invitation from the mindlessly opportunistic fellow travelers, and as a result had no work and never gets anything to conduct. Scherchen too showed himself to be uncompromising toward Nazism. And for that reason, when he was called upon to reorganize the radio, they nearly destroyed him. One of the filthiest swine, one whom I have also accused of being so in public, for which reason he has now hit me with a lawsuit, which I am looking forward to, is Leuzinger, the president of the Swiss Music Union, a bassoonist in Zurich and manager of the Lucerne Festival Orchestra. I will tell you about his dirty work when I see you.

Lucerne was once again a stupendous success — everything sold out. Tonight they're presenting Casals, who's thinking is surely unobjectionable enough, after all. But as you see, there are simply various ways of looking at things, one can be gentler or more stringent, forgiving or inflexible. As a Christian, one ought to lean toward compassion, but it is difficult. Kulenkampff had an ostentatiously thunderous success with the Tchaikovsky concerto. It was gruesome to listen to, like Bremen musicians trying to simulate the impetuous spirit of the Volga. But the audience believes him whenever he rises up on tiptoe and arches his adorable blond body in ecstasy.

The family is all fine except for me. The two small daughters are getting to be grown-up and ladylike, and are already providing my wife some real competition. My son from my first marriage⁶ also delights me, he is an extremely musical fellow, is doing a good job as conductor at the Städtebund Theater in Solothurn-Biel, and will surely make his way. I myself am a little tired, and this time I wasn't able to get back on my feet during my vacation.

¹ Robert Denzler, conductor at the Zurich Stadttheater.

² Carl Vogler, composer and director of the Zurich Conservatory.

³ Othmar Schoeck, conductor and composer.

⁴ Heinrich Sutermeister, composer.

⁵ Hans Haug, conductor and composer.

⁶ Peter Maag.

Oh well, I have a certain right to slow down, inasmuch as I soon have to start my seventh decade. Even so, I plan to continue to be a pest to a few people for some time yet.

In real anticipation of our reunion, I am, with many, many greetings from house to house,

Your most devoted
Otto Maag

FROM OTTO MAAG

Basel

September 24, 1945

Dear Friends,

I am hurrying to respond to your letter. As far as the concerts in the spring are concerned, I immediately asked Kurt Reiss to take the matter in hand and to get in touch with you. I myself will also do all I possibly can. However it seems to me that there is no question but what the concerts here will be sold out. In October, on the 2nd, 5th, and 8th, Ribaupierre-Blancard¹ are also playing all of the Beethoven sonatas in Basel, and then doubtless other places as well. But that is no competition. At most, what ought to be considered is whether Adolf would play with Serkin not all of the Beethoven sonatas in two evenings, but only a selection from them, and on the third evening the Brahms sonatas. But as I said, people are so looking forward to being able to see and hear you again that any complication, with respect to programs, for example, will simply not arise.

Today I received a simple postcard at the newspaper: "Symphony concerts with Kulenkampff, Backhaus, Fischer — where's Busch? Art has nothing to do with politics, with character either?" I responded with a few suitable words. So you see that here and there people's hearts are still in the right place after all. I am looking forward to your coming, and we will have to have some long debates. For I am not altogether of your opinion. In some respects it is too Old Testament in nature: an eye for an eye, etc. And it does nothing to change the fact that Jesus said to the murderer on the cross, the S.S. man, that he would be with him today in paradise. We'll have to talk about all the inner difficulty of Christianity. Only one thing is certain, namely that you do Karl Barth an injustice — he takes his Christianity seriously, without compromise like no one else — but of that when I see you.

Otherwise, I was naturally very pleased about Adolf's letter to Morel². But here too we will have to talk about a lot of things. Life must go on, after all, and it is essential to affirm in principle the possibility of inner awakening and conversion. Further, my original argument that unbending severity hurts

¹ The duo André de Ribaupierre, violin, and Jacqueline Blancard, piano.

² Fritz Morel, organist and professor at the Basel Conservatory.

friends more than enemies is still not refuted. It is somehow unacceptable that I, and with me a large number of decent people who had hoped and waited to sometime hear Adolf play the Beethoven concerto, will now never hear it again because there happen to be scoundrels among the musicians — there's something about it that isn't right. In addition, it is also necessary to somehow take into account what we refer to as thoughtlessness, for otherwise, if we were consistent, we couldn't even stand ourselves. When I think of how long I continued to go to Italy during my vacations, at a time when in fact the filthy business had already begun there, and the Matteotti murder and the concentration camps on the Lipari Islands were already known facts, and that they took care of people who didn't agree with them with castor oil etc. And when I think how long England, knowing who they were dealing with, kept supplying Hitler, and that the English king sent him birthday greetings as late as 1938 — and Mr. Ford and France etc. etc. In short, I argue as always for leniency toward the thoughtless ones who went along, we don't have to suffer guilty consciences about being forgiving, indeed it is one of the "Christian virtues," after all, which are by no means easy to practice.

I spoke to Huberman here a few days ago. He got your telegram two days after his appearance in Lucerne, and would surely not have appeared if he had had it beforehand. As it happens, you could have told him everything directly, as he was still in New York at the time you sent your last letter. As for the Lucerne business, which is now the worst possible muddle, the real fault lies solely and squarely with Toscanini. Once he learned how his Lucerne International Festival had been permitted to be harnessed to the car of Fascism and Nazism, if he had only sent an appropriate telegram a year ago, or even only recently, and released it to the press, Lucerne would have been finished. As it is, they are now saying: Haha! Your prophecy about Toscanini was altogether false — so you see that you are being more popelike than the Pope. And now Casals and Huberman have played, Paray³ conducted, etc. etc. And now we have become Don Quixotes.

Even so, there is something in the works, thanks to the initiative of my son Peter, that will possibly interest you, namely the creation of a festival in competition with Lucerne, for which the funding is already in hand. This coming summer they are planning to mount a most distinguished music festival in Interlaken between the 5th of July and the 25th of August, one for which they hope to secure three orchestras, the orchestra of the Czech State Opera ("The Bartered Bride," in Czech), the La Scala Orchestra, and the likewise completely purged Concertgebouw Orchestra. They are going to try to get Toscanini for "Otello" or "Pelleas et Melisande," want to have the Moscow Opera for "Boris," and bring the "Carmen" from Paris. Casals has agreed to conduct "The Magic Flute" with an ensemble to be put together here, etc. etc., and in between the operas there are to be major concerts. If

³ Paul Paray, French conductor and composer.

Adolf had the time and the desire to play the Beethoven concerto in one of these concerts — he could choose which orchestra, and I am convinced that the Concertgebouw is housebroken, for so far Holland has been most rigid and uncompromising in its purges. Please keep all this to yourselves a while yet, so that they can't start making competing plans too soon, but an acceptance in principle would be wonderful.

I am truly sorry that I cannot publish the letter to Morel. As a substitute, I wonder if Adolf wouldn't respond — in a clear but unprovocative manner — to a query I might address to him: Why do you choose not to play in the symphony concerts of the A.M.G.⁴? The passage about the blood that drips from the violin bow would also have to appear in such an answer, and the wonderful passage from your last letter, saying that he cannot play well if he is not playing with a clear conscience. — You might consider it, for the A.M.G. is now seeding the underground with words like "self-righteousness," "arrogance," etc. etc. It is clear that there will be tumultuous enthusiasm on the part of all decent people at Adolf's return. And perhaps one should see to it that, since the decent folks are generally also those with more limited means, the pricing schedule gives them the chance to attend the concerts — that there be a popular category.

Now I have written a whole novel. How lovely it must have been in Iceland, and how I would love to come along next time — but these are only daydreams that cannot come true. I hope to hear from you again soon. My wife and children send fondest greetings, and I the same to all of the Busch men and women.

(What is Fritz Busch up to?)

Most sincerely,
Your Otto Maag

TO IRENE SERKIN

Port Arthur, Texas
November 3, 1945

My dearest Child,

I was overjoyed with your nice, nice letter; and was very touched by the fact that you wrote me such a long letter to reassure me so soon after "your birth."¹ You are truly a wonderful person, and I admire you a lot, moreover you are so dear, and dear to me and dear to me, that I would love to tell you sometime what that means to me, but I can't do it in words, and so there is nothing I can do but thank the Lord for giving me and Mami such a dear child.

⁴The Allgemeine Musik-Gesellschaft in Basel, where Adolf had played every year before his emigration.

¹Susan Veronica Serkin had been born on October 29.

After this outpouring from my heart (which turned out to be miserable enough), I have to thank you above all for giving me this detailed report on Mami's condition.² Thanks to it, I finally see how the matter really stands, and also that something is being done to help poor Mami. You are absolutely right: your report reassures me, and I believe every word you say, and know that you are not covering up anything. A thousand thanks for it, and let us always stick to this method between ourselves. Life will ultimately be easier that way. And if it gets bad sometime, we'll simply have to accept it as it is. — Now I would like to know when Mami is going to the hospital (which one, etc.), but I will try tomorrow (Sunday, reduced rates) to talk with Mami again. It would be wonderful, as you write, if everything could be taken care of next week. — I am looking forward like crazy to seeing Mami, you, Rudi, and your 4 beloved children again, and am burning with excitement about getting to know your "colored girl"³. We laughed about your Jonny. — Urselchen was so sweet on the telephone the last time. She told me that I should call her frequently. She was very surprised that I didn't know what city I was in at the moment. —

Here on the Gulf of Mexico it is tropically humid and hot, you start perspiring after 5 minutes of practice. Tomorrow we have another long trip to Austin, Tex. My health is fine (I am being very careful), only I am desperately impatient to come "home." I got a very nice telegram from Bärbel and Fritz⁴, giving me news about the condition of "mother and child." That was especially nice for me, as I had not heard any more about you since the phone conversation with Rudi. Give her my sincerest thanks when you see her. I won't write, as I truly have no time. Stay well, my beloved Irenchen, I kiss you in love and gratitude. I will write to Mami after I have talked to her on the phone. It is too uncomfortable here in the hotel lobby for writing love letters anyway!

FROM KURT WOLFF

[New York]

November 10, 1945

Dearest Adolf,

We were all very disappointed that we could not have you here last night — most of all Christian¹ — we grown-ups understood, however, that you

² Frieda had lymph cancer, but she was not told. During this fall, while Adolf was traveling through the American South with his Little Symphony, she grew increasingly ill.

³ His new sister's cheeks were so red that the three-year-old John Serkin wondered if she wasn't "colored".

⁴ The Kempners, close friends of the family. Barbara had been a pupil of Adolf's in Berlin, and played in his Little Symphony in America.

¹ His son Christian Wolff.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Concerts for Members

FOURTH YEAR



BUSCH LITTLE SYMPHONY

Concerti Grossi by George Frederic Handel (1)

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1945, AND JANUARY 3, 1946

at 8:30

IN THE MORGAN WING

prefer to spend every free day you can in Guilford Center² rather than in New York.

Thanks for your nice letter. I was delighted to be able to read the letters from Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse — they are so warm-hearted, and you sense how attached they both are to Frieda and you.

I am herewith sending back to you, with sincere thanks, the two letters and also Hesse's small publications (which I liked a great deal).

Are you possibly free on Monday evening, and would you like to have

² The Serkins had bought their farm near Brattleboro, Vermont, a short time before.

MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

CONCERTINO

Violins:

*Adolf Busch**Ernst Drucker*

Violoncello:

Hermann Busch

TUTTI

Violins:

*Mark Broten**Edith Eisler**Hugo Gottesmann**Marianne Liddell**Lilia Oliveira**Ann Purcell**Eugenie Seid**Ralph Shapey**Annie Steiger**Irene Serkin**Barbara Kempner*

Violas:

*Karl Doktor**Betty Yokell**Charles Giskin**Maria Neuscheller*

Violoncellus:

*Ellis Beck**Maryjane Thomas*

Double Bases:

*George Koukly**Herman Burkhardt*CONDUCTOR: *Mieczyslaw Horowitzki*

dinner and a good long talk with us?

In any case, we are looking forward to Wednesday evening at the Met Museum.

Loving, fond, and friendly greetings from Helen, Christian,
and your old, devoted
Kurt

FROM OTTO MAAG

Basel
November 25, 1945

Dear Friends,

First my sincere congratulations to you and Serkins on the birth of Susan Veronica from me and my wife!

And next I hope that Frau Frieda is completely well again. Illnesses are atavistic nuisances that we ought to have put behind us. To be sure, I too have had an attack of phlebitis, but banished it with a mixture of praying and cursing. I hope you have managed something similar.

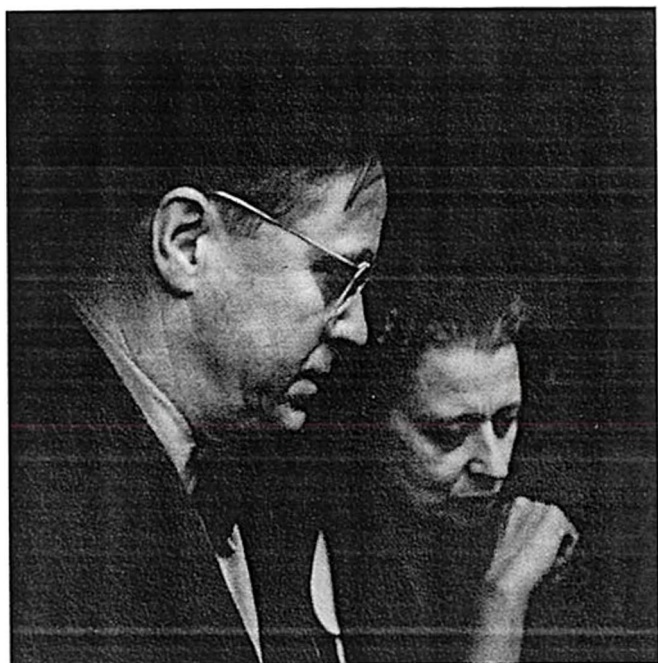
As far as Furzi¹ is concerned, I have been forced to the conclusion, after poring over all the volumes of the newspaper in which Party festivities are described, that he never conducted in Nuremberg, that he then appears to have been altogether more crafty than one might have suspected, given his vanity. Accordingly he also never conducted in occupied countries, something that our friends Ansermet, Denzler, and consorts, who are already permitted to conduct in the now liberated ones, were delighted to do. These rascals are for me much worse than those who were forced to be Nazis. For they could have done otherwise without danger.

At the moment here, especially in Zurich, a wave of sympathy for the poor, poor Germans prevails, and an eagerness to help them. It is de rigueur, so to speak, to sponsor benefits to help the needy German populace. People are encouraging the idea of taking in German children, just as the Norwegians did after the previous war, only to have these same children that they had rescued and nourished sent back to them as the leaders of the invasion, since they were familiar with the country and the language. The few of us who continue to sound warnings are looked upon as more or less spiteful fools. Oh well, one does what one can, and at least in the resuscitated "Kulturspiegel"² I have a weapon that I don't intend to allow to rust.

I passed along your plans regarding the Brahms sonatas and the mixed program to Reiss, to whom you ought to reply directly sometime. (Reiss A.G., Bäumleingasse, Basel.) In my opinion, Adolf and Rudi can play what they wish — it will meet with grateful enthusiasm. Naturally the three Brahms sonatas are grand, but in the next program don't sell Beethoven and Schubert too short! (Not to mention Schumann?) Did you ever receive my essays, in fact?

I am already looking forward to having you here, and stake my claim to generous amounts of your time, for we have hours and hours of talking to do!

Sincerely,
Your Otto Maag¹Furtwängler.²His regular commentary in the *National-Zeitung*, Basel.



*Listening to recordings with Frieda, February 1946.
Photo: Fred Plaut.*

TO RAGNAR JONSSON¹

New York
May 12, 1946

My dear Ragnar,

For the past few days parcels of books from Iceland have been arriving here at our apartment daily. I am delighted to see again some of the things I am already familiar with and to own them now myself. Thank you for your trouble and thanks to you and your friends for all the beautiful things. Frieda was especially excited about the wonderful book of the "Apostles" with the Dürer woodcuts. She immediately tried reading Icelandic. Rudi was very pleased with the Iceland book with the nice inscription from Björn Jonsson. Everything having to do with music also interests him a lot, naturally. Once again, sincere thanks for everything. — Your letter made me very happy —

¹ Publisher and promoter of concerts in Iceland. Adolf's first son was later named Nicholas Ragnar after him.

it came in what has been a very melancholy time. I have been greatly concerned about my wife for a long while. She has suffered a lot. Now she is definitely getting better, but is still quite weak. — The doctors still feel — despite her weakness just now — that she will be able to come with me to Iceland in September. And she is looking forward to nothing so much as making this trip with me and getting to know my new friends — especially you and your wife. —

I now want to ask you something that I would like to know about soon. You told me that I should let you know if the quartet were ever together again. For some months I have been working a great deal with two new "middle voices." Ernst Drucker is the second violinist in the quartet, and I have an excellent violist: Hugo Gottesmann (who used to be 1st violin in his own quartet in Vienna). We play really beautifully, and working with the quartet has never given me so much pleasure as it does now. We played yesterday "semi-publicly" for the first time. Program: Beethoven op. 130, Mendelssohn D-major quartet, and Brahms B-flat major. Later with Serkin — unrehearsed, but even so good enough for a concert! — the Dvořák Quintet in A. Everyone who heard us thought it was wonderful, and we musicians were also very pleased. I would now be extremely happy, assuming it suits your plans, if we could play with the quartet there in Iceland — before the concerts with Serkin (mid September), that is the beginning of September. We have our first concert in New York in November, and since I will not be in New York from September on (until the beginning of Nov.), I would like to have an opportunity to work with the quartet in September. We will now be finishing our rehearsals the end of June, and would then get together again before the trip to Iceland (possibly, it seems, to be followed by Switzerland and England for the quartet as well). My plans, and Serkin's too, in part, are to head from Iceland to Switzerland (for joint concerts), then I have to go to England for some solo concerts, possibly Holland, and from mid Nov. to mid December I have a tour with Serkin here. So there is not much time for everything, but the quartet — even if it were worth it — would not only be coming to Iceland for concerts. If that would not be too much music for you — or at least too much constantly with me — it would be incredibly nice for me to be able to introduce my new quartet to you! We could play all of the Beethoven quartets on 6 evenings, or we could also do mixed programs, and of course it doesn't have to be 6 evenings. Think it over! — if there is anything to think over at all, it may be, of course, that you have already made all your plans and that it is out of the question just now — I would be extremely happy if we could do it, and I know you would all "enjoy" it very much. — If you could give me an answer soon, I would be very grateful, for it may depend on your reply whether or not the quartet would play one or another concert on the Continent. — Many thanks for everything you can do — no matter how it turns out!

Best regards to all my friends, to your wife, greetings and an indication of

my continuing or even increased admiration to Master Asgrimur!², and a warm embrace to you from your friend

Adolf Busch

Best regards from my wife.



At the home of his friends Ottocaro and Tenci Weiss, Riverdale, New York, summer 1946.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

Montevideo
July 30, 1946

My dear Adolf,

This time I don't want to miss sending you our fondest congratulations on your birthday. I don't actually have to tell you what we wish for you: full and lasting health for Frieda, the same for you, and much joy and success in your work. I know nothing at all about your plans, as you aren't a letter writer. Though by no means better myself, I am in this respect more flexible, and don't want to leave this life without giving my dear brother a sign that I am alive from time to time.

In Lima, Peru, I had three concerts. The orchestra is small (twelve first violins etc.) but has a lot of spirit. They are now expecting some first-chair winds from Holland, chiefly from the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, to

² Asgrimur Jonsson, Iceland's best-known painter, became one of Adolf's closest friends, and gave him several of his pictures.

strengthen and improve it, and in future it will be possible, as there are plenty of rehearsal opportunities, to make music there with even more delight. From Lima we flew to Santiago de Chile, where at the moment the situation is extremely solid. There, to the joy of the country but to my misfortune, the president died, so that a few repetitions of my concerts, all of them sold out, had to be cancelled. But all of that is to be made up during the coming years, and I have an uncommonly good offer in my pocket for some dozen concerts (6 weeks), compared to which the North American managers would have to cower in a corner with their own proposals in shame! Here there are four concerts, which were all fully subscribed in two hours, so that the last two will again have to be repeated. These orchestras don't have the experience and quality of the great American ones, of course, but nevertheless it is a real joy to work with them and to experience the enthusiasm of the musical and so very receptive public. On August 29 Grete and I are flying, weather permitting, at 6 o'clock in the morning from Buenos Aires in an English Lancaster airplane by way of Rio de Janeiro to Bathurst (Africa), from there to Lisbon and London, where we are to arrive, in the event we haven't fallen into the sea before then, on Saturday, the 31st of August. The next day we proceed to Stockholm, that is to say Copenhagen, and on November 1 we are to be in New York again, that is if the Metropolitan has settled its differences with 1,003 trade unions and is in a position to carry on with its season. What are your plans? Where have you been this summer? What have you been doing? How do things finally look with Frieda? At the moment Grete is in bed with a flu and bronchitis that has been dragging on for weeks now, is getting penicillin injections and other treatments, and hopes to be completely back in order soon, which I desire both for her sake and for mine. So take care of yourselves, have a happy celebration on the 8th of August, and treat yourself to a glass of wine, even if there's alcohol in it, and do not forget your loving

Fritz and Grete

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Brattleboro, Vermont
August 2, 1946

My dear Otto,

I have just written to Fritz¹, who wanted to know how Frieda is doing. I answered him very cautiously so as not to upset him, and I will have to leave it up to you, now that you have gotten the whole story from Rudi, to let him know what you feel you want to. There is nothing to say but that we enjoy the good hours that we still have together, that is the hours without pains (thanks to Pantopon injections) as much as possible. Frieda is still under the

¹ Fritz Grütters, who was also very ill and died a short time later.

impression that her illness is lymphatic tuberculosis. Be careful when you write. It is more difficult than I can say to "report" to you in this manner. I don't want to talk about me in this tragedy, you can imagine how difficult life has become for me. It takes all of my strength to put a "good" face on things for Frieda's sake and if possible appear to be cheerful, when I know that we have been granted only a little more time together. It doesn't make much sense to describe her illness in greater detail; it goes up and down, and generally down. You deceive yourself sometimes, if it's going better, and are happy to pretend and keep hoping for a miracle — why can't there be one?! But it is probably only the hope that tomorrow something will yet be found that could save her.

I can't tell you how much I yearn to see you again. Fritz has written incredibly sweet letters. Frieda was so happy. And thanks for your long letters too. Rudi has probably responded to some of them. I don't have the peace of mind to reply in any detail. Only you must not think that Frieda made such a comment. You have no idea what kind of vultures these reporters are, and Frieda had no idea that that is the way it would come out after she had been plagued about it over the telephone in her illness. She said that we had not had any contact with our relatives (since the outbreak of war with America), and had also made no effort to make contact (which is what they could rightly expect of us here — as German natives — and necessarily so). To make it more interesting, that's what came out of it. — *Forget about.*

Stay well, greetings to dear Hanna, we are trying to make life easier for her — you can now mail things directly.

Your old Adolf

FROM KURT WOLFF

[New York]
August 3, 1946

Dear Adolf,

I just received a letter from my daughter in Freiburg-Baden (French Occupation Zone). She writes that the medicine (it was probably Strophantin) for your brother-in-law arrived safely and was immediately forwarded to the address you had provided. The letter is dated July 27.

I spoke with Irene on the phone a few days ago — we were so happy to hear from her that Frieda feels so much better in Vermont than in N.Y., that she also has much less trouble breathing there.

We are planning to drive to Manchester on the 15th of August to stay with the Sterbas¹.

¹ Richard und Ditta Sterba, mutual friends of the Wolffs' and Busches', had a summer place in Manchester, Vermont. Both were psychiatrists, he a student of Freud's who took violin lessons from Adolf.

Greetings to everyone from us — and especially fond and loving thoughts to Frieda and you from

Helen and Kurt

TO OTTO AND HANNA GRÜTERS

Brattleboro, Vermont

August 20, 1946

My dear, good Otto and dear, sweet Hanna,

Thanks for your nice letters. I told Frieda the sad news of the death of her beloved Fritz last night. She had noticed that my heart was heavy, and I had to tell her, even though I was extremely concerned about her as well. The last few days had been so bad that I hadn't even told her that Fritz's condition had worsened. Yesterday she was feeling better, and when it happened that I was forced to tell her everything, she was grateful to me for not hiding it from her any longer. For herself, she feels that she cannot ever get well again, and firmly believes that she will be reunited with her dear ones. So she speaks of that in perfect calm, describing the reunion with Mütterchen, Father, Hugo, Elli, and Fritz in great detail. She is only sorry for you, dear Otto, that you have had to suffer so under all of this parting. My dear, good fellow, we all feel for you. I myself am so forlorn that I can't say anything nice to you, and the way the Lord created me, "acceptance" has been made especially difficult. However I will have to accept it, and when I think what a marvelous, full time I have had with my dear Frieda (and in years not so short either), I have to be grateful that so much time was granted me (even though it is never long enough, and you cannot help but feel that you let the main thing slip by — now I am even occasionally sorry about the time I spent composing instead of simply enjoying being with her). It is senseless to say any more. Think fondly of us, of me, just as we do of you and I again especially of my dear, good friend Otto. How happy I am, dear Otto, that you have Hanna and are not alone. Be happy with your child¹. I am blessed with Irenchen, and Rudi is like a beloved son. Both of them are doing everything for Mami and me, and making everything as nice and easy for us as possible. Stay well, my dear ones, I'll write to Gerda² tomorrow. There will still be some more packages coming to you (for Fritz) from Sweden, dear Otto, please keep them for yourselves (we are also sending things directly to you). We can send directly to Gerda through Kurt Wolff's daughter, and everything has already been arranged for that. Tomorrow we are expecting Gertrud Cloos³, she is on her way (by plane, Sweden-New York), and should

¹ Hilde, born in 1937.

² Gerda Grütters (née Wilisch), Fritz's widow.

³ Frieda's sister Elli's daughter was coming to help take care of Frieda, but as it happened she did not arrive until a few hours after her aunt's death.

arrive in New York today. Friends are picking her up and bringing her here tomorrow. We are all looking forward to seeing her, and it will be good for Frieda to have her around. All my love,

Your Adolf

TO ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER

Brattleboro, Vermont

August 20, 1946

My dear Herr Schneider,

It has been several weeks already since I found here in Serkin's house the recordings (from Washington's Library of Congress) of my quartet, which you were so kind as to premiere there. Now at last I know how beautifully you and your esteemed colleagues played it — I was really delighted at the truly extraordinarily good performance. Please accept my sincerest thanks for the great pleasure you have given me, and please be so kind as to pass along my thanks to your dear colleagues. They come so late because my wife's dreadful illness prevented me from listening to the records until only recently, and I didn't manage to write earlier. My poor wife is suffering a great deal, and we are all suffering with her. There is nothing we can do except make her condition bearable for brief periods with injections. We must constantly be prepared for the worst.

Stay well, and once again my sincere thanks,

Your Adolf Busch

FROM BRUNO WALTER

August 23, 1946

Dear and most respected Friend,

I just learned what a dreadful blow fate has dealt you,¹ and I clasp your hand most warmly as a companion in misfortune who suffered the same loss over a year ago. The news of your dear wife's grave illness had reached me, and I can imagine that you had known how serious the situation was for some time. But no matter how "prepared" you are, the death of the beloved person still comes as an un-dreamed of and unexpected shock, and I can well imagine how a passionate heart like yours must be suffering at this cruel loss. I hope that the presence of your family is of help to you in this difficult situation, and would like to tell you how deeply I commiserate with you in your fate.

I embrace you in friendship and with affection as always as your devoted
Bruno Walter

Please express my sincere sympathy to your daughter and friend Serkin.

¹ Frieda Busch died on August 22.

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Brattleboro, Vermont
August 30, 1946

My dear Otto,

The worst has now happened, as you probably know already. Despite all the sorrow and the awfulness, we all must be grateful that Frieda didn't have to suffer any longer. I feel almost as sorry for you as I do for myself, and so I am writing. I don't yet know how life is supposed to go on for me without the dearest thing that I had. Everything is so incomprehensible, also the death of our beloved Fritz. How we had hoped, Frieda and I, to see all of you especially and soon — after all the terrible years. Frieda had learned from me only 2 days before her death that Fritz had passed away. She took it with great composure, and in her last hours she fantasized about Fritz, Mütterchen, and all the dear members of her family who are gone, and rejoiced about being reunited with them. The last day before she died she felt especially well once again for hours (after an especially heavy injection). She was perfectly happy and almost playful when she woke up and said that Fritz had probably helped to see that she felt so well, and for the first time since the beginning of her illness she could believe she would get well again. Otherwise she really had no hope any longer, and yearned for the end of her suffering. The last words I heard her say were "God protect you." And that was nice to hear. The end (on the morning of the 22nd — 8:16) was relatively easy. After an injection at 6 a.m. — after a restless night of sitting up and fighting for breath, the nurse hadn't called me, as Frieda never wanted me around when she was having a hard time, and also because she — the nurse — wanted to make it easier for Frieda, she fell asleep, and when I was called — I had been at her door at 7 and heard her moaning in her sleep and breathing heavily, I did not go in so as not to wake her — she was breathing only with difficulty and continued moaning a little until she was gone. She didn't regain consciousness. — I felt you would want to know what the end was like. Forgive me for adding with this report even more sorrow to all that you already have to bear. — Your letters and Fritz's (we only mentioned Hanna's letter in conversation, and said how sweetly she had written — I couldn't read it to her, after all) were her greatest joy at the last. Two days before her death she dictated a letter to me (very long and involved) to a lady who was to take over the task of getting packages to Fritz from her. — I hope that Gerda gets everything promptly (it is going by way of Freiburg-Breisgau, where Kurt Wolff's daughter is able to send things on to Neutershausen). But from now on we will probably have to send things to Düsseldorf, as Gerda appears to be planning to move. To you and Hanna and Hildchen we want to send so-called "Care" packages, that seems to be most practical just now. I hope you don't have to keep on suffering so much under the consequences of the war and the horrible Nazi time. We will help you as much as we can,

just be a little patient if we're not immediately successful. You know how Friedchen spoiled me in every way, and I will have to learn how to do a lot of things I had no idea about up to now. It is touching how the children help me with everything, and are as sweet as you could possibly imagine. The grandchildren are also touching — Ursula and Bethli especially, of course, on account of their ages, Jonny is a splendid boy — you would be delighted, and Susan Veronica is a treasure.

My beloved Otto, I am so happy for you that you have your dear Hanna and your little child — already a grown-up daughter! Be happy with each other. Would you be so kind as to give Gerda all my love, and also apologize for me for not writing her. What can I say to her without opening her wounds and mine. I hope to see you all again in the spring, God willing. Stay well, my good friend, and think of me with love as I do of you.

All the best and love to Hanna and Hildchen.

Your old Adolf

FROM BRUNO STRAUMANN¹

Basel

September 22, 1946

Esteemed Herr Professor,

Frau Lotte Busch called on us during her visit to Basel, and we asked her to tell you about Bruno's intentions. Frau Busch was kind enough to do so, and told us as much in a letter from the 20th of August. However in that letter there is the surprising sentence: "I told him right away that you could not afford the expenses of the trip and his stay."

Since in such matters I am responsible for Bruno, I beg you sincerely to forgive the misunderstanding lurking somewhere behind these lines. It is obvious that your work must be compensated from the start, just as it is obvious that the expenses of the journey and his stay there must be met. Only after these requirements are met had we talked of Bruno earning his living expenses, so far as is possible, when he is permitted to join the union after the statutory waiting period. Bruno has written himself, meanwhile, and perhaps you were able to deduce from his letter that he is in a potentially dangerous state of suspense. His academic study has been completed, his artistic work, however, which he was able to continue with Carl Flesch², was left somehow unfinished. He is now fully convinced that further work under your guidance would open up the greatest possibilities for him. Also we, his parents, feel that with this step we would be doing the best we can for his advancement. So I ask you, also for my wife: if external circumstances

¹ His son Bruno became a pupil of Adolf's in Vermont, and later joined the Busch Quartet as second violinist.

² Violinist and pedagogue, who had died in 1944.

permit, take our son on as a pupil for a while. We sincerely hope that he would prove worthy of such a favor. I feel that I can say without exaggeration that the attainment of this goal will be one of the greatest things that can happen to him both in his life and in his profession. If it turns out that I have actually promised too much, I would have to blame it on parental bias, which I fully admit to. However I trust I won't have to ask your forgiveness.

With this request, esteemed Herr Busch, please be assured of our warmest thanks and our unwavering admiration.

Sincere best wishes,
Bruno Straumann



In Akurerey, Iceland, October 1946. From left: two unidentified gentlemen, Rudolf Serkin, Björn Olafson, Irene Serkin, Ragnar Jonsson, and Adolf.

FROM HERMANN HESSE

October 9, 1946

Dear Herr Busch,

I received your sorrowful news at a moment when I was forced to visit a sanatorium because of extreme exhaustion and had to drop everything. I press your hand, and have summoned up the image of your wife as I once saw her for the first time, in Bern, in about 1913. I can imagine what you have lost in losing her.

Here everything lies in ruins, and one is content that one is old and has the



ADOLF BUSCH: *Aquarell / Watercolor*, 1946

Foto: Regina Touhey

prospect of soon saying farewell. My life's work has been turned to dust. From Germany come one day exaggerated honors and outpourings of sympathy, the next day heaps of frightful abuse. And with the victors I am not on good terms either; my sympathies have never lain with those blessed with power.

Please know that you have my regards and fond sympathy,

Your

Hesse

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Brattleboro, Vermont

October 12, 1946

My dear Otto,

We got back yesterday from Iceland, where I had been giving concerts with Rudi. We were away for 3 weeks, Irene was with us — the children had arranged it that way, so that we could be together. They wanted to make the beginning easy for me. We had a lovely time there — Irene enjoyed everything that had been meant for Frieda as well last year. As late as last Monday we had good news about the children, who were in the care of Gertrud Cloos, and we were looking forward to "coming home" when after a three-day delay we were able to fly back. When we arrived, however, we learned of a new and terrible misfortune that has befallen us. Susan Veronica died as the result of an accident. She had raised herself up in her crib, which was standing out in the yard, and lifted the cover, and her little head got caught between the cover and the crib. No one heard her crying, and apparently she died immediately. Poor Gertrud tried to revive her without success. The child is being buried today next to Frieda. You can imagine how we are feeling. Rudi and Irenchen are controlling themselves heroically on account of the other children, and I too am doing the best I can. I am writing you with only the greatest effort, as I know how you and your dear Hanna sympathize with us. It is difficult to believe in the "good Father above the starry tent" who abandoned the best of all men, his only-begotten son, in Gethsemane. I don't want to fall to pieces, and fortunately I have so much work that I wouldn't have time for it. What I really need is to see you — I thank you so much for your so nice, sorrowful letter, and also Hanna for her especially kind one — I will do all I can to get together with you both or at least you alone in the spring. If it can't be done any other way, I'll come to you. I hope I can arrange something for Switzerland. I am planning to play with my (newly organized) quartet the end of March in England, in the 2nd half of April and May in Switzerland and Italy (latter questionable), and in June to be in Iceland again, where I have very dear friends. That will be good for both of us, even if we only have a few evenings together. So, my beloved Otto, keep your chin up, just as I am trying to with the strength I have left. Music means

more to me than ever, though I suffer a lot from the fact that I can't play it for my beloved wife any longer, who had experienced so much with me. Dear Otto, don't have any gloomy and useless thoughts about how I might have done a number of things better in my life with Frieda. How lovely our life was despite all the burdens. How lovely too was her love for her family, and how she loved her Otto. You know that too, of course, even though I know it better.

Forgive the stupid letter, I can't find the right words, as there is so much to say.

Stay well, and be happy, I rejoice daily that you are not alone.

Your Adolf

TO WENDELGARD GRÜTERS¹

Brattleboro, Vermont

October 20, 1946

My dear Wendelgard,

I received your dear, good and so very long letter of 9. 22 a few days ago. It was very sweet of you to write me at such length, and I thank you sincerely for doing so. A nice letter from Gisela² also came — I will also write to her as soon as I have a little more time, for I am up to my neck in work — and that is good. If I didn't have so much to do I couldn't bear life at all. You have probably already heard from Uncle Otto what a terrible new misfortune has befallen us. Poor little Suschen accidentally died in her crib while we were away in Iceland. It is difficult to accept all of that and not to go mad trying to comprehend "the good Father above the starry tent." How many have tried to find explanations and some sense in what is destined for us miserable people by God or the gods or the Devil. One can understand, after all, that beloved people should be released from terrible illnesses through death — though one can wonder why such dreadful illnesses need to exist. But that a little child is born only to be snatched away by an accident like that — even before it has lived at all — that makes no sense to us. However I don't wish to make your heart heavier than it already is, thanks to all the difficult things you have experienced. Since we have to keep going, let us be courageous and not hang our heads. That is surely what you dear father would have said too, a man who was such a good friend to me through a long lifetime, and also Aunt Frieda, who always admonished me to bravely keep on living. Your letters, yours and Gisela's, did me a lot of good, along with all the other kindnesses I have experienced from friends and relatives in these difficult months. —

I was delighted that you wrote to me about your violin playing, and I wish




¹ His brother-in-law Fritz's younger daughter.

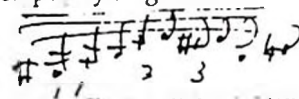
² Her older sister.

I could sometime see and hear just how you are doing, and if necessary help you out (from my many years of experience! 51 years!!, counting from my first concert). In reality, fiddling is often much simpler than one would think, and if you have difficulties, it is probably because you are doing something wrong. I would most of all love to give you a violin lesson on paper, but I don't have the time. I will tell you, though, that for the left hand the most important thing is to pay attention to the position of the thumb (the function of which is nearly as important as that of any of the other 4 fingers. Make sure that you understand that most violinists are in a muddle because of confusion about positions. One speaks of 3rd position, for example, when one begins a C-sharp major with the 1st finger on the G string

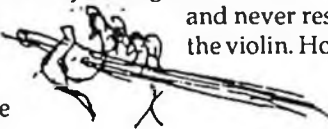
etc. But what about the enharmonic substitution?



It seems logical that the position of the hand and the thumb in relation to the 4 fingers ought to be the same — but suddenly they call this 4th position! It follows, then, that you don't just slide up the C-major position for C-sharp major ("3rd position"), or slide down from the D-major ("4th position") for D-flat major! (with the thumb staying in either the C-major position or in D-major respectively!), but rather you have to shift a "half-position" with the whole hand and always have the thumb opposite the 1st finger. In this way, A-flat major (always from the point of view of the G string) means that the 1st finger on  needs to be half a position lower than in A-major, B-flat major  lower than B-major etc. (Obviously this applies always to the  key, and not for a single note.) This means that one has to use the position in which one can reach most of the notes, and one can and must stretch for a temporary single note.

For example, a passage  would really be in 1st position.

I am probably being excessively fussy in even talking about all this. — When you change from one position to another, do it boldly, and don't "fish" for the next one. Change with your whole hand, and with the thumb always in the correct relation to the last fingers!, that is the thumb opposite the 1st finger. Another thing: keep your thumb curved (like your right-hand one — at least when you are playing at the frog), and never rest the hand, the ball of it, against the body of back, even in the don't have to change to higher positions.



"1st position," that you anything on your way In the 1st position the

thumb ought to peek slightly over the finger board of the neck of the violin, in extending up into higher positions it naturally comes to stand lower and lower, and finally under the neck. I recommend that you keep practicing scales in the 1st position (always begin on the G string, using the 4th finger instead of the open strings), also broken chords (following Sevcik's example or Karl Flesch's scale studies), watch to see that the hand is relaxed, that is to say don't change your hand whether you are playing on the G string or the E. The fingers have to perform correctly if you always hold your hand away from the body of the violin like so



Perhaps in this way (on account of the stretching) you will be forced to stretch the 4th finger (that is place it down flat), that doesn't matter, for in that position with a curved thumb the fingers have a lot of strength (and the 4th one enough even if it is stretched). A stiffness in the thumb at the beginning (pressure on the neck of the violin even underneath the 1st finger) will pass, so long as you work on relaxing your thumb all the time (without losing the curve). My dear child, that ought to be enough for a start. If you would like to ask anything, please write me. In any case, I am hoping to see you all in the spring (March or April). Only I don't yet know how I can arrange that. Give my fondest greetings to your dear mother. I hope this letter reaches you in Neutershausen (I suspect you are already in Düsseldorf).

All the best from Irene and Rudi as well, and a nice kiss for you from your
Uncle Adolf

Please send me your addresses, so that I can send more packages. I had stopped the shipments, as I didn't know where you were.

FROM HANS CLOOS¹

Bonn

November 3, 1946

My dear Adolf,

The ban on writing to the USA was lifted some six months ago. Then a few weeks back another obstacle standing in the way of a letter to you was removed: Gertrud wrote me in such an unambiguously loving fashion that I am now sitting down on a lovely Sunday morning to write you a few words

¹ Adolf's brother-in-law, a professor of geology at the University of Bonn.

and to give you a warm and heartfelt handshake. At this point there is not much more one can do: there is so much to say that one could never get it all in a letter, no matter how long, and so I prefer to make do with a letter to you that ignores all of the horror that has happened and that, fortunately, I hardly think about anymore. A few thousand kilometers lie between us, and what is more, borders that can't be crossed; some 10 or 15 years lie between us as well, in which we have not seen each other. But in such solemn hours as those you recently experienced, space and time fall away, and it is doubtless by no means exaggerated to say that we were with you all completely and with all our hearts, even before we were in direct contact with you by means of technology.

The older you get, the more clearly you see that things and relationships may change, but that in the brief decades that are given him a man stays absolutely the same, and nothing about him changes, nothing at all, no matter where he lives on this relatively small earth or what kinds of things and tasks he tests his strength against and wearies himself over. And so I feel that despite all of the years we too would immediately get along again!

A few days ago there was a small sample of that: Elly Ney was here, and played Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, etc. with the young cellist Hölscher². All with only the family present, as that's all we had room for, and at the same time there was ample opportunity for some civilized conversation. Now I recognize that E. N. is by no means the proper link between us and all of you, but for a few hours and in specific moments in the conversation the "good old days" were nevertheless revived in a reassuring and vivid way. It was the music, its ability to bridge across all times and distances, that cheered us all and lifted us out of the frightful present — at least for a few festive hours! I quickly became friends with young Hölscher, who thinks enormously highly of you, and so we all parted confidently hopeful of a rebirth of the time in which good German art and human understanding stood for something in a country that then forgot itself and went astray in an unimaginable swirl of confusion and mistakes.

You have heard from Otto and Gertrud how we ourselves are doing. For twelve years I did the many useful things that one could do with a certain amount of courage and influence in the "inner emigration," and have emerged into the new times with a good conscience and also been rewarded, not least by a number of fantastic meetings with people who came over the wall and shook my hand. Now one does what one can to have a continuing influence, but it is almost more difficult than before, just as it always was easier to fight against quite obvious and unquestionable opponents in the opposition than to steer toward some sort of nebulous goals — not to mention the profound and terrifying disappointments currently experienced by all of those who cannot carry on on their own, and who were left

² Ludwig Hölscher.

with none of the assistance they had counted on and that they had a moral and political claim to! Yet even among these there are individual souls who are capable of seeing beyond the cheap everyday slogans and make up for the others' lack of awareness.

And beyond that one functions in accordance with Wilhelm Raabe's prayer: "Give us this day our daily self-delusion!" I write books (that even get published) and attempt to awaken or preserve the idea in the minds of a couple of dozen young and competent men that geology is something uncommonly important, which will open up the world and the future to them. With music you have it easier: it is truly the best thing (and available without rationing) that can be given to people at the moment, and if all of those who bear responsibility (and those who don't) could only be given a hefty injection of Bach or Brahms or Beethoven every few weeks, the world would be put to rights overnight!

And so I would actually like to close with a request to you and for all of us: that despite all of the sorrow you continue to have the strength and the desire to give generously of this most precious commodity for a long time yet. You have a mission as never before, and one that only a very few can fulfill just now! Stay healthy and in good spirits, and preserve yourself for us and for this whole starving and miserable world!

Sincerely, your old

Hans Cloos

[Appended by his wife Frieda²:] Dear Adolf! It has taken from the date of this letter until today (Nov. 12) for me to be able to tell you what I am thinking and feeling; and still I can't do it. So I only say: Yours sincerely,

Frieda

FROM ALBERT EINSTEIN

[Princeton]

November 21, 1946

Dear Herr Busch!

If the Devil weren't forcing me to stay in bed, I would have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing you again after such a long time. I feel especially eager to, as you have experienced sorrow in the meantime, and because I continually hear how in your goodness you do the right thing quite unobtrusively and as a matter of course.

Sincere best wishes to you both and your dear ones,

Your

A. Einstein

² Frieda Cloos was Hugo Grüters's widow. She married Hans Cloos after he was divorced from Hugo's sister Elli.

TO IRENE SERKIN

Cleveland, Ohio
December 4, 1946

Dearest Irenchen,

How sweet of you to write me. A thousand thanks for such a nice letter, thanks to which I now know how you are all doing. Now you have your big boy with you, after all, who can tell you how things went with us. I am doing fine here. Today there was lots of work. Practiced with Hermann first thing this morning. Then with the assistant conductor (very wobbly and un-rhythmical and without feeling) a piano rehearsal — all in the concert hall (while Georg was already having an orchestra rehearsal), then had lunch in Georg's studio (sandwiches and coffee brought from home — very good), lay down on a sofa for fifteen minutes — at 2:00 the second rehearsal began, I listened to two movements of Sibelius's third symphony, the second movement of which I really enjoyed (though there too some of it was pretty rotten — still there is a nice spirit in it) — at 3:00 rehearsal with the orchestra, which is very good — I was really delighted, Georg Szell was very good, a bit ponderous and stiff at times, Hermann somewhat nervous at the start (I too, until we had gotten used to the accoustics and had reached agreement with Georg about the tempo), afterward very good. Orch. extremely enthusiastic. Sat around a while "at home," practiced another hour before dinner, then had a very nice dinner, Lene¹ an excellent cook, even Georg was satisfied. Then talked shop with G. until he left with Lene for the Koussevitzky concert and a reception afterward. I begged off of the concert and hadn't been invited for afterward, so practiced again until 10:30. Which can't do any harm. Hermanns also have friends here that they are staying with. Now I'm going to bed, and hope that I can sleep. Winnie is coming tomorrow morning. We have a rehearsal with the orchestra at noon. Before that Hermann and I will practice together. I want to phone you on Friday. So you will get this letter after we have talked on the telephone. But you ought to have it in writing that I love you more than anything and am constantly thinking of you and your whole family. Greetings and kisses to the children, and be happy with the best of all men, your Rudi.

Stay well, dear Schatz. Your Papi, father, and grandfather kisses you tenderly.

¹ Mrs. Georg Szell.

TO ELISABETH BONDY¹[New York]
January 3, 1947

My very dear Frau Bondy,

I cannot go to bed without telling you once again how happy you made us today. It is so incredibly lovely to have become the owner of this wonderful manuscript, thanks to your infinite kindness, that there are no words to express my gratitude. I would be happy if I could express that gratitude through my music, and hope that there will soon be an opportunity to give you a little pleasure as well in that way. The nicest thing, of course, would be if my quartet and some colleagues could properly play for you the marvelous work you have given me in manuscript. I will get in touch with you in February — after I finish my tour.

Stay well, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for the most wonderful gift I ever received, one that will give me joy as long as I live.

With all best wishes, I am

Your most devoted, eternally grateful
Adolf Busch

TO IRENE SERKIN

London
April 2, 1947

My dearest Child,

Now you beat me at writing after all. A thousand thanks for your nice letter and the little address book. What a lot of work. I hadn't meant for you to do all that. — We are working hard — the quartet arrived a day late. Bad crossing. My trip was very nice. But it took too long for me. It still takes 24 hours all told. For 2 days I practiced for myself. Have seen our friends: Gombrichs (the parents) were both there when I got to the flat. One of my bags (the new one from Winnie) had disappeared — on arrival, I had to buy all sorts of things until it was brought to me 2 days later. Life is very expensive here for what one has or doesn't have. But you don't starve. I sometimes feel as though I were in Karlsbad, and I do think I will lose a few pounds. After eating in a restaurant I still cut myself a slice of salami or a piece of cheese — or (like tonight) both, and then I'm fine. I also hope that my stomach "shrinks" a little — the English have already developed something other than a stomach, I guess — that way it will doubtless be possible for

¹ Adolf and Rudolf Serkin had been invited to tea by this lady whom they did not know. Afterward, she led them both over to the piano and asked them to each choose one from the roughly twenty manuscripts lying there, including works by Mozart, Haydn, etc. Adolf was given the Brahms Sextet op. 36.

them to stay alive for a while even without provisions. This noon I was invited to lunch by 2B.B.C. people — *veryswanky*, but I still got a headache from hunger after half an hour. But also I had to talk all the time. They wanted to know whether I could present the Brandenburgs and other such things here, and how. When I told them that I had always dreamed of performing a Bach cantata every Sunday on some radio station in the world, they immediately said: "*it's a deal, you can do it here.*" They were perfectly serious, and I was speechless. I could say yes tomorrow. What do you say to that? However I think that would mean I would have to live here! The city is as beautiful as always — despite the incredible destruction the Nazis caused. It is really overwhelming to see real architecture again. — The people are unchanged, and to a person like me it seems as though time has stood still. That was especially the case when we were at Hill's¹ today. The same salespeople in the shop, who already appeared to be 90 ten years ago. They're still 90. Alfred Hill has died, I think he was the last Hill. Mr. Phillips, who once fixed my Strad very nicely with a new bridge and sound-post, is now Mr. Phillips-Hill, and is the one in charge, and it is now the same honor to be greeted by him as it used to be by the Hills. He was very kind, and all three of them from the quartet immediately bought bows. Gottesmann got an especially beautiful viola bow, and is ecstatic. They properly admired the "Piatti,"² also Bärbel's violin³. I didn't have mine with me, as I had just come from the meeting.

We are staying in a flat (on two floors), Hermann and I on the same floor. Can practice as much as we like. Each has his own bedroom — icy cold — and on each floor there is a living room and bathroom (even colder). In every room (except the baths) there is a gas meter that you put a shilling in (for roughly 8 hours it then heats the room up to six feet away). It has rained continually, yesterday it let up for a couple of hours, everything is "damp," but since the weather isn't changing, the instruments are perfectly content. At least so far. We have a lot to do, every day a concert. Tomorrow we hope to get the music for the Bridge qu., which we have to play next week, and the two new members don't know at all, while Hermann and I have forgotten it. In addition to the elder Gombrichs I have seen Dea and her youngest, which was being nursed in the smallest of rooms in the British Museum⁴, since it was possible to make a coal fire there. Yesterday I was at Maltschi's, who has a delightful child (splendid looking, with bright red, fat cheeks). Hugo Buchthal⁵ is a very nice person. I immediately liked him a great deal. Ernst Gombrich has been here twice already, the same good, clever fellow, with a

¹ Violin shop in London.

² Hermann was playing a Stradivarius cello lent him by Francesco von Mendelssohn.

³ Ernst Drucker played Barbara Kempner's Stradivarius.

⁴ Amadea Gombrich had married Sir John Forsdyke, the director of the British Museum.

⁵ Rudolf Serkin's sister Amalie ("Maltschi") was married to the art historian Hugo Buchthal. The child was their daughter Anna.

huge skull, and for his age as awkward as a seal out of water. Lucy Schuster⁶ also stopped by once — unchanged. Peggy⁷ sent a welcoming telegram, we will see her here at our concerts. — Karl Gombrich doesn't hear well, and therefore appears to be absentminded, which he may well be in fact. Leonie has great difficulty walking. However both are looking as well as or even better than before. Leonie is very successful as a teacher. Karl has nothing to do, and that is difficult, of course.

So, my dear, now you know most everything, and I will stop so that I can go to bed and get my feet warm (if I can succeed in doing so). I think of you constantly, and the children (to whom I will send a few postcards as soon as I can). I am happy that Rudi is with you for Easter. I am too in my thoughts. Hermann is the dear, good brother you have always known him to be, and having him here is good for me. I am still very lonely, however, as you can imagine. But that too is good for me, and perhaps this way I'll come to terms with myself faster than I would in New York. Stay well, my dearest, and a thousand thanks for your love, your touching attentiveness, etc. etc. I embrace you and kiss you. All the very best to you both, you and Rudi, my best friend. Kiss the children, and a special kiss for my beloved Urselchen. Is Johnny practicing? I won't ask you, as I know you do when you can.

Greetings to Hedwuzka⁸ — the neighbors⁹ and Mabel and Westie¹⁰. — How is the little Christmas tree? I mean "O Tannenbaum"?¹¹ A thousand kisses, my dearest, from

Your father

TO IRENE SERKIN

London
April 3, 1947

Dearest Schatz,

I forgot the main thing in my letter. Namely that I have discussed the concerts for Rudi and me here for England and Switzerland with Ibbs and Tillet¹ (that is to say with Frances² and Mrs. Tillet). To save time, we arranged things as you and I had discussed. Rudi will be in England the beginning of October, and around the middle of the month I join him (coming from

⁶ Lady Schuster had traveled with Adolf's European chamber orchestra.

⁷ Peggy Pearce.

⁸ Hedwig Vischer.

⁹ Louie und Edith Quinn.

¹⁰ Mabel und Aurelius Jefferson West, the Serkins' household help.

¹¹ Irene Serkin was pregnant, and one of the children had complained that it was as hard waiting for the new baby as it was for Christmas, and for that reason was calling the expected sibling (Peter Adolf) "O Tannenbaum."

¹ Concert agents.

² Frances Dakyns.

Switzerland, where I will have been since the beginning of Oct.) for some concerts together, and then Rudi goes to Switzerland, while I have solos in England and Scandinavia (possibly Holland). I will let Schulthess³ know all of this today or tomorrow. The first concert for Rudi is on October 1 (Manchester). He then plays immediately four times in a row with Barbirolli, and I have accepted for him and hope Rudi agrees, he is getting the highest fee they pay for that kind of orchestra concerts. Then he plays with the B.B.C., and in all likelihood a concert with the Philharmonic Orch. (with Beecham) can also be squeezed in. Beecham did want to have Rudi, it is only the question of time. Rudi also has recitals, and I suggested that he give a recital in Albert Hall — which the really great people do. (That would be on one's own account, but is by no means a risk, and in my opinion more proper, with the appropriate program, than Wigmore Hall.) — I will cover any possible expenses!! Sponsor and backer!! — I then get the same concerts, except for the recital in Albert Hall, when I arrive. At the B.B.C. they want 6 sonata concerts, but I reduced it to 3, as I can only be in England after Oct. 13 (little enough time for Switzerland). We will be playing all the Beethoven sonatas. I think I did everything right, given the requests received so far. If we had more time, everything would be easier, and we wouldn't have to sit around. But since we have to be back (mid Nov.), it is hard to be sure not to lose the right concerts. —

I am in a hurry, my dearest, but wanted to let you know all this. My colleagues are already arriving for the last rehearsal of the "7 Words."⁴

Stay well, my dear, best Irenchen. Kisses to the children. Greetings to Hedwig. All love to Rudi.

Your Paps

TO IRENE SERKIN

Moreton in Marsh, Gloucestershire

April 13, 1947

Dear Irenchen,

I am here for the weekend at Peggylein's with the quartet, Frances, and Frau Gottesmann¹. It is sinfully pleasant here, and unfortunately we have to go back tomorrow morning to London, where we have the B.B.C. again tomorrow night (Frank Bridge and Beethoven E-flat major op. 127). "Bridge" is still a little shaky, and could collapse if we didn't put some more practice in on it today. — We had a lot to do last week; Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday concerts for the B.B.C. Now this week 3 more, and then our own Chelsea concerts begin (6). In between, I have three solo perfor-

³ Walter Schulthess, his Swiss agent.

⁴ Haydn's "Seven Last Words."

¹ Lea Gottesmann.

mances. So there isn't much time to write. Thank you, my dear Irenchen, for all your nice letters. I hope everything is going all right for you all — I am fine, at least on the outside. Dear child, please do me a favor and have Fräulein Tolentino² send Peggy a package with — above all — rice, which isn't available. (Not the wild rice.) Also one or 2 cans with bacon, 1 with Spry or grease, 1 butter (like you sent with me), and please use my money for it. Peggy is sweet as always, unfortunately I don't see much of her, as we have to work. Yesterday we drove for 2 hours around the vicinity, which is wonderfully beautiful. I was especially delighted with the uniquely beautiful old houses in the little villages, that were built in the 14th or 15th century. Very few new buildings, which are also in the old style and copies of ones that had stood there before. The same stone throughout, a soft, yellowish variety, often with round or rounded walls of the same material, which sometimes become a part of the house.

I have to stop so we can rehearse. Stay well, Schatz, greetings to the children, many kisses to all of them, and to you especially all love from your lonesome father. I miss you all terribly. All my love to Rudi,
Paps

TO RUDOLF SERKIN

London
April 19, 1947

My dear Rudi,

A thousand thanks for your nice letter. I have very little time, and for that reason I haven't written to Irenchen more frequently. You will understand. We have concerts one day after the next. Today we made some recordings as well: the A-minor Brahms. I think it went very well. The test recordings were played back to us and we all liked them a lot. Drucker told the technician that he thought they sounded better than we had actually played. A compliment that made him blush. Gaisberg was there (though we were playing for Columbia), also Fowler¹ showed up. They send their very best. Everything was the same as always, even the clanking in the radiators. — We still think, Frances, Ibbs and Tillett, and I (and others), that it would be better if you were to once play in Albert Hall (recital). It is exactly the same situation now as it is in New York with Carnegie and Town Hall. You are too "famous" for Wigmore. Later you can do as you wish. I understand you perfectly, but think it over again before you definitely say no. — I have a lot of business correspondence and am desperately trying to find some time for my own practicing — in addition to the great amount of quartet playing. So my time is very limited. I think of you both a lot — constantly — and long to get back.

² A secretary.

¹ Both gentlemen from His Master's Voice.

— We have had some charming evenings — with excellent and huge amounts of food — with Maltschi and her dear husband. They also came to all of the B.B.C. concerts. Stay well, my dear boy. Kiss Irene and the three sweet children from me. I have finally written once to all of them. Twice to Ursula. All best to you from your old

Adolf

Winnie will be back on Tuesday. Call her sometime — if the teleph. strike is over — and tell her that I am doing fine (so far) and that I think of her lovingly. Again all my love. Hermann sends fondest greetings.

TO IRENE SERKIN

London

April 27, 1947

My dear Irenchen,

Yesterday I got two nice letters from you (and Bethli's sweet one in which she writes that she is saving up love for me!), after not hearing a thing for a week. I was already anxious and in a very bad mood. That's how much you have spoiled me!! The first few weeks I had a letter from you on my breakfast table almost every day. This is now the last that you will hear from me for a long time. Starting tomorrow it gets to be completely crazy. Six concerts in 5 days. Tomorrow quartet (C-sharp minor and F-major op. 59), afternoon rehearsal at 4:00 with Bould¹ for Beethoven. Tuesday morning rehearsal of Brahms with Beecham and concert that evening. Wednesday morning quartet rehearsal (3 Beethoven), afternoon at 4:00 balance test for Beethoven, evening B.B.C. concert with Bould and afterward the 3 quartets. On the next day the Beethoven concerto again. On Friday the last quartet concert here (with party afterward in our flat), Saturday morning we listen to the recordings (Brahms A-minor), afternoon we drive to Oxford. I am staying with the Gombrichs, and plan to spend a restful evening with them. Sunday afternoon concert in Oxford, party at Denekes, special music for Dr. Walker², who is no longer able to leave his house. Monday Birmingham, Tuesday Bristol (a school concert with the Beethoven C op. 59 then regular concert in the evening). On Wednesday departure for Switzerland. At Bene's after Thursday. I'll be happy when I've made it that far! As you see, I don't have much free time. For I've to practice, after all. — Your descriptions: the weather, losing electricity, oil shortage, Johnny's accident³, were very up-

¹ The conductor Sir Adrian Boult.

² Composer and friend of Tovey's and the Denekes'.

³ During a fierce storm in Vermont the electricity had gone out and so there was no heat. The family had to stay in the living room close to the fireplace for two days and nights. John had crawled under the piano, and when he came out again he struck his temple on the edge of it and began to bleed profusely. Fortunately Hedwig Vischer was there, a trained doctor, for it would have been impossible to get him to the hospital.

setting, good that everything turned out all right. — Apologize to the children for me for not writing, especially to Bethli, who wrote me so sweetly once again. I just can't. I am happy that Rudi is finished with his concerts and you are together. — If only I were there too! Stay well, my dearest children and grandchildren. A thousand kisses to you from your
Papi Adölfchen

TO IRENE SERKIN

London
April 30, 1947

My dear Schatz,

So that you can see how beautifully I played ("*first postwar appearance in England*"), I am sending you the reviews! Beecham is comical, he sometimes misses the beat, and I had to follow him in order to avoid an accident, but somehow he exudes a comfortable atmosphere, and is also quite spirited and rhythmical. However I feel he doesn't know the piece very well. Orch. was good (not "*inspiring*," and sometimes too thin and sometimes too loud). My fingers were in good shape, also my nerves, and I was altogether "*in form*." Albert Hall is immense, but I thought the violin sounded very nice — It loves big spaces after all. — Now I have a rehearsal (the second one) for Beethoven (at 4:00), concert at 8:00, then at 9:30 the 3 quartets (F-minor and B-flat major op. 18, E-flat major op. 127). For that reason only fondest greetings, most loving kisses. Thanks for the nice pictures that came yesterday, from the two daughters. I am happy with you that you have Rudi there. All love to all of you from your Paps and from

Opapa Busch-Serkin

TO IRENE SERKIN

Basel
May 12, 1947

Dearest,

Only a few words! I can't bring myself to write a "proper" letter (aside from the fact that I still don't have any time). You can imagine that it isn't easy for me here without Mamilein. Our friends are touchingly sweet and everything is like it used to be, but that makes it harder for me. Luckily the reunion with Pelle, Volkmar, Marianne, Ruth¹ was perfectly pleasant. Volkmar had come from Zurich with Lily Reiff — the latter on two canes — otherwise the same old Lily (the same old absent-minded Lily!), and the children for the Red Cross concert. My reception was so tremendous that I was overwhelmed, and was close to tears. I pulled myself together (as usual),

¹ Marianne and Ruth Andreae, Volkmar's daughters.

but the first movement of the Brahms still suffered under the upset I was feeling. It was much easier in London. The orchestra was good, Münch has no rhythm and little directing technique, but was lovingly involved. The hall pleasantly small, but terribly hot and no air conditioning, while the dressing room and the green room were ice cold. That wasn't particularly good for the violin, and only made it more difficult for me until it (and I) had adjusted to it. Now I have to leave for Bern; tomorrow, the 13th (our wedding anniversary!), back in Basel. 14th Zurich, 15th free (in Basel), 17th Geneva, 18th already a concert in Milan. We are leaving Geneva at 7:00 in the morning, arrive at 4:00 or 5:00, and then play immediately. (Because there are difficulties with the hall). Stay well, my dear ones. Please give my specially fond greetings to Ottocaro and Tenci², I have thought of them often and hope to be able to write them soon. But the concerts and work are really crazy.

A thousand kisses, dearest Irenchen, and hugs for the dear children. Everybody has been wishing you were here. Looking forward to Rudi in September.

Your (loving) Paps

TO HETTIE HEINEMAN

Basel
May 26, 1947

Dearest Hettie,

I hear from Winnie that you are back from your convalescent "leave," and are planning to go to Kiwatin Farm. I hope you are doing well, and also hope that you don't work too hard at the farm. I have thought of you often, even though you have no written proof of it, and I always worry that you take on too much. So be reasonable (and also don't smoke!, I have just given it up again, that gives me the right to preach to you!). But now enough of that. Too bad that Dannie is only coming to Europe now, just when we have to go to Iceland (that's not really a part of Europe). I would have liked to see him, mainly so as to hear about you.

We have had a lot of beautiful and successful concerts in England, Switzerland, and (2) in Italy (Milan). You will possibly have heard about them. It has been a particularly trying and upsetting time for me. The reunion with my friends, after all that has happened in the meantime, and also "standing" on the stage before the old audience, which applauds me so much that it requires special effort (inner effort) to play well. Thank God it has always gone well, and the people applaud us and me even after we've played. Still 3 concerts here, and then we are off to Iceland (for a month), and leave for "home" on June 28. I am looking forward to seeing my children and

² Ottocaro and Hortense („Tenci“) Weiss, New York friends, formerly from Trieste, who helped to care for Frieda in her last illness.

grandchildren and looking up my dear friends in beautiful America. Europe is a poor country and truly pitiful. Switzerland unnaturally beautiful and untouched, at least superficially.

All love to you, fond greetings to Etna¹ and your big children,
Your Adolf

TO OTTOCARO AND TENCI WEISS

Basel
May 27, 1947

Dear Tenci, dear Ottokar,

What must you think of me for never writing to you! I have thought of you a great deal, but that is as far as I have gotten up to now, as I've truly hardly had a minute to myself. The last few days have been somewhat more peaceful, as we came back from Milan 2 days earlier than we had expected to. We played last week, no, on the 16th, in Geneva, and then had to play already at 5:30 the next afternoon in Milan. That meant that I only saw Carlo¹ for a moment in Geneva, for we still had to catch the train to Lausanne after the concert. He looked very well, that much I was able to determine, and he seemed to have enjoyed the concert. Once I got here, I had some time for all my friends, but also had to go to Riehen to take care of things there. I had to decide which of our furnishings are to be shipped to New York or Brattleboro. The houses are now finally sold. All of that makes for a lot of work, takes time, and is moreover a sorrowful business. The houses and the lovely garden without Frieda, who had arranged everything so wonderfully in the houses and had planted the garden so splendidly that it was really overwhelmingly beautiful — that really took a lot out of me. But now that too is over, as is the reunion with all my friends, the first concert with an audience that applauded me for minutes and presented me after I had played with the most tremendous and moving ovation one could ever experience — the walking around on streets I had always been on with Frieda etc. In a few days I leave (via London to Iceland), have only three more concerts, and I am really happy about that, as it is almost too much, even for a strong man — and I am at the end of my strength. One thing still to do here is to see Frieda's brother² (the last Grütters) and my own brother³ day after tomorrow. It was only with the greatest of difficulty that I was able to get a border pass for the two of them for one day. Everything is all the more tiring and upsetting, as I simply always have work, have to practice, have quartet rehearsals and such, have to play music at the homes of friends, etc. You will have heard

¹ Edna Hirshinger, a close friend of Hettie's.

² Carlo Weiss, the couple's oldest son.

³ Otto Grütters.

⁴ Willi Busch.

about our work and especially mine in England. Now comes Iceland with a month of music, and then I can finally relax and find time for myself.

Forgive me for writing so much about me, but it is meant to explain why you haven't yet heard anything from me directly. Irenchen sent me weeks ago your letters to her, dear Ottocaro, regarding the quartet plans, and I haven't answered. I still don't know anything. I only know that everything is in the best of hands with you, and do everything that you and other friends think is right. Rudi is also there for advice. The one Town Hall concert with the quartet is wonderful. I cannot tell you how much I am looking forward to seeing you — and it is time that I "come home."

What is Piero⁴ up to? Is he working hard? I would be delighted if you would write me in Iceland sometime. Hotel Borg, Reykjavik, Iceland. There was much too little about you in the Thannhauser⁵ party letter.

Stay well, you dear, good friends, greetings to the parents and Piero from your grateful

Adolf

TO RUDOLF AND IRENE SERKIN

Reykjavik
June 3, 1947

Dearest Children,

I received your letter about buying the apartment¹ last night, on the 2nd of June: that was anyhow too late for a reply — even so, I sent you a telegram today assuring you that I am in agreement about the purchase. We can't lose anything, after all, I mean: we are not risking anything. Still, it is a nuisance that a person is forced in to such a thing. I am wondering whether I shouldn't stop the shipment of furniture and move the pied-à-terre for you and me from New York to Switzerland. I did regret the move from 49 East 96th to Park Avenue, and the work, or at least the upset having to do with the surrender of the rooms in Riehen! —

We got here yesterday, as you know from Ragnar's telegram. He did not wire you altogether correctly, I am *rather damaged*, I am more exhausted physically than ever before. Feel well enough, but can hardly lift a leg I am so tired. It was incredibly exhausting, especially after Zurich with Scherchen. A fast drive to Basel with Oertli so as to catch the night train from Basel to Calais. You have to be at customs an hour before. At 8:00 the Brahms double concerto (very nicely by Hermann and me, less so by Scherchen and the

⁴ Piero Weiss, a younger son.

⁵ Justin and Käthe Thannhauser, art dealers in New York.

¹ The Serkins had rented their New York apartment at 850 Park Avenue for years, but now it was going "co-op." Adolf, who had previously lived at 49 East 96th Street, was to use it until he could make more permanent plans.

orch.) until 8:37 — then came the Beeth. viol. concerto until 9:25. Got into the car, soaked, at 9:30. With 8 people in the compartment to Calais (2nd class), later they put on a 2nd car to Calais (from Thionville), and I changed into 1st, where there were eventually 6 people. Without food and drink (not even drinking water until I got to the Calais-Dover ferry the next afternoon at 3:00 or 4:00), that night in London. Next morning a 10-hour drive to Prestwick Aerodrome Hotel, without sleep on account of the noise, then however a good flight here. Two hours of sleep yesterday afternoon refreshed me a little. But on the trip with the 8 people I was sick as a dog (for a half an hour without throwing up) from exhaustion, bad air, and thirst. That's how things are in Europe. But sometimes it is better, I admit. Once there, in Iceland or Switzerland or even in England, then everything is fine. But getting there (when they don't have any airports) isn't easy. I am writing all of this so that you can see how hard it is for me to make "plans." If I had enough and the right things to do in America, it would be more pleasant for me to do my traveling there, even considering my advanced age. Concertizing is of course more pleasurable for me in Europe, the audiences here truly feel what it's all about. And in America it will be necessary to bring them up to this point (which also has its appeal). Whether the next years (left for me) will bring an improvement in the situation in Europe I cannot know. (Traveling from one country to another was always gruesome, but now it is worse.) In any case, I know that I cannot impose a life like this and these exertions on X. However without a wife I can hardly stand it and undergo these exertions. With Friedchen everything was easy, when all is said and done — I mean: when she was alive and with me, major exertions were quickly overcome. I have tried to make this somewhat clear to X. (in English). But she doesn't understand it (and doubtless can't really understand it). She feels (rightly) that the first thing is for me to know whether I really need her, whether I love her so much that I can't "live" without her. I did love that way once (and sadly I didn't worry enough about whether the life that Frieda shared with me wasn't too hard and strenuous for her). But I could also expect more from Frieda (who had grown up extremely simply and without any kind of luxury) than I could of X. You understand that automatically. X., however, does not comprehend how essential it is for me to have my wife with me always. She also feels that it is now time for me to lead a more restful life, and I know how she would lovingly set about doing all she can, without question, to — let's say — make a home for me in America where I can devote myself to my own work. She has even suggested as much, quite sweetly, in her good letters. However I feel that my playing in public (at least in Europe) still makes sense, and that here (in Europe) it is also important. Besides, since Frieda's death I haven't felt the slightest urge to do any composing. Whether or not that will change, I cannot know. I have the feeling that something has broken inside me — who knows whether this wound will one day heal. But I also have no desire to lead a "good" life at the expense of a well-to-do woman

— my wife (and to wait to see whether something comes to me that is worth being written down). Anyway, I have the feeling that I can compose better in Europe than in lovely America. (That's something else X. wouldn't understand, but there is some truth in it, sad as that is.) The end result of all this is that I don't want to marry, no matter how much I need a wife. But it could only be a woman who was capable of living my life. And incidentally that would mean she would have to be strong and robust, a younger woman. You can see how difficult all of this is for me, and the most difficult thing is to make it clear to X. that these are the reasons preventing me from binding myself to her for the rest of my days. I won't say anything about other difficulties, because I trust that in time I will come to terms with a lot of the confusion I feel inside. —

I had really intended to write you about a plan for the summer, and this is what came out. Very briefly, I only want to say how I am picturing it, approximately, so that you know what to expect. We fly back on the 28th, if Hermanns are at your place in Guilford, I could be in New York (giving lessons) until the baby comes, then I would like to be with you (as long as possible!) — Bruno Straumann can surely be put up someplace nearby — I could then be with X. for a few weeks at B.'s (she wrote that I would be welcome), and come back to you in Guilford until I had to go back to New York for lessons and rehearsals etc. On the 20th of September we already have the concerts in Switzerland. It is not yet altogether certain about Björn Olafson³. He is (as an Icclander) afraid of the hot summer, and I will find out one of these days whether or not he couldn't wait (with some help here) until next year, when there would perhaps be more time (than these 2 1/2 months). He could possibly have the lessons in England between March and the end of June (if anything comes of the plan with the B.B.C.).

So stay well, you dearest people, and thank you for your patience. I admire you, dearest Irenchen, absolutely, for still practicing your violin (I find 22 Kreutzers overwhelming in your expectant condition!). Thanks to the children for their nice letters. How did it turn out with the girl who got away with part of the car? I was really frightened. Ursula is getting the jewelry box from me for her birthday (if that is all right with you). But it is only coming with the rest of the things. It is the one decorated with the semi-precious stones (from Kurt Wolff's estate!) that I once gave to Frieda. We'll have to find a lock for it. I have not forgotten my "date" with Ursulchen, and if necessary will make a special trip up to Guilford for the weekend (so that she won't have to wait too long for me). If X. is there with you or you see her in New York, feel free to translate this letter for her into good English (those parts relating to her and me). She has misunderstood a number of things (harmless ones,

³ The concertmaster in Reykjavik, who wished to study with Adolf. He did come to Vermont, where he lived with Bruno Straumann at the home of friends not far from the Serkins'.

thank God) in my letters (thanks to my inadequate English), and your assistance may do some good and would be a help to me.

A thousand kisses, my dearests!

Your Paps and Opapa

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Guilford, Vermont

July 31, 1947

Dear Otto,

Thanks for you last two letters — your birthday letter arrived day before yesterday. I believe Lotte Busch has written you from here — so you know about my illness¹ and the auto accident². I have recovered from the latter, also my fall in the bathroom (when I collapsed from general weakness while standing on one leg to pull on my pants) has been forgotten except for a slight weakness in my knee. So now all that's left are the fingers, which are still pretty terrible (as you will also see from my writing). Also for the moment I can only walk very slowly, and no stairs as yet, but it is getting better every day, I'm even walking without a cane most of the time, and for the last 2 days I can actually manage stairs with the help of the cane. I still kept working in the great exhaustion that had set in in Switzerland already, even in England. In Iceland I couldn't cancel the concerts. The pains and the simultaneous loss of feeling in my fingers made playing almost impossible. I kept at it only with extreme effort, and now I am having to pay for it.

Now I'm not sure whether I will be able to begin next year's concerts as early as September 20 — as planned — in Switzerland. It doesn't look like it. I would have the time for composing; since you ask about it (which touched me) I have to tell you that since or because of Frieda's death I have no urge or no strength or no desire, or whatever you might call it, to do so. At most I can do a few "finger exercises," so as to keep a certain amount of technique, for example I did write a little cello suite for Hermann here (and I was happy that at least I could manage that). It could take years, if in fact it ever comes back. You know the Rilke letters?! How he was distracted by the war, that's how I feel thanks to everything that has happened to me. That also helped to cause my illness: keeping up with the hard work and the obligations (even though much of it was lovely and good for me) while I was under constant stress spiritually, did, after all (finally, I should say), take too much out of me. But don't worry, I will recover, but just not by the 20th of Sept. perhaps. —

The purpose of this letter was to tell you that I am worried about the packages, though I don't think much got lost. It does seem that the package

¹ Only later was it discovered that gas had been leaking in the London flat, and that Adolf had gas poisoning, which explained his weakness and his pains.

² In Iceland.

with the phonograph needles went astray. But I can't check up on that — because Miss Danziger³ is with Bruno Walter in California, and anyway is to be replaced from now on by Lotte Busch (Lotte Ising!). I'll send the needles from here as soon as I can. Lotte has already ordered the "Care packages" for the next two months in advance. Fräulein Tolentino is also away, and so you will have to make do with the "Cares" for the time being, which also have the advantage of getting there for sure (I get your handwritten receipt).

Now at last the main thing: on the 24th of July Irene gave birth to a healthy boy, Peter Adolf. We are expecting the "remainder" of the family here next Monday.

Stay well, my dear ones, and permit a fond embrace from your very loving
Adolf

Greetings to Gerda, and explain to her why I haven't written. It is a strain.

TO RUDOLF SERKIN

Postcard

Brattleboro, Vermont
[August 1947]

Dear Rudi,

Please bring back with you a few volumes of Bach cantatas, if it isn't too much trouble and you have time to hunt them down.

We are looking forward to seeing all of you, and this time, I feel, no one as much as I.

All best for the trip with the infant. How early children make auto journeys these days.

Greetings and kisses to my dearest Irenchen.

For you an embrace from

Your old friend Adolf

TO BENEDICT VISCHER

Telegram

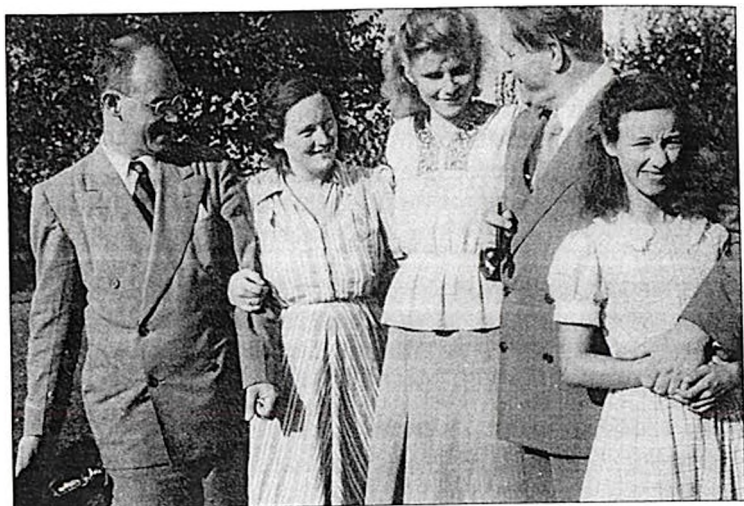
Brattleboro, Vermont
August 21, 1947

Dear Uncle Bene,

Hedwig has lived up to your expectations medically and as a person we plan to marry also awaiting Mother Vischer's consent Hedwig sends fondest greetings so does

Your Adolf

³ Suzie Danziger had served as the Busches' secretary for a long time.



*With Rudolf and Irene Serkin, Hedwig Vischer, and granddaughter Ursula,
Vermont, summer 1947.*

TO KÄTHE ROEMISCH

Brattleboro, Vermont
August 29, 1947

Dearest Käthchen,

You will forgive me if I don't respond in detail today to your very nice letter. I have an important and very happy bit of news to tell you, and don't want you to learn of it in any other way but from me directly. You know Hedwig Vischer, Irene's "old" girlfriend. This young person is so fond of me — her former old "Uncle" — that we are getting married on Monday the 2nd of Sept. We are coming to Switzerland on the 19th or 20th of Sept., and then right away you will be able to see how good fate has been to me this time — after all the sadness. A hopeless, gloomy man, one for whom even making music had become difficult — a sick man — has turned into a healthy one again, one capable to experiencing profoundly the incomprehensible good fortune that is his. I know that you will rejoice with me, and that you will take Hedwig to your heart just as Frieda was always so dear to you.

I am not yet completely fit again (not my fingers, also I don't yet have the strength in my legs that I used to), but I am making real progress every day, so that I have to assume I will be able to start work again in a few weeks (the concerts in Switzerland begin on Sept. 24) — perhaps even better than before: with the new happiness taking the place of the gloom of the past few years. You will understand what I am trying to say.

Stay well, dear Käthchen, I — we look forward to seeing you again.

Your Adolf

Rudi and Irenchen are delighted with us. Irenchen says to thank you sincerely for your nice letter, at the moment she has so much to do that she will have to write you later. — Hedwig also sends greetings.

TO IRENE SERKIN

Basel

September 19, 1947

Dearest Schatz,

Everything is going fine, and tomorrow, I think, I will also be able to stand without having a piano behind me. We miss you a lot in beautiful Switzerland. Hedwig is radiant when she looks out the train window. The view from our hotel room is also lovely. Rudi was also terribly excited to be back in Europe. The B.B.C., England, has sent word that it is off, unfortunately, or thank God. They don't have any money. I will arrange it with Schulthess that we still get as many concerts (for the quartet) as we can — maybe in Holland — but in such a way that we are finished by the end of May. March for Switzerland and Italy, April for Holland and England (perhaps even a few in Scandinavia), May in England still, and then vacation. Who knows what it is all good for. —

Stay well, my dear Irenchen, a thousand greetings to the children, to you all my love and countless



from your (by Hedwig) rejuvenated father

TO IRENE SERKIN

Milan

October 22, 1947

[Appended to a letter from Hedwig Busch:]

Dearest Schatz,

We are doing very well, and I better every day. We are already really looking forward to seeing you again, and we especially need to be taken into your dear, motherly arms again soon! We heard from Rudi that you are all fine. Are the children practicing the piano a little? And what is Johnny doing with his violin? Do you have the time to teach him, or are you practicing so much yourself that you can't get to it? All love and a thousand kisses from

Your Paps

Rudi played the Beethoven E-flat major incomparably beautifully yesterday. I have not been moved as much as that for many years. Too bad that you weren't there.

Once again all my love.

Hedwig is an angel (sometimes a nice devil as well), thanks to her I am able

to laugh again. She is forever making the silliest comments. We are enjoying our honeymoon. The concerts are somewhat disruptive, especially since one has to practice for them. Greetings to the children from

Opapa

TO ELISABETH BONDY

New York

February 15, 1948

My very dear Frau Bondy,

By the time you get this letter, we will already be in Switzerland ourselves — my wife and I and the quartet and its wives — and I am very much looking forward to seeing you again. I only wanted to tell you that I have thought of you often, was very delighted with your greetings and good wishes — and would also have written you long before if I had known where you were. I suspected you were still in Vienna, but had no address until Gottesmann told me that you had written to him. He gave me your Swiss address. And now I trust that we won't miss each other this time!

What was Austria like? I hope it wasn't too upsetting for you! Perhaps you will be able to report at least some good things to us. Two days ago I received a lovely photostat of my wonderful Brahms manuscript from the Library of Congress. It is still there, nicely protected and displayed, as I was away on tour and a little anxious, after all, about leaving it in the apartment while we weren't there. — The quartet has had still another change, a new second violinist — Bruno Straumann — we have had a lot of work to do, 2 rehearsals nearly every day, along with concerts etc. Straumann is truly excellent, and I am correspondingly ecstatic. It is wonderful with my dear young wife, and all of the burden of the past few years is beginning to fall away.

We are greatly looking forward to seeing you.

Fondest and best wishes from your grateful

Adolf Busch

We are really enjoying the lovely viola that you have so kindly permitted Gottesmann to play.

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Basel

March 15, 1948

Dear Otto,

Forgive this paper and the haste with which I am writing. We are having concerts nearly every day, each one in a different town. In a few days we will be in Italy for 4 weeks. On April 15 we arrive by plane in England. Hugo Buchthal wrote me that you will get there on either the 7th or 8th of April. I hope it all works, and am looking forward to seeing you immensely, and

think it will delight you as well to hear a few good concerts, including 4 Bach cantatas, 4 concerti grossi by Händel, and 4 Brandenburgs! (if you can stay long enough — until the 7th of May, the last concert). Buchthals want you to stay with them until I get there. They will take good care of you. If anything comes up that I need to know, please write me at the Hotel Astoria, Rome (until April 10), or to Benedikt Vischer, who will forward things. In England you can get money through Frances Dakyns (Buchthal can arrange that), as she can take funds from my account. Too bad that I can't see all 3 of you. Starting the 19th of May we have once again taken an apartment in Riehen (at the painter Lüscher's) — perhaps we can still arrange it for this summer that we also get to see Hanna and Hildchen — in case we can't come to Germany. Goodbye for now, see you in London.

Your loving Adolf

TO OTTOCARO AND TENCI WEISS

Guilford, Vermont

August 13, 1948

Dear Ottocaro and dear Tenci,

It appears that no one has told you yet about the anticipated event in December: Hedwig is expecting a baby. You probably already heard about it somehow, but the rumors that Irene was going to have a brother or sister started flying even before we knew it ourselves. But you may trust this official announcement. Forgive me for not making it before today.

Stay well, in great haste, we have to go to Brattleboro with the children.

Your Adolf

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

New York

December 20, 1948

My dear Otto,

Many thanks for your nice letters, Hanna's letter to Hedwig, your Christmas letter. The package is here already too, but we haven't opened it yet. However we did receive the so beautifully painted floral card from Hildchen. It will stand in the middle of the Christmas table. We thank her for it sincerely, were really delighted with it and impressed at her talent (also puzzled, given her ancestry). — And of course we are doing wonderfully now that everything went so well with the birth of Nikolaus Ragnar¹. Hedwig "took care of it" all incredibly punctually and with great calm. She is fine — she came home after only a week, where she has a fair amount of work, unfortunately. The nursing, diapering, etc. alone give her enough to

¹ On December 7.

do. In addition, she sent out hundreds of announcements and still has a tremendous number of Christmas cards and packages to send (the cards are a real nuisance here, I must say, for everybody sends them and everybody expects them). She only has part-time help in the house, and she also does my business correspondence for me — so she is fully occupied. She wanted to write you herself, but she simply hasn't gotten to it, and so you should know from me that Nikolaus Ragnar is a sturdy little fellow, almost 9 pounds and 55 cm. long. I don't know whether he will become a musician or not, at the moment he appears to me to be too intelligent for that, and only after he has nursed and is lying contentedly in his crib or waiting for his "burp" on Hedwig's shoulder does he resemble me, otherwise he seems to me to be more of a Vischerli than a Buschli. (In Switzerland all little children are "Buschis"; but "naturally" you knew that already.) On the 27th of Dec., that is a week from today, we make the move from here to Guilford, Vermont. The new house (150 years old and "*rebuilt*") is finished enough for us to be able to move in. The end of January we fly to Switzerland. The beginning of Feb. already I have concerts (solo) in Switzerland. It is then continuous up until the end of June. In May perhaps the Beethoven festival in Bonn. The music festival in Edinburgh again already the end of August. Then Iceland and European concerts until the end of November. We'll be staying in Switzerland the whole time (at least our Riehen apartment will serve as our home base). We hope to see you 3 sometime during that time.

I could not respond to Villinger — anyone who served as a soldier so long for Hitler or for Germany under Hitler is so remote from me that I don't have anything to say to him. As for Gerhard, you were correct in suggesting that he not write to me. I feel no hatred, and I also don't wish to always stand aside, and I will do what I can to help Germany or the "decent" Germans, inasmuch as I can help with my music. If it can be arranged, I will come and play. That is all that I can do, and when it comes down to it, it will be difficult enough and require steady nerves. All love and blessings to you at Christmas and for the new year and always from Hedwig and

Your old A.

Hans Cloos visited us here (a few weeks ago). A nice letter from Gerda came yesterday — our new address from now on: R.F.D. 3, Brattleboro, Vt.

TO GÜNTER HENLE¹

Riehen

March 11, 1949

My dear Herr Doktor,

Many thanks for sending me the Mozart sonatas and for your kind letter. It was a real delight for me to see this outstanding edition, in my opinion the

¹ Industrialist who founded the series of Henle Editions.

best one that has ever been produced. I am very happy to own it. In Urtext editions like this it is almost too bad that fingerings have been added, the excellence of which I do not mean to question. And that footnotes mar the lovely image of the manuscript. To my thinking it would be better to explain these necessary details on the basis of a few examples in the foreword.

My brother had said that you *hoped* to come visit. I will be in Switzerland all summer, but *still* have concerts to worry about until well into June. In any case, please let me know when your travels will lead you to Switzerland, so that we might possibly get together even sooner.

Again my thanks, and sincere regards,

Your Adolf Busch

TO IRENE SERKIN

Riehen

March 13, 1949

Dearest Schnapuzzilein,

We have wanted to write you for so long, but there just hasn't been a chance up to now. And it is only possible now because — instead of practicing, I am in bed (at 8:00 in the evening). It seems we have both had the flu: Hedwig violently and quickly, I mildly and slowly. Yesterday I was up for the first time (practiced for 4 hours and gave a lesson), today only practiced for 3 and too tired to do more. Tomorrow we are flying to Copenhagen, and then continue on to Arhus until 12:30 at night. Tuesday morning rehearsal there, concert that night, Wednesday rehearsal in Copenhagen, Thursday open rehearsal and concert, Friday the flight back. Then a couple of days of rest with Nikolauschen and then to Venice for 2 solo concerts. They were supposed to have been this week, we had to postpone them on account of the flu. Otherwise everything has been fine. My fingers are in good shape and I am in good form generally, and people everywhere have been delighted — just like the old days, or even better. But I am also really feeling well, and the frequent solo concerts are good for me. In Vienna they were out of their minds, of course — after the 2 concertos (Beethoven and Dvořák on one night) and encores there was applause for 15 minutes. Their initial applause also lasted for minutes. You can imagine how I felt. The first concert was only Bach in the smaller hall. The Italian concertos were all successful, also Brussels: the Queen sends her regards. She was very nice, and Hedwig didn't fall down, as she didn't attempt a curtsy.¹ Here everybody is excited about your coming, and we most of all. You will be amazed at your brother. He is magnificent. We have a charming, reliable nurse whose

¹ When Irene was still a child, the Queen once appeared at the Roemisches' house in Arosa for a sonata rehearsal. Irene had to open the door for her, and when she curtsied she lost her balance. Her Highness helped her up.

name is Irene, so that he has two Irene sisters! I would love to write more, but it strains my hand too much (with pencil and in bed). Hedwig will add everything else (including a few favors, unfortunately). The pictures of Urselchen and Peterli are delightful!!



Adolf and Hedwig Busch in Vermont, 1949.

FROM FRITZ BUSCH

[New York]
June 13, 1949

Dear Adolf,

This is the first letter to you from me in nearly two decades, and I am embarrassed that it is basically a "business letter." However Grete has revived our old, amicable correspondence and kept up her end of it. From her letters you will have learned that as always, or more than ever, we are living not one, but several lives at once. I am absolutely determined to call an end to this madness after the adventure of the trip to Chicago, South America, and Scandinavia that we embark on in ten days, with some forty concerts to conduct. We have truly earned a little more rest.

When I say "several lives," I refer, in addition to my still rather strenuous schedule and the everyday trivia, to an autobiographical book, among other things, that I started somewhat tentatively in March 1933 in Berlin, and even sent to you, incomplete as it was. In a few more peaceful moments I then rewrote it from memory and took it a bit further, and finished it, with Grete's help, in roughly 1945 in South America. Then came other worries, and Grete was making journal entries of her own that seemed to me far more profes-

sional than my own, and after some American publishers told us they would only be interested under the condition that the "recollections" contain "stories" about other countries besides Germany — the book ends with our leaving our homeland in June 1933 — it lay unopened in our hotel apartment. Copies of certain chapters from it ultimately awakened the interest, basically for the first time, of the Rascher-Verlag, Zurich, which wanted to publish the "recollections" just as they were, though they had seen only a fourth of them. Since I had also sent him Grete's "travel descriptions" at the same time, much too discursive, but basically quite moving after some necessary cuts, and he had promised to publish that opus as well, I told him to go ahead. A contract was drawn up, and we began work anew on the book, which, as was soon apparent, was in need of a total reworking and polishing for all sorts of reasons. Without Grete's collaboration it would never have been finished, and if it had, only in a highly questionable form, as I didn't have either the desire, the time, or the patience — ultimately I am a musician — to come up with the energy to perfect it in that sense. Without wishing to belittle my own work and accomplishment, I have to say that for the sake of the endless drudgery, mental and physical, that Grete subjected herself to in working on this book, I wish it could be a success. Very cultivated people, not a lot, who have read parts of it, are convinced that it manages to say something original and lasting, at least for a time. Naturally we would like to see a broad interest in it, a certain "publicity" we could use even today, which we have avoided for years, partly from antipathy, partly on account of our work on the book.

Rascher now has in hand all the chapters, some 220 typewritten pages, and has already sent the first proofs. (A second volume is planned.) However the most diverse problems now arise, which I cannot solve, and in the solution of which I can no longer involve Grete, who has already worked more than she should have on the business, as always. Would you help me?¹ In complete confidence in your objectivity and your considerable experience I am enclosing a copy of the contract with Rasher. The book is supposed to come out in time for Christmas 1949, and has to, and according to Rasher it is perfectly possible to keep to this deadline. But to be honest, I have to say that we have made such major corrections on the first proofs, "forever unsatisfied" as we are (we being Grete, Hans, and I), that of course the major costs of resetting fall on me, as they considerably exceed the 10% anticipated in the contract. This is no small matter to me, as I am not as wealthy as many people think, but in the interest of the matter it is unimportant. What is important is that the book can be sold at Christmastime 1949, not only a few hundred copies in Switzerland, but in as many thousands as possible in all of the

¹ It is remarkable that Fritz should have asked his brother for advice, for no one was more helpless in all sorts of business matters than Adolf. It would seem that Fritz was hoping that his brother would ask for help from his friends and acquaintances in Switzerland.

German-speaking territories, including the Russian zone and Austria. Naturally you will have a better idea of what is involved after you have read the "Recollections" yourself. I will do everything I can to ensure that you get a copy as soon as possible before publication.

I have reason to assume that various publishers of German-language books both here and in Europe would take on the book today, but am now "bound by contract." Or to put it better, the longer I look at Rascher's contract, the first one Grete and I have ever had with a neutral publisher, the more it seems to me that it is not any too favorable.

So now, dear Adolf, please tell me what I can legally do to make the existing situation as favorable as possible.

I am especially unhappy about paragraphs 2 and 8 of the contract, which in the opinion of knowledgeable friends are neither usual nor in accordance with good manners. But what do I know? After all the effort and drudgery I only want one thing: the greatest possible success and distribution for the book, and this as soon as possible; offers for translations (Danish, Spanish, and English) have been submitted, but can only be dealt with later.

I have been told that the book market in Switzerland is flat at the moment. I'm not at all knowledgeable about your current rates of exchange, but could imagine that the shrewd Swiss publisher could well take the book, which has been produced with valuable francs, and put it on ice, only to throw it onto the German market sometime later, when in his opinion the rate of exchange is more favorable.

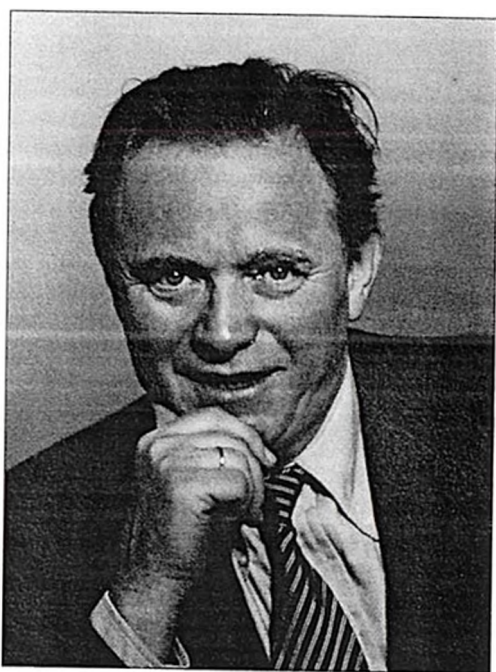
As far as I know, Rascher used to have a branch of his publishing house in Leipzig before the war. Would you know what the situation is now? In any case, I would not want him to somehow just sit on the book without my agreeing to it, certainly not given the interest in the book being shown in various places (publishers) today, and which permits me a certain freedom of choice. I will be grateful to you, dear Adolf, for any advice and help you might give me, and I realize that it is a lot of trouble you might have to go to. I will be all the more grateful inasmuch as we are leaving on our trip in ten days, and all correspondence will be considerably more difficult. It is true, after all, that one can only serve one master. Unfortunately we keep forgetting that.

You can always write via air mail to Mrs. Martial Singher, 4645 Delafield Avenue, Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y. In my ignorance of your rate of exchange I can only offer to reimburse you for all postage and telegraph expenses in whatever form is best for you. Old friends shouldn't be petty about such things these days.

Now I have to get back to memorizing my programs. Fond greetings to you and yours from

Your old Fritz

Letters 1950-52



TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Brattleboro
May 16, 1950

My dear Otto,

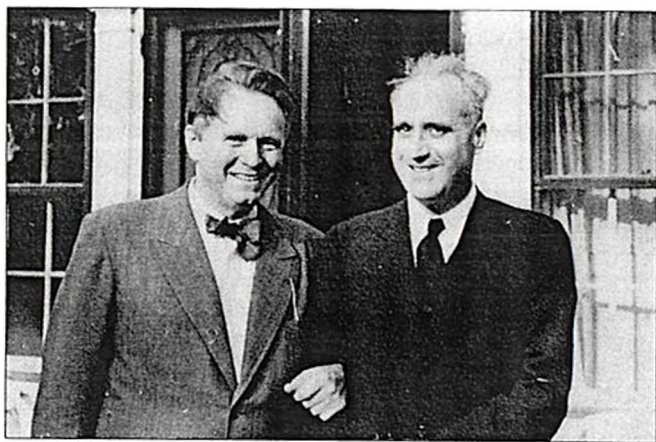
Today or tomorrow it is highly probable that I will have to go to New York and into the hospital for the operation. Since I won't have a chance to write there, I have to send you my congratulations on your birthday today. So since you now know that, you can set this letter aside until the 1st of June and

finish it then. I am embracing you a couple of weeks too early, and wishing you all the best for the coming years. You have reached an advanced age in remarkable shape, you know — if you keep this up you may yet turn out all right. Your health is enviable — may it continue to be so — you deserve it. Which is not to say that all the people who are not so healthy have only themselves to blame. Because I know that you take a certain interest in my well-being — speaking seriously: somewhat too much (for what happens, happens, after all) — I will herewith report that I am doing very well. I was truly in need of the forced rest, and it has done me good and continues to do so. Aside from an occasional bit of pressure on my chest — which was much more frequent and more noticeable before the attack, however (twice, for example, back during the Düsseldorf concerts) — I am feeling, as my friend Otto Grüters would say, fantastic!! When I can once again get a whole night's sleep, that is to say without interruption, which will certainly come thanks to the operation, I will surely be fit as a newborn babe. It is simply true, after all, that one grows older, and you cannot make the same kinds of demands on yourself that you could in your younger years. However I am quite satisfied with my performance, and in my profession I generally find that the younger ones can't take as much as I can. I find growing older altogether pleasurable, it is only a pity that it shortens your life. With your dear Hanna and dear Hildchen you doubtless feel as I do with Hedwig and Nikki and our anticipated addition to the family! (Nov. 1950). My firstborn, with all of her children, is also a constant joy. As happy as I am, I miss Friedchen more and more. Even a brief separation used to be difficult for us, and this one is for so long. My so very beautiful new life is almost incomprehensible to me, as being happy without her is something I really can't understand. But I am truly happy, and thanks to Hedwig my life makes sense again. Yesterday I finished a full-scale quintet for flute, violin, 2 violas, and cello, which I have been working on for a long time — interrupted by concertizing etc. Now — thanks to the rest — I have had a chance to put all sorts of things in order (previous compositions) and finish the quintet, which delighted me. Here on our "estate" it is really marvellous, and I wish we had enough money to have you come over for a quick visit. You would enjoy it. The landscape is wonderful, and our house with my studio addition is truly beautiful and extremely comfortable and homey. I hope I recover from the financial shock as well as I have from the physical one. This lark has cost me a lot. Rudi has helped me most generously, and so we are doing splendidly — but he had to borrow as well. I hope you will see him and Ursula in Switzerland as planned. — If we then come over in the late fall or the beginning of winter — Hedwig will have the baby in Switzerland, and fly over earlier in October for that purpose, while at that time I still have concerts with Rudi here in the U.S.A. — we'll be staying a long time, possibly a full year, and you and we will see a lot of each other. The quartet will have concerts in Germany too. I will be in Europe from Nov. 1950 on, and since we are to be in Edinburgh

again in August '51 for the music festival, we will presumably not come back to America in the interim. Which we regret, precisely because we are so enjoying our own house and "property" (of 77 acres!). — So, dear boy, this has turned into a ridiculous birthday letter, as I have only talked about me and us, just as it came into my head. — You won't even be getting a birthday present from us, or at least not one that we picked out. Hanna will have to find something for you, which we can then present you with. She knows better what you would like anyway. One more thing about me: my hand is completely back in order — I had difficulty writing music for a time, I wasn't supposed to practice in any case, but in time it got to be perfectly fine. It was never a real worry — except for the insurance companies. Thanks to the long break I have made tremendous progress in my violin playing, by the way, I hope my old admirers will be able to notice it. I am looking forward to the Hess violin¹, and thank you for your efforts. Give my best regards to Herr Forberg as well, I am pleased that the violin is in his "custody." — Though you could have kept it at your house as far as I am concerned (insured, of course). Greetings to your dear Hanna and your dear child — you'll be hearing again from Hedwig — she'll write you after the operation.

I embrace you as always in love and friendship,

Your Adolf



With Ottocaro Weiss, Riverdale, New York, June 1950.

¹ Adolf was about to buy a 1745 Guadagnini violin from the widow of Willy Hess, an early teacher of his at the Cologne Conservatory.



With Marcel Moyse, Marlboro, Vermont, summer 1950.

TO IRENE SERKIN

Riehen

December 22, 1950

My dear, dear Irenchen,

I have been wanting to write you for weeks, but haven't had the chance. I had much more to do than I thought. There were immediately several orchestra concerts in Switzerland that I hadn't counted on: I had to jump in to take the place of a sick colleague (Gioconda de Vito) and also for an organist (the famous "Dupres"¹), then Pellegrini asked me to play for his exhibition (on the occasion of his upcoming 70th birthday) in the Kunsthalle (Bach A-minor sonata), I played in the cathedral as a benefit for the organ fund (B-minor partita and C-major sonata), then came all the German concerts, recitals and orchestra concerts with lots of traveling (mostly in Hupsi Giessen's car), and then finally the Suter² concerto here on Monday and Tuesday. Before that Brahms (4x), Beethoven (1x), Mozart A-major (2x), Suter 2x). Now I get to rest a little (aside from a little teaching) until the quartet arrives. But all told there have been 39 concerts so far since the

¹ Marcel Dupré.

² Hermann Suter, former conductor in Basel.



With Rudolf Serkin in Bogota, autumn 1950.

beginning of the season (Aug. 30). I have felt fine the whole time, aside from an occasional pressure in my chest, which almost always goes away by itself (that is without medication). I have played well everywhere, my fingers are in good shape, and I am altogether "in form," have practiced a lot; and playing a lot and being successful is still worth something. Rudi's Smetana arrangements have been well received, but some people complain about my programs (not on account of the Smetana, especially, but in general; they miss all the things I used to play with Rudi: Beethoven sonatas, Brahms, Schubert, etc. For example, when I tell the agents (who also ask for "better" programs) that I never played sonatas with anyone but Serkin, and that it isn't my fault that he doesn't choose to play in Germany, they make glum faces. Some of the orchestras have been very good, by the way (Munich, Karlsruhe), and there have also been a few good conductors, also some very poor ones. Otto Grüters came with me, doing all he could to make life easier for me — that was very exhausting at times, but he is a terribly nice person. He enjoyed the constant traveling a lot. We would drive as much as 900 km. in a day, which is more than the union allows. From Hamburg to Freiburg, for example. That was because I wanted to be in Basel to see my large family³

³Thomas Andreas had been born on November 18.

briefly before a concert in Freiburg. Thanks to Hupsie's fast driving (despite snow and rain), I managed to catch a train (to Basel) in Offenburg that had left Hamburg before we did. I have always been at home in between times, and have very much enjoyed my life with the enlarged family, even though it has sometimes meant an abbreviated or interrupted night's sleep. Thomasli generally begins announcing his presence an hour before his breakfast time, and his breakfast is at 6:00! Niggi had a cold for a long time and Hedwig had one too. I spent one day in bed after my concerts were over, as I had a certain amount of back pain: general exhaustion and a stomach flu. The next day, yesterday that was, I was back on my feet. So you see we are all quite well, and at times I am especially grateful that I survived all the exertions so well. — Your letter, dear Schatz, was so very delightful, except for the news of Bethli's brain concussion.⁴ How horrible! Did she stay quiet long enough? Hedwig is especially worried about that. Yes, my dearest, we miss you all a lot — the whole time, and our thoughts are always with you and — even though it is very nice here — at home in Vermont. And now, at Christmas, it is very difficult for your father and also for the grandfather of your children — to say nothing of my friendly and neighborly feelings for your husband — to be unable to celebrate with you as we did all those years. Hedwig also misses all of you very much, and next year — God willing — it will be different. Even Niggilein loyally continues to think about you. Johnny and Peterli and Ursula are the ones he talks about most frequently, but in pictures, which he studies with the greatest interest for a long time, he enjoys seeing all your faces. Unfortunately, I don't have any of Rudi and you, or no good ones. You could do something about that sometime. Judilein⁵ is not well represented either. Niggi refers to the little cars that he still has from America as "Dick Cobb" and — suddenly, after all this time — "Lasalle" (because the latter is blue and the former a green truck).⁶ He also talks about Mr. Quinn and Bob Henry⁷. —

Hedwig and I have sent a wonderfully beautiful facsimile of the Bach solo partitas and sonatas for you for Christmas. It will possibly get there too late, but at least you now know about it. Ask Rudi if he has the *Inventions*, if not, I'll send them. If you should get a second copy of the Bach son. from Waters, Library of Congress (I had ordered it for you there and done some horse trading with them, as they wanted to give me something in exchange for being able to borrow a few Mozart facsimiles for copying — I should have asked you to look for them at my house and send them to Ed Waters, but I didn't dare to, at least before Christmas, given all the work you have to do), then please be so good, when you have a chance, and send it to Richard

⁴ Elisabeth Serkin had fallen from a sled.

⁵ Judith Serkin, Rudolf and Irene's next-to-last child, born the previous February.

⁶ Cobb was a carpenter in Guilford, Lasalle the Serkins' mailman.

⁷ Vermont neighbors.

Sterba for me as a belated Christmas present. If you had still a little more time, I would be grateful if you could sometime send Waters the Mozart facsimiles (*registered*). They are at the end of the Mozart Collected Works, easy to recognize: G-minor quintet (with parchment binding — do you remember Mami's mistake with Johann Wolfgang Mozart?⁸ — was later corrected), C-minor quintet (after the wind quintet), possibly also the C-major quintet, and a Paris publication (in blue boards, thanks to the "kindness" of Herr Zaharoff, the arch-swindler!) of the *Serenata notturno*, which you have played in: for solo strings, tympani, and string orchestra. There are other things in it as well. You would be doing my two friends Spivake and Waters a great favor, if you sometime found the time. I thank you in advance. For Rudi, the happy farmer, we have sent some Swiss cowbells for Christmas. They have been on the way for weeks, but we don't know when they'll arrive. I hope the customs don't behave in such a way that Rudi is required to write me a letter like the one Joh. Seb. Bach wrote to a cousin who had sent him a cask of wine. — I now have to close, though I haven't said a word about what I am feeling. I really only wanted to tell you again and again that I truly love you and your whole family, and love you once again most especially, and that you delight me in every way, for example as the sister of my boys, as my wife's stepdaughter, as the mother of my grandchildren, etc. I kiss you and hug you, and wish you and Rudi and your beloved children all the best and nicest for the new year. We will see each other only briefly the beginning of May, for apparently something will come of Argentina (3-4 weeks), then for some rest (except for the music school!!!!).⁹ The Guadagnini is absolutely wonderful, already in my possession and a third paid for. However the Strad is sounding more beautiful than ever (gut strings!).

Stay well, my beloved child, hope all goes well (make it so), and don't do too much. All my love to all of you,

Your father and Okapi¹⁰

⁸ When she took the Mozart edition to the binder's in Basel, she mistakenly gave him Goethe's first and middle names to be stamped on the spines.

⁹ In 1949, Adolf and Serkin had managed to find teaching positions nearby at the newly-opened Marlboro College for their colleagues Marcel, Louis, and Blanche (Honegger) Moyse. In the spring of 1950, hoping to take full advantage of his new music faculty and his acquaintance with Busch and Serkin, Marlboro's founder and president Walter Hendricks had placards posted in the various New England conservatories, announcing summer courses in chamber music in Vermont. Only a handful of students responded, and a second summer with such a limited enrollment would have been financially impossible. Busch and Serkin had talked of establishing a Marlboro School of Music independent of the college, but at this point Adolf could not yet know if they would succeed. By the following summer they had done so.

¹⁰ A name the grandchildren had invented for their Opapa.

TO RAGNAR JONSSON

Riehen
January 3, 1951

My dear, good Ragnar,

Your letter was once again a very special treat for me. And what you tell me about your orchestra borders on the miraculous. I rejoice with you, and thank you with all my heart for inviting me to rehearse and sometime give a few concerts with it. When that can be, along with other things, depends primarily on Rudi Serkin. It is now his turn to come — I know how he and Irene are looking forward to it — and as far as I know he had talked of September (1951). So see about finding out more specific details from him, so that we can then figure out when you have a use for me.

Hedwig is already looking forward to Iceland and meeting my friends there so much that she can hardly wait until it is time to go.

I have to thank you again sincerely for the wonderful Asgrimir book, which truly delighted us. And now for Christmas comes the very beautiful Kjarval¹ book, which turned out to be just as nice. You are magnificent people in Iceland, and whether or not you paint or compose yourselves, you do your jobs like people driven by an artist's inspiration.

Please write me, Ragnar, if you and your wife are coming to the "Continent." You must visit us here, and since I have a lot of concerts (up until the end of April), mostly with the quartet, in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, England, and Italy, I have to know soon, so as to be able to arrange a reunion (if possible with music). Let me know this much right away, we can then talk about all the rest.

Stay well, dear friend, and I hope to see you soon.

Your grateful
Adolf Busch

TO IRENE SERKIN

Riehen
February 28, 1951

My dear Irenchen,

Suddenly we are sitting here at home, more or less cheerfully, for on Sunday, after a concert in Stuttgart, two fingers of my left hand got smashed and so there won't be any more concerts for some time. I had been sitting in the back seat of the car, and just as I was holding on to the post the front door is hinged to somebody slammed it shut. I then had to open the door again myself with my right hand, as nobody could understand what I was screaming about.

¹ The Icelandic painter Jóhannes Sveinsson Kjarval.



The Busch Quartet in 1951. From left: Hugo Gottesmann, Bruno Straumann, Adolf, and Hermann Busch.

I am now being treated by Edi Burckhardt¹, who only an hour ago removed the nail from my 2nd finger (violin position finger!). (Painlessly.) A doctor in Stuttgart had seen me and taken X-rays on Sunday afternoon, and found that once again I was lucky. Edi also tells me that everything will be fine, but that I mustn't start practicing again for at least three weeks (even if I could), because *tiny* bone splinters have to first grow back firmly. Otherwise it could cause a widening of my finger (1 millimeter), which would be a nuisance for half tones in 12th position. However Edi X-rayed the well fingers too, and discovered that they are just like the injured ones anyway (deformed from fiddling) so that the minute splinters really don't amount to anything. — So now you know everything in complete detail. I had to cancel 4 concerts in Belgium and all of the English concerts with the quartet, and so my brother (and sister-in-law!!) and colleagues are all just sitting around here with nothing to do. But all of them are putting on kind faces and showing me nothing but sympathy. Except for the initial pain, it has been quite bearable, however, and people are feeling almost too sorry for me. Poor Hedwig is suffering as much or more than I am on my account. We would like to help the qu. a little to get through this time (or have to), and have figured out what they would have made (after deducting for expenses) so as to reimburse them. Since we wouldn't have made much, it isn't so bad, and

¹ Dr. Eduard Burckhardt, who was married to Hedwig's sister Adelheid.

a little over 4,000 francs (Swiss) ought to cover it. We don't have the money, to be sure, but can get it, will possibly have to have some sent from America or pay it to them there in the U.S.A. Argentina appears to be certain, and with that I can easily earn the money back. Hedwig and I are very much enjoying the involuntary vacation with our boys, and also feel that it will be very beneficial to my health. Especially with the prospect of the work in Argentina. For this tearing around with vast numbers of concerts is very strenuous when one approaches a Biblical age. Of course it could be that I am not healed enough when the concerts in Italy are to begin. (But we'll be able to know that in two weeks.) In that case we would come home earlier (Vermont), which would also be nice!! Hedwig had started a letter to you (I am sending it along), in which she too writes that we are trying to make the best of all this. But I hope that with my description you will be less upset, which is why I have written you. We have been delighted with your good news, the letters from the children, the story of the tractor¹ (which is also circulating among the German newspapers), etc. We yearn for you indescribably, and again I miss you, my dear firstborn, especially. All my love to you all. To you an especially nice kiss on your little snout.

Your Paps

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Riehen
March 1, 1951

Dear Otto,

Don't be unnecessarily upset: I am doing fine, and we are enjoying the vacation. I have almost no pain. Yesterday the nail of the 2nd finger was removed (violin numbering), the other one (1st) is still there and can stay until it falls off on its own. Another "specialist" looked at the fingers today, and he said the same thing that Hedwig's brother-in-law had (who is treating me): that after 3 weeks (possibly even 2) I can begin to practice, carefully at first (so that the small splinters of bone can't cause any deformation), that is to say not pressing too hard — I suspect that won't be too difficult, as it hurts — then gradually "con tutta forza." In 5 weeks I ought to be able to play again (*in public*). Thanks for your offer with regard to Frau Hess, that really pleased us. Perhaps I will take you up on it later. Hedwig had started a long letter to Frau H., which now has to be changed on account of the accident. But that will get taken care of in the next few days (I mean the letter). Hedwig has had so much to do because of the concert cancellations and postponements. (The London concerts are rescheduled for the end of April to 6th of May — that makes our stay in Vermont shorter, for on the 11th

¹ After a concert for the pension fund in Philadelphia, the orchestra presented Serkin with a tractor, which he was required to drive off the stage in his tails.

or 12th of May we have to go to Argentina.) The "quartet" is of course sitting idle until Italy. Hedwig and I have figured out what my colleagues have lost, and plan to make it up to them. — Hedwig will write to the Hamburg agent soon. Perhaps he has sent the money to the exclusive agent in Frankfurt. Frau Hess will simply have to wait a little — and if she can't, she can have the violin back. But don't tell her anything about this. Stay well, and all my love to the three of you.

Your (grateful) Adolf

FROM HERMANN HESSE

[spring 1951]

Dear Herr Adolf Busch!

Many thanks for your news! I am fervently hoping that your fingers will be back in order by the 15th of April and we will get to see you here.

Sincerely,

Your Herm. Hesse



Hedwig and Thomas, Adolf and Nicholas, 1951.

TO HILDE HOHNER¹Riehen
April 9, 1951

My very dear Frau Hohner,

The day before yesterday we received the wonderful chromatic harmonica, which is doubtless intended for my son Nikolaus, but in which his father takes the greatest delight. So we all — even the other members of the family, who are equally pleased with it — thank you sincerely for the lovely present. Since my fingers are once again fit for fiddling, I haven't the time, unfortunately, to perfect my skill on the harmonica. But I would guess that even with greater effort I would not impress either you or Herr Hohner, the Stradivari of harmonica makers, if I were to switch instruments — the harmonica for the violin or vice versa. Better to leave it the way it was.

The concert tours begin again in a few days (until the middle of June).

Very best regards to you and Herr Hohner, also from my wife, and once again many thanks.

Your Adolf Busch



The founders of the Marlboro School of Music, Marcel Moyse, Louis Moyse, Rudolf Serkin, Blanche Moyse, Adolf, and Hermann Busch, with the cellist Nathan Chaikin (left in front), 1951.

¹ The sister of Otto Grüters's wife Hanna.



Marlboro School of Music, 1951.

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Guilford, Vermont
October 1, 1951

Beloved Otto,

I don't want to write a lot. Fritz's death¹ has made me very sad. Writing — especially to people closer to me — is difficult for me. To you it is again particularly hard; because you are so close to me and I feel your love for me, so that everything I tell you is too much or too little. I thank all three of you for your birthday letters with their good wishes. I also thank you for your good letter about Fritz. We will see each other soon, after all. On Oct. 31 we are flying to Switzerland. Perhaps we can get together somehow soon afterward. I have started a major work: the 6th Psalm for chorus, orch., and organ. I had already thought of it during Frieda's illness, and since that time have continually tossed the beginning of it around in my head. I was afraid of it, however, and in the meantime only had the courage to make a few sketches. Now, thanks to Fritz's death, I was forced to get to work on it. I have made a fair amount of progress, but now have to pause on account of other work (practicing the violin). Next week we are making recordings, and the concerts start soon. Many thanks for the books as well. I was very interested

¹ Fritz Busch had died on September 14.

in Ortega. I already had the letters, and so I passed my copy on to Bruno Straumann (since Rudis also have them).

See you soon. We're bringing Frieda's watch with us for Hildchen. All my love to the three of you,

Your Adolf

Hedwig sends her best, and looks forward to seeing you too.



During the last recordings of the Busch Trio, October 1951, in the studio of Adolf's friend the filmmaker Robert Flaherty in Putney, Vermont. Photo: Fred Plaut.

TO IRENE SERKIN

Riehen

December 25, 1951

My beloved Schnapuzzeli,

Your sweet Christmas telegram arrived an hour ago. (I hope you got ours as well.) Thank you for it and for the thousand presents from my children

and children's children. Hedwig looks ravishing in the beautiful shawl you knitted for her. It is something most especially lovely, and I am enchanted. Your calorie counter will now produce the long-desired results, I hope. Corelli arrived already weeks ago: I am looking forward to playing him with you and our trusted continuo player. Ursula sent me two things (perhaps a mistake?), belt and wallet, anyway I thank her and also Bethli for the little photo case with her nice little picture. I was very pleased. Is the match box from Peter or from Johnny? There wasn't a little card with it. In any case, I send sincerest thanks to whoever made it. —

It is always difficult for me to "celebrate" Christmas without you all. For next year it also looks bad already. If Rudi really wants to be here in Europe in the fall, I will arrange my concerts accordingly. If only in the hope that perhaps a concert or two for the two of us together might be possible. (For which there is a great desire on the part of the "public.") But then I would have to stay here over Christmas, because I still need January and February for here (and don't have anything to do over there in any case).

My concerts (so far only with orch.) have been fine (head, fingers, and nerves all in order, somewhat less so my "heart," in that after great exertion — Brahms concerto — and also during you-know-what I feel "something," and find it necessary (afterwards, to be sure) to take a little pill (which then helps immediately). Now there is a lot of work, we are having quartet rehearsals daily (except for today, which is why I have time to write to you). Beginning January 3 we will be playing almost every day in a different town. We (Hedwig and I, and probably Hermann) will do the traveling in our nice (*second-hand*) Citroën, in which we had a new heater and windshield installed for Christmas. Otherwise we didn't give each other any presents. Niggi got a tricycle and a little bottle of stuff for blowing soap bubbles (the latter spilled already this morning), both being his own very definite wishes. Tommia glockenspiel. (In addition to the presents from friends and relatives, of course.) The Gottesmanna are coming here for dinner this afternoon (to help relieve Benes). Then after that we are opening presents at Mother Vischer's with supper afterward.

Tomorrow we start working again. The Christmas room (my study and our living room — only in the evening and half an hour after dinner) is very beautiful thanks to a large tree (from floor to ceiling) with countless white candles along with lots of bright-colored balls and red apples. Niggi and Tommy were overwhelmed, and stared wide-eyed at the tree and the crèche. Schangis gave me a truly beautiful, strong, and spirited drawing. Three bottles of champagne from Barells in addition to everything else — he explained to me quite simply on the telephone that he wouldn't accept any money from me (when I had asked him to be patient another year, as my life insurance only gets paid on my 61st birthday): "You owe me nothing, in my books I see nothing of the sort." I: "It appears your books aren't kept very well" (I was lying in bed with the flu, and couldn't fall flat on my back as I

was already lying on it). The conclusion of the conversation back and forth was: "You certainly don't want to throw your hard-earned money into the jaws of some usurer." I didn't want to keep him and bore him by making my twice-repeated and truly well-meant "offer" still a third time, so I kept my mouth shut. On the 29th all three Barells are coming here, and I will then formally present him with my symphony with chorus, which I consider to be a good piece and one that I had intended for him a long time now. By the way, my Etudes for Orch. were performed very well by Münch and the orch., and were very well received. Münch was so taken with them that he wants to perform them frequently. It appears that my things are actually being played here and there, for the performance royalties are rising enormously (280 Fr. — Swiss — in one year!). However we are up to our ears in debt here to the banking house Sarasin & Co., which doesn't trouble us at all given the prospect of so much money "outstanding." The silly part is that one has to practice just as much or more for 4 concerts in two months as for 20. The income isn't comparable. However I still feel that Hedwig was right in preventing me from accepting any more "recitals" with Giessen and other piano notables. But orchestra concerts are not so easily arranged.

Dear Schatzi, I have to stop, though this confusing letter would only begin to make sense if I were to keep writing another 2 hours. But my hand is growing numb. Besides, Hedwig hasn't any help, the nurse has Christmas Day off. Tommi is still, or once again, suffering from a cold (with fever, though slight). We are hoping that he will soon be completely well, otherwise Hedwig might not be able to come with me. The exertions would then be much greater for me. The new nurse comes on the 1st — on the 3rd already we have to go to Karlsruhe (Neufeld — for Rudi: the old swindler!). Hedwig is happy about your telegram about the nurse. You will hear directly from her regarding new, better prospects as soon as she has time to write.

Stay well, my beloved child, dear sister of my boys. Greetings to your husband — how were the Brahms Var.?, he did play them in New York, I assume, I would have so loved to hear them — all best to your children and my grandchildren, a special kiss for Judylein from Opapa.

I forgot to write the most important thing, namely that I love you very much.



Your Paps

TO GÜNTER HENLE

Riehen

February 18, 1952

My dear Herr Doktor,

I thank you sincerely for your kindness in sending me the delightful scores. Your exemplary editions are always a joy.

Recently, when you sent me the misprint correction in the last movement



Portrait by Jean Jacques Lüscher

of the op. 96, I was puzzled why you hadn't automatically corrected the A-flat in the first movement at the same time. At that time I was only delighted that your edition did not have the definite accidental ♭ before the "A" (as is found in the Joachim edition, unfortunately). It is only the authority of such a great musician that causes one to think about the spot at all. The fact that there is a ♭ missing before the "A" (in the autograph and as far as I know in all other editions — at least the ones I have seen) doesn't prove a thing. In Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Schubert's times it is almost always the convention to let the indicated change of key prevail until it is changed again. That also explains the the late "clarification" by means of accidentals that you speak of. You will see from all this that I believe you misunderstood me at that time, for I did not say anything about a "problem," or at least did not

have any problem in mind. The A-flat is a hundred times correct, and there is here no reason at all to deviate from the spot as it appears the first time (and you have presented the juxtaposition in a very nice way).

Now I also have to tell you that I was also especially pleased about your "sideline" political activity. I only wish that more people like you would do some good in this instance as well.

My health is progressing nicely. But since I have now had three heart attacks, I have to "take it easy," much as I regret it. That means that I am almost totally giving up playing in public, concertizing. I am happy to finally have enough time for composing now, something I have always longed for. Aside from that I will teach and do some "editing" of beautiful old music (Bach, Händel, Corelli, etc.), which I have always wanted to do but found no time for. Perhaps I'll even have something for the Henle Verlag sometime, which would make me happy!

Very best regards to you and your wife, also from my wife,
Your very devoted
Adolf Busch

FROM HERMANN HESSE

[Spring 1952]

Dear Adolf Busch,

I stand before you with one laughing eye and one crying one, to thank you for your lovely letter. The laughing eye is meant to express my gratitude for your kindness, for your suggestion that you perform for us here is the most beautiful and tempting offer anyone could make me. However the other eye is crying, for unfortunately your charming call comes a little too late. I cannot tolerate any socializing anymore, and live in complete retirement.

So it is with many beautiful and long-desired pleasures: they come too late. But that is not intended as a lament, I have had a very rich life, one that cannot be devalued by the sadnesses of its closing years.

I welcome the opportunity to thank you once again. I have heard a rather considerable amount of music and come to know a number of musicians, but only three, four have become clandestine friends of mine. You have been among these few dear figures for decades.

Many thanks, and fondest regards from your
H. Hesse

My very dear Herr Adolf Busch,

I too wish to thank you with all my heart! How wonderful it would have been to hear you here at home. Even imagining such a thing for a moment was wonderful — many thanks! All the very best from

Your Ninon Hesse



VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

South Kensington

By kind permission of the Director, Sir Leigh Ashton

In memory of

FRITZ BUSCH

13 March 1890—14 September 1951

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28th 1952 at 8

Quartet in C minor, Op. 51 No. 1

BRAHMS

Allegro

Romante: Poco adagio

Allegretto molto moderato e comodo

Allegro

Quintet in C major, Op. 163

SCHUBERT

Allegro ma non troppo

Adagio

Scherzo: Presto

Finale: Allegretto

THE BUSCH QUARTET

Violin: ADOLF BUSCH

Viola: HUGO GOTTESMANN

Violin: BRUNO STRAUMANN

Violoncello: HERMAN BUSCH

Violoncello **IVOR JAMES**

The proceeds of this concert will be given to a musical charity

TICKETS: 10/6, 7/6, 5/- and 3/-

from Miss M. F. Dakyns (Hon. Secretary, Busch Concerts Society), 6, Devonshire Place, W.1
(by post only), Chappell & Co., Ltd., 50 New Bond Street, W.1 (MAYfair 7600)
Cecil Roy Ltd., 74, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7 (KEN 0121), usual Ticket Offices and
IBBS & TILLET LTD., 124, Wigmore Street, London, W.1 (WELbeck 8418).
From 6.15 p.m. on concert day at the Box Office, Victoria & Albert Museum
(Entrance in Exhibition Road)

TO IRENE SERKIN

Riehen
February 23, 1952

[Appended to a letter from Hedwig Busch, in which she writes: Adolf is truly yearning for his daughter. He was completely crushed that the last long-awaited letter from you was only addressed to me...]

Dear, cruel Daughter,

Your "crushed" Papi also sends you a kiss, just as you sent him one in your last letter. Otherwise I am fine. I am tremendously looking forward — all of us are — to coming "home."¹

All my love to you all, and still another kiss for you
from your Paps

TO RUDOLF SERKIN

Riehen
March 18, 1952

Dear Rudi,

This is a birthday letter, and if you read it anyway (before then) you only have yourself to blame. We wish you all the best, and above all good health. Irenchen gave us a slight scare with the horrible term brain fever. We are hoping that she translated incorrectly from the English. Meanwhile, of course, we have had the news that you are again recovered, and that it went relatively quickly, so that we no longer suspect brain fever but rather a bad cold. Soon we will be able to find out about the condition of your health, all of you, and of everything else, after all. We are looking forward to being "home" more than we can say (even though we enjoyed, or are enjoying, being here), and to a few peaceful years with Irene and the children. I didn't mention you, as there won't be much chance to see you on account of your endless traveling and considerable practicing. Both are doubtless necessary. I sometimes worry about all of you more than about myself and my family, for with your enormous "operation" even more depends on your health than on mine. Moreover, since I only have the advantages of a person who is "self-employed" and none of the disadvantages at all, my family life is made quite easy for me. I thank you for your very nice letter from New Orleans, which did me a tremendous lot of good. I am pretty late in doing so, but until recently writing letters was still a strain, and I have used the time at my desk for composing. I have taken my flute quintet in hand again, and in the process almost completely rewritten the first movement (shortened it con-

¹ The Busches moved to Vermont for good in the spring.

siderably etc.), left the slow one (which had already gone through two versions), spared the trio of the Scherzo, and am now working on the last one, which is also being thoroughly revised. Since I don't have a thing to do with music otherwise and my whole life is suddenly so changed, I was and am delighted that I had the desire and the "urge" to create. It does me good, even though it sometimes makes me angry that I didn't get it right in the first place. I am looking forward to the work of the school. But I'm a little bit worried about the exertion. I will probably have to be a little careful about my "leading" in the orchestra. Anyway, there is still a fair amount of time before the hullabaloo begins. I am making progress with each week of recovery. I rarely feel anything (with this kind of rest). A few days ago I attended a "Sacher" concert in which they were celebrating Honegger, and performed a symphony (No. 5) and the "Cris du Monde." That night I immediately had to take two pills (the first ones since my attack before New Year's). It could be even worse, of course (the "music"), but it is terribly weak, and since in places you get the feeling he has real talent it makes you really sad. If I were to tell you everything I think in that connection there wouldn't be much left of what is supposed to be a birthday letter. Now I see that I have to stop anyway, as I am expecting a young woman for a lesson (a gifted one, not Fräulein S., whom we don't need to worry about securing for the school). Hedwig is up to her neck in work, the move to Frau Waibel's, shipping things to the U.S.A., etc. etc. I don't know whether she will get around to writing you on your birthday herself. But she thinks as much of you as I do, and wishes you the best of everything. Most of all health once again. You will be delighted with my boys. However Nicky doesn't want to speak English again until Vermont.

Stay well, my dear, good boy, I embrace you and look forward to seeing you, also to the music making. By the way, I am available for our recording of the Beethoven sonatas (not right away, as I would have to practice some beforehand — though my fingers are still in good shape, as the rest also does me good). Greetings to my dear Irenchen and all your children, whom we look forward to seeing. All my love,

Your Adolf



*Adolf and Hedwig Busch with their sons
Nicholas and Thomas.*

FROM EFREM ZIMBALIST

Philadelphia
April 18, 1952

Dear Mr. Busch:

Your kind letter made me very happy. We look forward with joy and great satisfaction to your association with the Institute¹ for many happy years to come. There is only one difficulty, and that is the spacing of the 10 hours weekly. I have just had a session with Miss Hill, our registrar, and we propose the following schedule:

¹ Adolf had accepted a position as Instructor of Chamber Music at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia for 1952-53.

Tuesday — 11:00 to 1:00
5:00 to 7:00

Thursday — 2 hours in
morning at your
convenience.

Wednesday — the same

Will this be satisfactory?

My wife joins me in sending our warmest greetings to you and Mrs. Busch.

Sincerely yours,

Efrem Zimbalist

FROM THERESE SCHNABEL.

Tremezzo, Como

April 26, 1952

My dear Adolf Busch,

I hope this letter reaches you somewhere, for you did not give me an address. I was in Schwyz for Artur's 70th birthday, which is why I am so late in responding. It was so nice of you to write me, despite all your trouble and illness. I thank you for it with all my heart, and truly appreciate it. No one knows more than I what it is like to lose dear people forever, first it was my parents and then Artur, with whom I had lived for 50 years. I only knew that you have lost Fritz, nothing about your other brother¹. You have my deepest sympathy. — Artur was deeply melancholy in the last year of his life, mainly because he was nearly blind and could neither read nor write, he longed for death and it was a release for him. The doctors thought that the podium would provide him with something to do, and that concertizing was a necessity for him, which I doubted and didn't wish...[a line is missing in the copy] was the most beautiful thing he ever accomplished. Afterward he explained to me that he had had enough, and would never play again, and in fact he never touched another key.

I hope you are reasonable and stick to your plan and avoid the public, it makes too great a demand on your concentration and strength. And you have already given people enough unforgettable beauty, now you have to think of yourself. I hope we see each other again, I am 76, and they say that every year after one's 70th is a gift from God. You are still young, and could almost be my son. Greetings to your wife, even though I haven't met her, and to Serkins, he always wrote so sweetly to us. I wish you all the very best.

Your truly devoted

Therese Schnabel

¹ Willi Busch.

TO OTTO GRÜTERS

Guilford, Vermont
May 20 [?], 1952

Dear Otto,

Your nice letter with the "Coriolanus" photographs arrived yesterday. Many thanks. I have Father's (published) article about it, and even his score with his annotations. Would it be all right with you if I gave the films to the Library of Congress, who would almost certainly be able to make good enlargements from them and would be interested in doing so? (Presumably.) Before your letter came, I had only yesterday morning planned to finally write you. But as always, hardly had I gotten to my desk in my studio when I started working on the Psalm instead. I am now copying it, had previously worked through everything thoroughly and conscientiously once more (reworked major sections, completely rewrote the double canon) — it is a tremendous lot of work, but I am enjoying the calm (inner and outer) I had always lacked, because I was torn back and forth between fiddling and composing, and had to steal the time to compose. Now I haven't practiced anymore since my last concert in Basel, and I don't miss it. Aside from the work at my "desk" there are all sorts of things to be done in the house — I am doing all sorts of carpentry, mostly together with Hedwig, who grabs nearly everything out of my hand and will only permit my moral support. We are wonderfully situated here, the children are thriving and are a joy. I am feeling quite well physically (aside from occasional minor "pressures"), and am enjoying my life with my wife, my children, and grandchildren. Hedwig has a truly enormous lot to do (but it will soon be better). The house had to be cleaned (she too has to climb a ladder!), then a huge crate arrived, full of things from Switzerland: we had to make room, build *closets*, create shelves. We set up the crate next to the house in back of the garage and built a roof for it so we could keep *garden tools* in it, then the *chicken/guest house* still had to be fixed up, as guests are arriving today (others coming later), etc. I have accepted a teaching position at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, where Rudi teaches. We will drive down there once every 3 weeks (between Sept. and May), and I teach 10 hours in 2 1/2 days, so as to make it easy on me — only chamber music ensembles. We are looking forward to it. This letter ought to get off today, so I have to close (we have to go to town). Stay well, all of you, and don't fall off the ladder. All love to you and your Hanna and your Hildchen from us, large and small.

[Adolf]

TO LUIGI ANSBACHER

Guilford, Vermont
May 23, 1952

Dear Luigi,

I have been meaning to write you for a long time, but now that I no longer have to practice, as I am no longer giving concerts, there is so much to do that I haven't gotten to it. I finally have the time and the peace of mind now to do my own work. I am just now writing a Psalm for chorus, large orchestra, and organ, which will soon be completely copied.¹ As one of my best friends, you are much in my thoughts. I don't want you to worry about me unnecessarily; I am doing very well. Even though I am very sorry not to be able to play certain pieces of music that I particularly care for in public anymore — feeling as I do that others don't understand them as well and therefore "perform" them with less comprehension (this absolutely between us!!) — and that Hedwig ought to have been able to hear a lot of beautiful things yet, I am nevertheless delighted at finally having found the inner and external peace I have so long desired for composing. It is also painful to think that I won't see my good friends in various corners of the world as often, and perhaps some of them who are too far away never again at all. But ultimately seeing each other isn't what's important. Would you be so kind and tell the gentlemen and friends from the Società del Quartetto how delighted I was with the kind letter they wrote me, and that it did me a lot of good to receive something like that? I was truly touched by their tactfulness — Perhaps I will recover so completely that I will once more be able to play all the Beethoven quartets for you. Maybe I'll manage it when I'm 70!! Stay well, my old, dear, good friend, my best to your loved ones, and greetings from Hedwig, from Rudi, who just now expressly asked to be included, and from your friend a warm embrace.

Adolf

TO ERNST DRUCKER

[Guilford, Vermont]
June 9, 1952¹

Dear Ernst,

We were delighted to hear the good news,² we sincerely thank you and wish the whole family all the best. Now, like me, you are the proud father of

¹ A week or so before his death, Adolf heard for the first time the Fauré Requiem, under the direction of Blanche Moyse in Marlboro. He was deeply moved, and immediately set about making changes in his Psalm.

² This was Adolf's last letter, written only a few hours before he died.

³ About the birth of Eugene Drucker.

two boys! But don't forget that I still have a daughter as well! We are doing fine up here! I am enjoying being able to devote myself completely to my own work for once. And I am working hard. Not on the violin, that I'll start again today, for in 2 weeks the summer school starts. Couldn't you come up sometime (with your fiddle!)? I would love to know what all you have learned in the meantime.

Fondest greetings, also from my wife, to your (brave) wife and to you.

Your old friend

Adolf Busch

REMEMBRANCES

FROM BRUNO EISNER

June 11, 1952

Dear Rudi Serkin,

We just read the terribly sorrowful news! It is difficult to say anything! — Unnecessary to say anything about the man — who more than any other in this time documented his humanity and his character — difficult and superfluous to say anything about the artist. It is very sad, also for the whole family, that it was not granted him to enjoy a peaceful retirement and to continue to cultivate music. — Please know, both of you, also Frau Busch, that you have our deepest sympathy! —

Your

Bruno Eisner

FROM ERICH KAHLER

June 11, 1952

Dear Rudi —

I got the sad news, which upset me terribly, just before leaving for Europe. You know how much I cared for Adolf Busch, how much everything he stood for, his wonderful music, his gentle manner, every word he spoke, struck a sympathetic response in me.

Please accept these pitiful words, my dear friend, and with you Frau Irene, as testimony that I think of you in sorrow and not only sympathy, but true empathy. Please convey this to Frau Busch as well.

Yours always,

Erich Kahler

FROM DOROTHY AND ROBERT MAYER¹

June 11, 1952

Dear Rudi Serkin,

tonight I shall look up our Visitors Book in order to find out the date on which Adolf (+ Frieda) first visited us at Cumberland Terrace. It was their first appearance in England.² The letter of introduction referred to Herr and Frau Professor, which sounded forbidding and therefore intensified our surprise: we beheld a charming modest young enthusiastic person. That was over 25 years ago as you know. Whatever life did to him, whatever sorrows and disappointments + joy it created, these inherent qualities remained. They and his exceptional integrity as artist + human being and his superb musicianship endeared him greatly to us.

We are sad. Adolf has joined the ranks of musician-friends who have gone + leave an irreparable void; he and Fritz and our beloved Artur³ + many others.

We fully realize what his death means to you — the beloved father + and partner + Irene + Hermann + others, + we send you all our warmest sympathy.

Always sincerely,

Dorothy and Robert Mayer

FROM WOLFE WOLFINSOHN

June 11, 1952

Dear friend,

I send you and your beloved family my deepest sympathy. I had the highest respect and much affection for that great musician and superb artist Adolf Busch. His lofty conception, his wonderful artistry, uncompromising ideals as a man and artist will always be memorable to me.

I truly grieve his passing away. It is an irreparable loss to you all — but also to the artistic world and to every free man.

Sincerely and affectionately
Wolfe Wolfensohn

FROM FRED DORIAN

Dear Irene, dear Rudi,

What occurs to me first today from all the many sounds from his violin: "Erbarne Dich..."



¹ Mayer sponsored countless concerts in London.

² Adolf had already played in England much earlier, of course.

³ Presumably Artur Schnabel.

Of all musical works:



"Wir setzen uns mit Thränen nieder
Und rufen Dir im Grabe zu
Ruhe sanfte
Sanfte Ruh!"

Not a man, but rather an era has died. And a symbol of my own youth. The great works for violin, the sonatas and quartets, even the symphonies (with Adolf Busch as concertmaster in Vienna) I came to know thanks to him. In this experience, one that he provided to thousands throughout the world, lies the immortality of his soul.

Accept the sympathy of a musician who knows what the world has lost.
From your Fritz

FROM ARTURO TOSCANINI

Telegram

Milan
[1952]

Terribly distressed sad news very close to you in your sorrow
Arturo Toscanini

FROM LUIGI ANSBACHER

June 24, 1952

Dear Busches, dear Serkins!

Today is the third time that I take leave of my dear friend Adolf, after having learned the sad news by way of the announcement in Basel and immediately expressed my sorrow in a telegram. The first time was when Hedwig cancelled the concerts with me, and I could see that for now and for the foreseeable future there could be no thought of a concert life for him. At that time I wrote him, I think in Basel, that accordingly a period of my own musical life had closed as well; Toscanini is no longer conducting in Italy, or only very [seldom], and Adolf Busch is no longer playing. But the essence of my musical life was represented by these two names. That the great masters and their masterworks remain, and that despite all of one's admiration for their interpreters, this is what really matters.

But that, after all, was what those two artists had in common. The older I get, the more mysterious the origin and influence of our lovely art becomes, and with these two, and especially with Adolf, what I once stressed in one of my reports from Salzburg applied: when leaving one of their concerts, as

I have often observed, people do not talk about the noble gestures of the conductor (or it may be even his violent leaps), not about the double stops and flageolets, but about the masterwork and its equally mysterious creator: for me the criterion for the perfection of the interpreter. Something like this I wrote to Adolf at that time, I think in January, and I hope he understood what his departure from us meant for me.

I took leave from Adolf a second time when, around the end of May, I received his letter to me of May 23, for which I will always (as long as I keep going) be grateful. It is one of the nicest letters I ever received, with his repeated emphasis on our long-time friendship. It has taken its place among a few of my favorite letters: with a few from the Maestro (when my first wife died, when he declined Bayreuth) and a few from Albert Einstein. It was unquestionably a farewell letter, and properly so. It is unlikely that at 74 I will ever come to America again, and he had to realize that his illness was dangerous if his doctors forbade him his reason for living, his concertizing. I wanted to answer him, even with a somewhat more optimistic view, but during those days I was required to go to Switzerland 4 or 5 times on business, and so that farewell letter, which he was so dear as to write me, became the farewell for life. And there is nothing left for me than to mourn with you.

I am also sorry, though this is only a matter of secondary importance, that he was unable to accept my repeated invitations to convalesce at our villa on Lake Como. If he had, he would also have seen that for years some lovely pictures of him that he had given me, Viennese studio portraits (some including Frieda), together with pictures of the Maestro, serve as the chief adornments of my two workrooms. Perhaps the Serkins will one day make up for it, and see that this is the case. You have doubtless learned that the Società del Quartetto published an obituary in the "*Corriere delle Sera*." Two of my best friends sent me notes of condolence to pass along. The one, avvocato Giussani, an intimate of Tosca's, who idolized Adolf, the other, avvocato Gaetani, the first viola in my orchestra (which I was able to revive only briefly after the war), one who never ceases to speak of the wonderful concerts at our house, with Adolf and Gösta. No one can ever take away from us this memory, along with many other lovely and most sublime ones, even though the one we have to thank for them is no longer with us.

Your Luigi

I would have liked to write sooner, and should have, but during the time in question I was in Switzerland on business at least 5 times, and when I got here for the inhalation cure, I first had to clear up some work, otherwise it would not have been possible for me, even including that first period of work, to get a month's vacation. For the same reason, I will have to refrain from writing separately to all my friends, also Hermann, Hedwig's mother, etc., otherwise the vacation I so require would come to nought. I beg you to explain this to all of them.

FROM ALBERT EINSTEIN

Princeton
June 19, [1952]

Dear Herr and Frau Serkin!

It is a great loss that has befallen the family, the circle of friends and admirers, and music. Adolf Busch was one of the few whose kindness and upright conviction in the years of trial have always stood the test.

Sharing your deep sorrow, I send you sincere best regards,

Your A. Einstein

FROM HERMANN HESSE

[1952]

Dear Herr Serkin,

After learning this sorrowful news I would also like to extend my hand to you. I can sense what it means to you, what you have lost in him, and I think of you in fondest sympathy.

Cordially,

Your

Hermann Hesse

FROM LUCAS LICHTENHAN

Barcelona
June 27, 1952

Dear Irene,

The news of the death of your dear father reached me in Madrid. It enveloped me in pain and sorrow; I assure you, Rudi, and the children of my sympathy. I will always be extremely grateful to his memory; it is impossible to enumerate or even guess at all the beautiful and unforgettable moments he provided for his friends. A few days before he left, he came to me a last time with his wife and one of the little boys. I have to say that this farewell troubled me. Adolf said several times: "I just wanted to see you again," and when they left he turned around in the door and looked at me so strangely that it went straight to my soul. In Madrid I saw the Prado for the first time. I was particularly moved by the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch — el Bosca, as they refer to him here — and that made me think of Adolf so strongly that I wanted to write him. Two days later I received the news. Martha subsequently sent me a newspaper clipping with a lovely picture of Adolf. Now, dear Irene, everything that I experienced with Adolf unfolds once again before me, from that first visit when he lay ill in St. Albanvorstadt and Pelle brought me to him — up to that last time in the Äschengraben roughly 3 months ago. It is only natural that one should feel gratitude for having been

close to such a person; that goes without saying. But it was much more than the gifts of a great artist. To my sorrow, I see that my words are inadequate. I feel that, like me, you sense from the departed one himself, despite the inexorable reality of your separation from him, the strength within you to transform all sorrow into gratitude, for what he was to his loved ones and friends, and continues to be even in death, is so inexhaustibly rich and lasting.

I am heading back to Basel tomorrow. It is sad to think that the dear, great man will never again return to his city. But it is comforting to know that he has a monument here in many hearts, that his picture hangs in the museum,¹ and that something more will take place to honor his memory. Dear Irene, I embrace you from afar, and reassure you of my lasting friendship. Please give Rudi and the children all my love as well. I will be thinking of you a lot, and in so doing will also be remembering your dear mother. I will write to Adolf's wife from Basel.

Sincerely, and with love,
Your Lucas

FROM OTTO GRÜTERS

Düsseldorf
July 9, 1952

My dear Rudi!

I thank you sincerely for your very nice letter; doubly sincerely because you did not try to console me. We will all miss Adolf as long as we live. What you wrote truly touched me, of course, but also shamed me: in my fixation for Adolf I always treated everyone else unjustly, Frieda, Irene, Hanna, Hedwig, and of course you. Wherever Adolf was, everyone else stepped into the background for me. That started in 1905, when Adolf was not yet 14 years old, and it never changed. At the same time, we occasionally got very upset with each other. There were things about me that he didn't care for, and he said so in no uncertain terms. But that meant no more to me than that he had become my brother-in-law and a famous man. It was enough for me that he was there and that I loved him. Selfless as she is, Hanna accepted that without being jealous. Seeing me so sad the past few weeks, she said: "What I wouldn't give if only I could be transformed into Adolf!"

You and I have been friends almost since the moment we met, but you only became a real brother to me that time when you were taking the defective Fiat to Turin, and invited Lichtenhan to go along so as not to have to take Adolf on such a dangerous drive. I then felt that we two also belong together forever. And then later Hanna came to love you and Irene as much as I did.

I am pleased that the Psalm thrilled you as much as it did me. Adolf had

¹ An oil portrait by Alfred H. Pellegrini.

played it for me on the 20th of December. In my diary is the entry: "Something truly great." When I was with him again in Basel in March, he was in the process of changing "dull or illogical spots" in his flute quintet. That night he let the work run through his mind and slept badly. The next morning he then played a passage for me that he had reworked, and with which he felt that the quintet was now put to rights. When I asked him whether he would now start working on the Psalm, he confessed: "I am a little afraid to take it up again; I have a premonition that once it is finished I will have to die." He didn't seem to take that premonition too seriously, at least I didn't — unfortunately! — and even made some ridiculous comment about it. For his part, he did not appear to have thought of it any further when in his last letter he announced the completion of the Psalm. Hanna has copied out that letter for you...

FROM EUGENE AND GRETEL ORMANDY

Chexvres, Vaud
July 11, 1952

Dearest Irene and Rudi:

Gretel and I just learned of Adolf's tragic death. I hardly know what to say. He was such a superb artist, such a great musician and a wonderful colleague, a man to whom we all looked up, that it is hardly believable that he is no longer among us.

Please allow us to shake your hands in deep sympathy. Your loss is also the loss of the whole music world.

*Your devoted
Gretel and Eugene*

FROM EVELYNE BARBIROLI

July 22, 1952

My dear Irene:

I have been abroad on holiday (and so not reading newspapers regularly) and it is only now that I hear of the tragic and untimely loss of your father. Please forgive my apparent heartlessness in writing to you so late. I barely met his wife, so would you perhaps pass on to her my deepest and warm sympathy?

I cannot well tell you how distressed I was to hear this news. Not only will he be a great loss to the world of music, with his generous, warm giving of himself to all he did, and those of us who were fortunate enough to know him must realize now the sadness of never seeing him or making music with him again on this earth. I look back to those performances of Bach, in which I was proud and privileged to play so small a part,¹ as some of the most wonderful musical experiences of my life. His kindly, and boundless and joyous vitality when he led us made us feel as if we were making music

¹ As Evelyn Rothwell, she had played first oboe in the European chamber orchestra.

in the truest sense, and the warmth and honesty of these performances remains vividly with me yet. And I can never forget his humanity, his humbleness, his patience with those who worked for him. I wish only that I need not look back so far — even the last time is too long ago — one could never have realized one would not see him again — I remember too certain performances of his of such breadth and sincerity and generosity, the slow movement of the Mozart A-major concerto, a Beethoven-Brahms 4tet concert at the Wigmore among them. At best he will never die in our hearts, or our musical memories, and we are fortunate to have these.

John sends his love with mine to you all. We are both very sad at his passing — we who knew him so little — and can imagine a little how great a gap must be left in your lives.

Our especial love to you and Rudi and the family.

*Affectionately,
Evelyne*

FROM RAGNAR JONSSON

Reykjavik

August 19, 1952

My dear, good friend Irene,

When we learned of the death of our good friend a short time ago, we were horrified, and stricken with a deep sorrow. We found Adolf so young, and we looked forward with all our hearts to many pleasant hours with him yet. We were actually expecting him with Hedwig and the children in the fall, and were already making preparations for receiving them. Iceland has become so fond of Adolf and Rudi that everything artistic is measured after their standards. But our anticipation has turned into a sorrow that cannot be healed.

Dear friends, the clouds have so suddenly obscured the sun that we were unprepared to have to send you such sad greetings.

With Adolf, who combined the life of a man and that of an artist so beautifully, and his brother Fritz, the keys to the most beautiful truths in life that the gods have granted us frail human creatures to know have literally disappeared from the world — at least for the moment. When will such Titans of the spirit reappear, artists who are capable of once again gaining their trust, so that men can lead a life of culture that is true and beautiful?

I have been traveling about a great deal this year, both inside the country and abroad. We are still drawing upon your visit last winter, and the loveliness of those days will stay with us for a long time.

Fondest greetings to Rudi and your children, you have long been in our thoughts, but it is difficult to express what we are feeling — I still can't do it. God bless you all, our good and unforgettable friends.

Your devoted
Ragnar

FROM SAMUEL BARBER

September 1, 1952

Dear Irene,

I have just returned home from Europe and learned only now of your great loss — and music's. Who can ever replace these princes of one's art? I did not know when I passed through Lucerne this summer that your father had already gone: I was thinking then of the most beautiful performance of the Beethoven concerto I have ever heard. Do you remember when we all came unexpectedly down from Arosa?

I send you, dear Irene, my deepest sympathy with affectionate remembrances to you and Rudi.

*As ever,
Sam*

FROM LUIGI ANSBACHER

Milan

October 23, 1952

Dear Irene and dear Rudi!

Now that we are to see each other again (at least Rudi and I) for the first time since Adolf is no longer with us, I would like to think that the reunion will take place under the sign of his spirit.

So I am enclosing — taking the chance that you already received one from me — a copy of the last letter I received from Adolf, a few days before he left us, one of the loveliest letters I ever received, a farewell letter that, contrary to his expectations, as revealed in the letter, was to become a farewell to life.

I have also corresponded with Albert Einstein about Adolf recently, as I remembered that they thought a great deal of each other (which was understandable given Albert's love of music, I believe they played together a number of times, even in Berlin I think¹). In his reply from around the end of September, he shows that he not only valued him as a musician, he there writes of Adolf as "one of the few strong and upright men of our generation." I'll show you the letter sometime.

So welcome to Milan, even though you are coming alone this time.

Fondest greetings,
Your old Luigi

¹ Adolf did occasionally play chamber music with Einstein, also a violinist, at home in Berlin. Once, after Einstein had made a false entrance, Adolf sternly told him that he really ought to learn to count better.

ALBERT EINSTEIN TO PAUL EHRENFEST

January 20, 1921

...I am happy that you were so pleased with Busch. He is truly a splendid fellow, pure as a child. His playing is tremendous; the only thing that occasionally disturbs me a little is the excessive stiffness and inflexibility of his rhythm. Nothing dreamy, nothing relaxed. Could it be that Berlin is rubbing off on him? The other great violinists here display this phenomenon even more strongly than Busch...

PAUL EHRENFEST TO ALBERT EINSTEIN

January 22, 1921

...After I had listened to Busch's playing for 5 minutes — Beethoven quart. opus 59 No. 1 — I thought, he must understand mathematics very well — but physics? No, that is doubtless unfamiliar to him. — Then imagine — when I asked him about that later — it turned out that that was the case. When you see him or his wife again, give them my best — I fear that I imposed myself on them too much — but I liked them so enormously! Their child must be delightful...

A Young Violinist Called Busch¹

ADOLF SPEMANN

In the fall of 1912, the architect Adolf Abel, who shared with me a love of Bach, related to me that he had gotten to know a young woman who was taking lessons in Stuttgart from the respected singing teacher Emma Hiller-Rückbeil. The girl was named Frieda Grütters, and was the daughter of the Musikdirektor Hugo Grütters in Bonn. Her fiancé's name was Busch, like the great humorist, was roughly twenty years old, and apparently an extremely gifted violinist. If one could believe his fiancée, he was truly something special. Abel asked if we shouldn't sometime ask this young man to play for my mother and others of us in the large music room of our home on Reinsburgstrasse.

Thus it was that in October 1912 a somewhat shy young man, his large blue eyes looking out from behind rimless glasses, entered the large entry hall of my parents' house with his dark-haired fiancée and Abel. My mother knew from her own younger years how little a young musician is likely to have to

¹ Quoted from the *Stuttgarter Zeitung* for November 2, 1957.

eat, and had first planned a generous supper, which the young man from Siegen devoured. Our guest was somewhat taciturn, leaving it to his fiancée to do most of the talking, a young woman who proved to be very intelligent and cultured.

We then went up to the music room, which was festively illuminated with its old spirit lamps. "I guess I would first like to play the Bach Chaconne," we were informed. We had no objections; this would give us a chance to see soon enough what sort of an artist the young man from Rubens's birthplace really was, and whether his fiancée had perhaps led us to expect too much. The violinist pushed aside the music stand that I had put together for his use, took a solid stance in the middle of the room, and began the D-minor theme.

Before the first fifty bars had faded, I noticed the telltale sensation I always feel when I experience truly great music: goose bumps. A grandiose and elemental world of musical structure arose before us. The young man with long, blond straight hair stood in front of us, his eyes closed, and veritable streams of high-tension electricity seemed to emanate from him. Everything was glorious, now stormy, now resembling the vast, broad onrushing of breaking ocean waves, now like the searing breath of infinite longing, now like a jubilant cry of victory. There appeared to be no such things as technical difficulties, one forgot about them completely, just as one forgot the violinist. One felt that it was only old Bach and his incomparable work there in the room, so completely did the recreating artist recede behind the incredible architecture of this composition, which seemed to rise anew before us in its inexhaustible grandeur, without additions, without omissions, without sham, and without a trace of mere facility.

When the Chaconne was finished, we sat there a long time absolutely silent and numb. We were all aware that Germany had a genius of a violinist again, the first since the death of Joseph Joachim, no tightrope walker on the E string, no mere violinist, but a complete musician by the grace of God. As a fourteen-year-old, I had heard Joachim play the Kreutzer Sonata and the Beethoven Septet in this same room, and a short time later Raimund von Zur Mühlen had frequently sung here, and since then nothing had even begun to challenge those impressions. Now, however, an artistic experience of equal intensity was being given me again for the first time, one that struck me all the more powerfully in that it was wholly unexpected, and because the artist himself was not suffused in the radiance of a famous name. And also because I had meanwhile learned some things, after hearing a great deal and making music myself, and developed rigid standards.

I have never forgotten that first evening, when Adolf Busch played for us several other movements from Bach's solo partitas besides the Chaconne. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted for decades, and is one of the great treasures of my life. Busch repeatedly came to stay at my mother's, and we would make music together. He was especially fond of playing Bach's sonatas for two violins with Adolf Abel and me — so that on one occasion

we suddenly realized that we constituted an Adolf trio — or the obligato violin solos for the great arias from the Passions or cantatas, a complete edition of which I had just bought myself, while Frieda Grütters sang the soprano solos. Busch also played the Bach flute sonatas on the violin, and once he even let me accompany him in the first movement of the Brahms violin concerto. When Busch stood behind me, looking over my shoulder as he played, I felt as though I were standing at the edge of a volcano and being nearly scorched by its molten breath. In my parents' house Busch also wrote two pieces for two violins, which we first performed from his still-damp manuscript, as well as various songs for soprano to texts by Goethe.

In those years I frequently heard Max Reger in chamber-music concerts in Karlsruhe and Stuttgart, when he would usually perform a new work of his own, such as the great E-minor trio, along with something like the Brahms horn trio. I only came to make Reger's music my own thanks to first Adolf Busch and later his brother Fritz. Over the course of the twenties, until Adolf Busch left the country, I heard this divinely gifted artist countless times, and each time I had the same incomparable impression I had that first time, only eventually he played a glorious Stradivarius, while in those earliest years he only had at his disposal one of the violins, quite distinguished as they were, that had been made by his most unusual and highly talented father.

I was pleased to be able to assist in introducing the artist to Stuttgart, inasmuch as I organized his first violin recital with Hugo Grütters in the hall of the Stuttgart Conservatory. It took a long time before the greatness and importance of Adolf Busch came to be recognized in Germany generally. He rejected any sort of pandering to the ordinary concert audience, there were never any virtuoso sweets or breathtaking tricks in the style of Paganini, never any obeisances to local dignitaries, there was no pulling of strings behind the scenes, there was only great art. Even so, one of the earliest reviews chose to criticise his bowing, which gave us unmitigated pleasure, as we had always been of the opinion that one should never deny a person the right to embarrass himself as best he can.

Soon afterward, Busch founded his first quartet, and I well remember the evening he first presented this quartet to us. We received a telegram from Saarbrücken one day, telling us that he would be stopping over in Stuttgart for a few hours with his new quartet the next afternoon on his way to Vienna, and would love to play two quartets at my parents' house before catching the night train. My elderly mother immediately went into action, invited a few musical friends to join us, and arranged for refreshments, and suddenly two wonderful quartets by Mozart and Schubert were resounding in the lovely old music room. After supper there was a great rush to the train station. However, since the train was an hour late, the young artists promptly requested that the waiting room of the old central station that was closed to ordinary traffic be unlocked, and proceeded to perform the Brahms Hungarian Dances, while my brother Hans, who happened to be staying with us and

was truly inflamed with excitement, stood guard at the door so as to prevent any interruptions. This new experience had swept over us for a few hours like a storm.

On another occasion I traveled with Busch and Abel to Tübingen, of course in third class as always. During the entire two-hour journey, Busch and Abel played duets for two violins by Viotti, while Abel's sister Anna² held their music. However some of the greatest impressions I had were the concerts in which Adolf Busch played with his brother Fritz; among the ones I remember most vividly were their performances of Max Reger's violin concerto and the Kreutzer Sonata. At such times the two brothers were completely as one, and made music both faithful to the work and lofty to a degree I have otherwise hardly ever experienced.

The terrible years of emigration were unable to cloud the cordial friendship that bound me to the brothers Fritz and Adolf Busch. There continued to be music at home with congenial friends until the war put an end to everything. The bomb that destroyed our house down to the ground struck right above the music room; I dug the three brass casters from the legs of our Bechstein from the midst of the rubble, and as the only salvagable music my old edition of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier, still showing all the traces of that horrible night. I preserve the volume as a faithful reminder, and as a symbol of the fact that this work will survive the destruction of all music.

A Meeting with Adolf Busch¹

Place: the "Tramstübli" in Riehen.

Time: late one Saturday afternoon.

Cast of Characters: "prominent" members of the Riehen Men's Chorus (among them the Eger-Migger!²) as well as — moving up to genuine prominence — the painter Johann Lüscher and the musician Adolf Busch³.

The glasses are filled; the ceremonial courtesies proceed with genuine politeness, but with no superfluous speeches. The master fiddler sits down next to the director of the chorus, and immediately the "negotiations" begin. "So, how did you envision the affair?" "Roughly like this, Herr Busch" — with these words, the leader of the chorus begins to outline a possible program that appears to meet with approval, even praise in these sparkling,

² Anna (Annele, „Addi“) Abel, a Stuttgart friend of Frieda Busch's who married Gösta Andreasson.

¹ A clipping from the *National Zeitung*, Basel.

² The plumber Eger, „der Eger-Migger“, was a local character in Riehen.

³ Adolf was made an honorary member of the Riehen Men's Chorus, and when the community was called upon to decide whether he was to be given citizenship, the Chorus voted unanimously in his favor.

merry, youthful eyes (he is only 55!). "In that case, I could — wait a minute — I could play..." and already the leader of the chorus is noting down the names of the gems that Adolf Busch will play as solist in the concert of the Riehen Men's Chorus. This is to be on the 30th of May, God willing. Yes, we say "God willing" quite unabashedly and without a blush. For the name Busch stood on the program of the Men's Chorus once before. Then the war broke out; the terrible flood appeared to be inundating all of Europe, indeed the entire world. The planned concert never took place. And once again a new flood threatens! — The patrons of the Tramstübli get some idea of all the valuable things that are constantly subject to destruction in our time: now, as Adolf Busch talks about America, about "Rudi" (his son-in-law Serkin), who has found more "home" in his adopted country than his native one. What a courageous life this Adolf Busch lives, he, the inspired Beethoven interpreter, the progressive Reger apostle, and — something that is by no means least in our eyes — the friend of Hermann Suter. The author of these lines still remembers the premiere of Hermann Suter's A-major violin concerto, which is dedicated to Adolf Busch. The violinist presented that valuable work with such exceptional vitality. And today? Still blessed with the same vitality, he sits in our midst, sparkling with wit and humor. And yet — a modern Odysseus — he has surely looked the manifold misery of our world in the eye. But Goethe is correct: The gods give everything to their favorites without reserve, even joys — and, to vary it slightly — the talent for enjoying oneself. A bright glow from this joy continues to lie upon the little group of chorus members long after Adolf Busch has disappeared. This glow of joy — reflection of joy — came not only from the hock ("Lord no," the Eger-Migger agrees), no, it was the result of a few ordinary citizens' having felt the breath of a great spirit, and the crackling fire of a democratic soul. Alas, many a well-meant ceremonial speech could not take the place of what this Saturday afternoon provided: the renewed certainty that all greatness is by nature quite simple. For that reason the Riehen Men's Chorus is looking forward to its soloist, because it knows that one of the great musicians of the present time is to honor it by giving of his art. The singers would like to express their gratitude here, and will attempt to create a worthy framework for such an event with their songs. ("Did you hear that, Eger-Migger?")

One who was there

Remembering Adolf Busch¹

LILY REIFF

Adolf Busch was attentive, and demanded nothing at all for himself. We were able to ask the Busches to stay with us very early on. In August 1918 —

¹ Quoted from a newspaper clipping, probably from a Zurich paper.

when numerous captured German soldiers were interned in Switzerland — there was to be a major concert in the Tonhalle as a benefit for those among them who were poor. Elly Ney played the Brahms D-minor, Busch the Beethoven concerto, Hoogstraaten conducted, but had to do the whole program without rehearsal, as the orchestra was not available for one. The three artists and Frieda Busch were staying at our house, and at table Hoogstraaten casually asked: "So, Adolf, how do you play the Beethoven, actually, fast or slow?" "Oh, sort of medium," was the response. "Fine, just so I know." That was their entire "talk-through" rehearsal. It was enough. The piece came off, and was of course wonderful.

On March 17, 1924... we were again able to serve as hosts to the Busch Quartet, only briefly, and under somewhat upsetting circumstances, which did nothing to disturb the sold-out concert, to be sure, but led to much discussion both before and after it. As we were sitting over afternoon coffee, shortly after they arrived, the artists discovered that there was neither a night train nor a morning one that could get them to the next day's concert in Munich, which was also sold out! Frieda had made a mistake when reading the schedule (she had not come with them), and noted down a summer train. What to do? Their first thought was to fly, so we phoned Geneva, for there were no planes available in Zurich — and the deal would have been settled, despite the terrific expense, if the folks in Geneva had not insisted that they go "without luggage." They couldn't fly in their tails, and they had to have their priceless instruments with them — so that was out — to the great relief of the cellist, who was opposed to the plan from the beginning, and kept saying: "But children, think of our four Stradivariuses! If something were to happen!" Until my husband assured them that the four men (all of them married) were worth a good deal more still.

At 8:00 in the morning there was in fact a train from Lindau to Munich, but how to catch it? At that time the borders and the distance argued against making such a trip by car. The only solution appeared to be: by car to Lake Constance, then by motor launch to Lindau, and all of that before 8:00 A.M. It was easy enough to find a car, of course, but our butler was on the phone for hours, literally, calling the various towns along the lake until he finally turned up a private motorboat in Rorschach, whose owner was such an art-lover and so obliging as to make the night crossing possible for our four musicians. We breathed a sigh of relief, and after the concert it was possible for us to be quite merry, and we were even permitted to hear some more music at home (the quartet did me the honor of playing at sight my own string quartet, which I had never shown a soul). But when Busch suggested that they keep playing until 4:00 in the morning and then start out, *we* objected, from exhaustion and common sense. We were able to convince our musicians to sleep for at least a few hours, and undertake the cold journey rested, which they then did, and everything proceeded smoothly and safely. They arrived on time in Rorschach, in Lindau, and in Munich, and they did

not have to break their contract (that had been the chief worry vis-à-vis their agent). Again on this occasion, I was able to see what a fine, gentle nature Adolf Busch had: he could imagine that his wife might well have discovered her error in the meantime and be in great distress. To reassure her, he wrote her from here and from every stop along the way a card insisting that she needn't worry.

In those days, whenever we were alone with him and his family, Busch would ask his daughter after dinner: "Trenchen, what shall we do now? Gymnastics, wrestling, or boxing?" "Boxing," his little girl would respond. They would then shake their hands like real boxers and fight quite fiercely, that is to say it turned into a highly skilled and strenuous series of acrobatics that was very beneficial to Adolf, who tended to get too heavy, until they called a halt, both of them exhausted and panting, and shook hands again in reconciliation, the huge father and the little daughter, who on other occasions would listen to her father when he was practicing or playing quartets, a doll in her lap, and think nothing of criticizing him: "You're playing miserably today, Papi!" And he believed her.

Since Busch had "time" here, he would hold quartet rehearsals at our house; the gentlemen were brought here solely for this purpose...and as always we were delighted with them. As they were practicing again the next morning, Toscanini listened in, and was so taken with an Adagio from one of Beethoven's later quartets that he started to cry, and was unable to control himself for a long time. At the luncheon table he was still shaking his head: "O questo adagio, questo adagio —."

Instead of summing up with an overview of the last years and various lovely and fond reunions, I would only like to recall the last time we were together on December 3, 1951. He arrived by car at our house with his wife, sincerely apologizing for being unable to give me the accustomed kiss on account of a slight fever and sore throat that would "be gone by tomorrow morning." And he did go to bed immediately after supper. The next morning he appeared again all wrapped in scarves and completely desolate — he had literally fought with his wife so as to go on with the day's scheduled rehearsal and concert, but she, a skilled doctor, had determined that his fever had risen and that he was in pain, so had to cancel the concert, which was horrible for him.

He assured me that only his regard for his young wife and his two small boys could bring him to behave in such a way, and I encouraged him in doing so by pointing to the tragic example of his beloved brother Fritz. But I had no idea how serious his condition really was...he took it easy, lay quite still in bed in Basel for weeks, and in March was able to return to his lovely place in the country (which he had told me about with such delight), and there ended this so rich and active life, the life of one of the greatest and kindest men I ever met.

Adolf Busch¹

ASGRIMUR JONSSON

I think that the violin virtuoso Adolf Busch was the finest artist I have been in contact with. My acquaintanceship with him actually marked a turning point in my life, and I am not only thinking of music in this connection. He was for me in many ways what at one time the old masters had been in regard to painting. We became very good friends and he often sat in my room and played for me the works of the masters, Bach and Beethoven... His was a deeper and truer personality than that of any other artist I have met, as pious as a child, his thoughts were ever pure and lofty. With the passing of him and his brother Fritz passed, in a sense an entire school of art. Their deaths severed the link with the classical masters, and among the many living virtuosos, I know of none who are in direct connection with them except Pablo Casals. Adolf Busch's tone was so pure and living, so completely free of all external frills and embellishments that the listeners were carried to another world, one which died with him and for which there is perhaps no hope of revival. The fact that the works of Bach and the quartettes of Beethoven are preserved in his interpretation is, perhaps, no less important than that the works themselves exist at all. And how wonderful that it is possible to preserve the spirit of a man in such a true "copy." To hear Busch play the solo partitas of Bach was like entering a temple.

FROM DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

November 24, 1953

Dear Irene,

...I think the idea that you will go in the spring to Basel for the wonderful occasion of hearing your dear father's last work performed in the Münster is one of the most beautiful things to look forward to!¹ I find that I simply cannot be reconciled to your father's death. He seemed so marvellously vital to me, I had thought of him with many years before him to stand, shedding his musical light on the world.

But after all, his work remains, this psalm for orchestra and choir will be something for his children and grandchildren never to forget, and for all the rest of us to cherish as soon as it has been recorded, as I suppose it will be. No words can say how much we enjoy almost every day, in our remote little Vermont home, the recordings which bring to our ears your father's and Rudi's magic. Blessings on recorded music, which really conquers death as it was never conquered before. That Rasoumofsky (I'm sure I haven't that spelled right, but you know what I mean) which we heard your father's

¹ Quoted from the painter's Autobiography, as told to the writer Tómas Gudmundsson.

¹ His setting of the sixth Psalm, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger," for chorus, orchestra, and organ was premiered on June 12, 1954, in the Basel cathedral under Hans Münch.

quartet give in Manchester, sitting close enough so that we felt the very pulsations of his powerful personality and masterly playing — we hadn't had to leave that just in a fading memory as our grandparents were forced to leave especially beautiful experiences. We have a record of it, and on any of our quiet mountain evenings we can have it again — and we do!...

FROM JOHN R. FISHER

November 21, 1958

Dear Irene,

...But something more is due to those for whom Dorothy and I always felt a deep affection, as she did and I still do for you and Rudolf. And yet what is there worth trying to express in empty words? Well perhaps this: It would be a comfort to us all to know that Dorothy died quietly and without suffering. One moment she was talking to me, the next thing she was lying on the floor. Her face was as serene as ever. I thought at first it was a fainting spell. But it wasn't. It was the end.

No, it is not the end. And I hope you will think of her as I felt when I knew that I would never hear your father play the violin again...that one who has given beauty to the world cannot really die. We the living still have our memories...and they are precious.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1891 Born August 8 in Siegen, Westphalia
- 1892 Begins playing the violin lying on the floor
- 1895 First concert, for 200 teachers in Siegen
- 1897-1902 Attends school in Siegen, playing in his father's dance orchestra in hotels and restaurants at night
- 1902-9 Studies at the Cologne Conservatory
- 1909 Plays Max Reger's violin concerto for him; begins taking additional lessons in counterpoint from Hugo Grüters in Bonn; gives concerts in various smaller German cities
- 1910 Plays Reger's concerto in Berlin under the direction of the composer
- 1911 Plays the Beethoven concerto in Vienna under Fritz Steinbach
- 1912 Brahms concerto in March in London with Steinbach; in May, first visit to Paris; appointed concertmaster of the Vienna Konzertverein Orchestra; founds his first quartet
- 1913 Marries Frieda Grüters on May 15 in Bonn; address: Vienna IV, Seisgasse 18
- 1914 Serves as concertmaster in Vienna; many performances alone and with the quartet in other cities
- 1915 Lung illness, goes to Arosa for the cure; breaks left wrist
- 1916 Max Reger dies in May, before completing his Adagio and Rondo capriccioso op. 147, which he was writing for Adolf; summer once again in Arosa; breaks his foot; offered post at the Berlin Conservatory as successor to Joachim and Marteau
- 1917 Daughter Irene born June 21; summer in Arosa; fall and winter concert tours

-
- 1918 Viennese friends give him his first Stradivarius; moves to Berlin-Lichterfelde, Berlinerstrasse 172, so as to be able to take up his teaching at the Conservatory
- 1919 Edits Bach's solo sonatas and partitas
- 1920 Summer in Arosa; meets Rudolf Serkin in the fall in Vienna, and invites him to come to Berlin
- 1921-22 Season in Berlin; summer Arosa
- 1923 Moves to Darmstadt, Prinz Christians-Weg 11
- 1924 Summer in Magrelio (Italy)
- 1925 Buys a "new" violin (the "Weener" Stradivarius)
- 1926 Kidney infection, which forces him to cancel over a hundred concerts; formally adopted by his patron Wilhelm Schmitz-Scholl and his wife
- 1927 Moves to Basel, St. Albanvorstadt 96; in this Beethoven centenary year, plays the violin concerto more than a hundred times; summer in Zinal; fall concert tour in Russia
- 1928 Touring and private teaching
- 1929 Father dies; summer in Riederalp; given a car by Francesco von Mendelssohn
- 1930 Breaks his leg skiing in Arosa; Hermann Busch joins the quartet
- 1931 Visits Toscanini in Milan; July in Bayreuth; with Toscanini to the U.S. in the fall
- 1932 Moves into the house he had built at Schnitterweg 50 in Riehen, near Basel
- 1933 Fritz Busch forced to abandon his post at the Dresden Opera in March; Adolf plays his last concert in Germany, Haydn's "Seven Last Words," on April 1; with the quartet and Serkin to the U.S. for concerts in the Library of Congress
- 1934 Concerts in London; summer cure in Karlsbad; awarded honorary doctorate by the University of Edinburgh
- 1935 Brandenburg Concertos in Florence, May 7-8; Irene and Rudolf Serkin marry on May 31; June in Glyndebourne; recording of the Brandenburg Concertos in London in the fall
- 1936 Summer cure in Karlsbad; post-cure on the Wallersee, so as to be able to hear Toscanini during the Salzburg Festival; records the Bach suites in London
- 1937 Concerts in Palestine and Egypt; summer in Karlsbad and Salzburg; mixed program with the chamber orchestra in Brussels and elsewhere; with Serkin to U.S. in the late autumn
- 1938 Silver anniversary, on which occasion the chamber orchestra provides a serenade; organizes the first Lucerne Festival for Toscanini; cancels further concerts in Fascist Italy

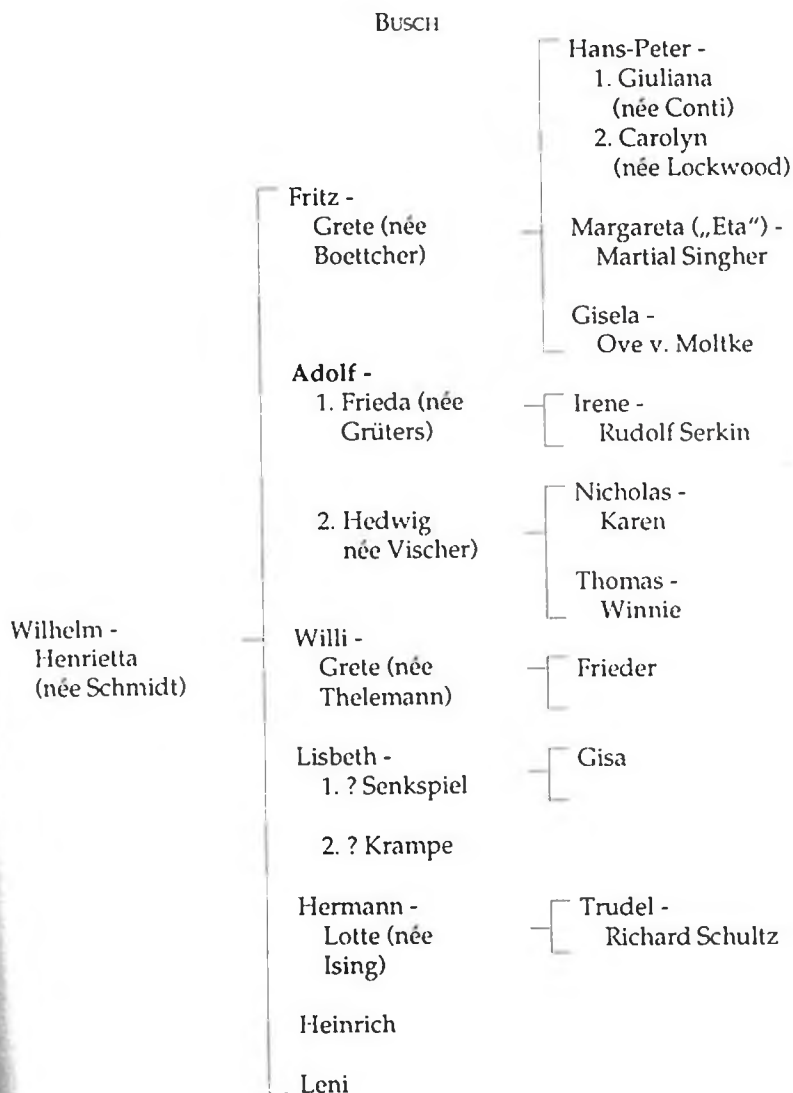
-
- 1939 Spring in New York, address: 50 Park Avenue; summer once again in Lucerne; in late November back to the U.S., where he rents a house in Douglastown, Long Island
- 1940 Quartet arrives in U.S.; first heart attack during a sonata concert in Town Hall in December
- 1941 Immigrates by way of Canada; summer in Gloucester, Massachusetts; moves to Manhattan, 49 East 96th Street
- 1942 Concerts in Town Hall and the Metropolitan Museum with the Busch Little symphony; summer in Narragansset, Rhode Island
- 1943 Summer in Gloucester, Massachusetts; performances and recording of the Händel Concerti Grossi in the fall
- 1944 Tour with Busch Little Symphony; offer (never realized) from the B.B.C. in London
- 1945 Summer on Ames Hill, near Brattleboro, Vermont; fall in Iceland
- 1946 Frieda dies August 22 in Vermont; sonata tour in Iceland with Serkin in the fall; death of granddaughter Susan Veronica Serkin on October 7; refounding of the quartet with Ernst Drucker and Hugo Gottesmann
- 1947 Tour with the quartet, mainly in England and Switzerland; sells the house in Riehen; Iceland; engaged to Dr. Hedwig Vischer in August, married in September
- 1948 Concerts in Europe; autumn in U.S.; buys house in Guilford, Vermont; son Nicholas Ragnar born December 6
- 1949 Moves into Jean Jacques Lüscher's house in Riehen in January; concerts in Europe; summer in Vermont; sonata tour in Mexico in the fall
- 1950 Spring in Europe; summer courses at Marlboro College in Vermont, with concerts in Marlboro and Brattleboro; with Serkin to South America in the fall; second son Thomas Andreas born November 18 in Switzerland
- 1951 Concerts alone and with quartet in Switzerland and Germany; crushes middle finger of his left hand in February, and cancels a number of concerts; more concerts in Europe in late spring; summer back in Vermont, where he helps to found the Marlboro School of Music
- 1952 Spring in Switzerland; gives up concertizing and moves to his house in Vermont for good; accepts teaching post at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia; finishes his setting of the 6th Psalm for orchestra, chorus, and organ at the beginning of June; dies June 9 in Guilford

MEMBERS OF THE BUSCH QUARTET

1912-1951

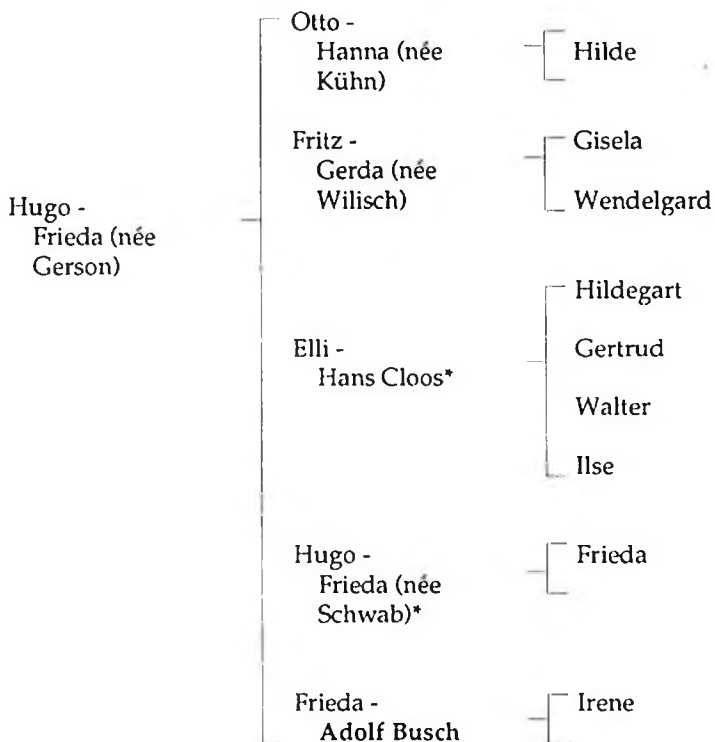
1912	Adolf Busch	Fritz Rothschild	Karl Doktor	Paul Grümmer
1919		Karl Reitz	Emil Bohnke	
1920		Gösta Andreasson	Ernst Groell	
			Karl Doktor	
1930				Hermann Busch
1946		Ernst Drucker	Hugo Gottesmann	
1947		Bruno Straumann		
1951				

FAMILY TREES



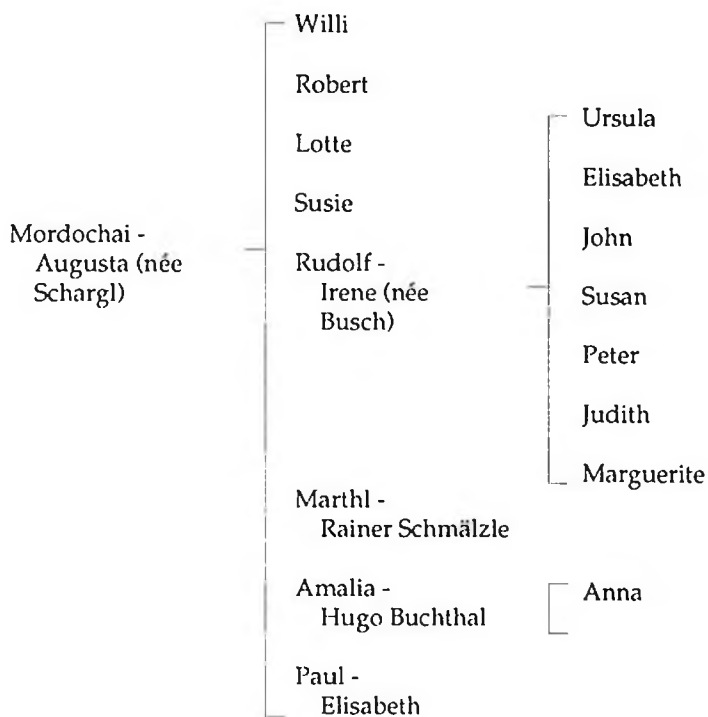
These tables are by no means complete. They focus primarily on the generations and persons mentioned in the correspondence.

GRÜTERS

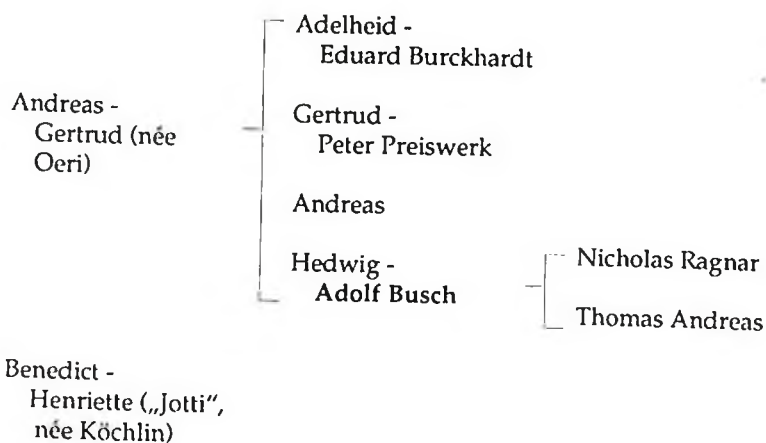


* After his divorce from Elli, Hans Cloos married the widowed Frieda Grütters.

SERKIN



VISCHER



PERMISSIONS

We have made every effort to inform the writers of letters to Adolf and the Serkins reprinted here, or if necessary their descendents, of our intentions in publishing this book. The following persons and organizations have authorized the reproduction of specific documents: Bernardo Ansbacher the letters from his father Luigi Ansbacher; Frieda Cloos the letter from her husband Hans Cloos; Dr. John C. Coolidge and his sister Elizabeth Winship the letters from their grandmother Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge; the late Fred Dorian his letter to the Serkins; Björg Ellingsen the letter from her husband Ragnar Jonsson; Katherine Graham the letters from her mother Agnes E. Meyer; Hanna Grüters the letter from her husband Dr. Otto Grüters; The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Israel, the letters from Albert Einstein; James Heineman the letters from his parents Dannie and Hettie Heineman; Wanda Toscanini Horowitz the letters and telegrams from her father Arturo Toscanini and the letter from her husband Vladimir Horowitz; Alice Kahler the letters from her husband Erich Kahler; Peter Maag the letters from his father Otto Maag; Yehudi Menuhin his own letters and the one from his father Moshe Menuhin; Margrit Ormandy the letter from her husband Eugene Ormandy; Karl Ulrich Schnabel the letter from his mother Therese Schnabel; Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main, the letters from Hermann Hesse (the one on p. 532 copyright Suhrkamp Verlag, 1991); Helen Wolff the letters from her husband Kurt Wolff. We are deeply grateful to all of the above.

We also thank Mrs. Noach for copies of Adolf's letters to Paul Hellmann, and to May Wenner-Fahrländer for a copy of his letter to her.

INDEX

Page numbers in boldface refer to photographs, numbers in Italics to letters written to Adolf Busch or letters or articles about him.

- Abel, Adolf 207, 550, 551–52, 553
 Abel, Anna. *See* Andreasson, Annele (née Abel)
 Abel, Fritz 207, 340
 Abendroth, Hermann 115, 120, 121, 170, 195
 Adenauer, Konrad 462–63
 Amans, John 440
 Amrein (?) 194
 Amster, Fräulein 142
 Anders (violinist) 33–35
 Andreae, Elisabeth 154, 155, 332, 333, 427
 Andreae, Marianne. *See* Savoff, Marianne (née Andreae)
 Andreae, Ruth. *See* Schkölziger, Ruth (née Andreae)
 Andreae, Volkmar 154–55, 185–86, 232, 332, 333, 338, 344, 365, 425–28, 467, 498
 Andreasson, Annele (“Addi,” née Abel) 352, 360, 404, 424, 427, 457, 553
 Andreasson, Björn 357, 367, 404, 424, 444–45, 457, 462
 Andreasson, Gösta 217, 238, 250, 252, 268, 277, 318, 322, 352, 360, 362, 365, 366–67, 368, 398, 399, 401, 402, 403, 404–5, 424, 437, 438, 445, 457, 544, 562
 Anroy, Peter van 121
 Ansbacher, Luigi 249, 272, 325, 539, 543–44, 549
 Ansermet, Ernst 293, 460, 467, 474
 Arlberg (singer) 194
 Augustin, Herr 128
 Bach, Johann Sebastian x, 52, 62, 146, 215, 257, 269, 337, 338, 339, 358, 368, 372, 379, 461, 489, 490, 511, 521, 532, 550, 557
Adagio and Fugue in C 87
Brandenburg Concertos 321, 322, 324, 330, 340, 346, 404, 432, 493, 509, 560
No. 3 in G (BWV 1048) 250
No. 5 in D (BWV 1050) 220
No. 6 in B-flat (BWV 1051) 217
Cantatas 493, 505, 509, 552
No. 51 “Jauchzet Gott...” 55
No. 56 “Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen” 451
No. 67 “Halt im Gedächtnis Jesum Christ” 323
Choral Preludes 442
Clavier Concerto in E major (BWV 1053) 346
Concerto in A minor for Flute, Violin, and Clavier (BWV 1044) 346
Concerto in D minor for Two Violins (BWV 1043) 198, 207, 220

- Bach, J. S. (*cont.*)
Flute Sonatas 552
Goldberg Variations (BWV 988) 220
Inventions (BWV 772-86) 127, 520
Mass in B minor 1-2, 328-30, 333-34, 336-37, 338-39, 340, 373, 376
Partitas 194, 340, 401, 520, 551, 557, 560
No. 1 in B minor (BWV 1002) 518
No. 2 in D minor (BWV 1004)
Chaconne 32, 38, 551
No. 3 in E (BWV 1006) 59
St. Matthew Passion 208, 307, 309, 310-11, 312, 313, 314, 316, 321-22, 328, 336, 338, 339, 443
Solo Sonatas ix-x, 19, 26, 181, 182, 194, 204, 340, 401, 520, 560
No. 1 in G minor (BWV 1001)
Prelude and Fugue 69
No. 2 in A minor (BWV 1003) 518
No. 3 in C (BWV 1005) 55, 143, 518
Sonatas 193
No. 3 in E (BWV 1016) 136
No. 5 in F minor (BWV 1018) 93, 122, 135, 136, 207
Sonata in E minor (BWV 1023) 135, 168, 216
Sonatas for Two Violins 551
Suites 346, 389, 560
Suite (Overture) in D (BWV 1068) 421
Suite in B minor for Flute and Strings (BWV 1067) 340, 375
Violin Concertos 26, 146
Concerto in A minor (BWV 1041) 80, 143, 177, 272, 275, 346, 366, 418
Concerto in E (BWV 1042) 69, 143, 243, 262, 454
The Well-Tempered Clavier I-II 553; II 373
Backer, Dr. Paul 408, 449
Backhaus, Wilhelm 468
Bagehot, Walter 320
Baklanoff, Georgy 224
Bampton, Rose 443, 446, 449, 450
Barber, Samuel 549
Barbirolli, Lady Evelyne (née Rothwell) 547-48
Barbirolli, Sir John 359, 419, 495, 548
Barrell, Colette 416, 529
Barrell, Emil 416, 529-30
Barth, Karl 466, 468
Bauer (Munich agent) 111, 139, 143, 146, 149, 154
Baumgartner (violinmaker) 367, 445
Bearth, Peter 332
Beckerath, Frau von 11-13, 27
Beckerath, Kurt von 11-13, 27
Beecham, Sir Thomas 495, 497, 498
Beethoven, Ludwig van x, 44, 52, 67, 167, 269, 358, 447, 456, 489, 490, 531, 554, 557
Cello Sonatas 411
Concerto in C for Violin, Cello, and Piano (op. 56) 278
Coriolanus Overture (op. 62) 538
Egmont Overture (op. 84) 85, 100, 310
Fidelio 248, 249, 292, 346, 368, 443
Folk Songs 55, 56
Leonore Overture No. 2 (op. 72) 222, 348, 349, 401
Leonore Overture No. 3 (op. 72a) 260
Lieder 83
Missa solemnis (op. 123) 56, 321, 323, 373, 443
Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat (op. 73, "Emperor") 50, 365, 366, 507
Piano Sonatas 152, 361, 365, 366
No. 21 in C (op. 53, "Waldstein") 361, 412
No. 23 in F minor (op. 57, "Appassionata") 412

- No. 31 in A-flat (op. 110) 412
Piano Trios 139, 318, 411–12
 No. 4 in D (op. 70, No. 1) 122
 No. 5 in E-flat (op. 70, No. 2) 188
Variations in G (op. 121a,
 "Kakadu") 67, 69, 188
Quartets 69, 217, 225, 268, 341,
 413, 476, 497, 539
 No. 1 in F (op. 18, No. 1) 32, 362
 No. 4 in C minor (op. 18, No. 4)
 211
 No. 6 in B-flat (op. 18, No. 6) 498
The Razumovsky Quartets (op. 59)
 362, 557
 No. 7 in F (op. 59, No. 1) 65–66,
 497, 550
 No. 9 in C (op. 59, No. 3) 313, 497
 No. 10 in E-flat (op. 74, "Harp")
 293
 No. 11 in F minor (op. 95) 65, 87,
 498
 No. 12 in E-flat (op. 127) 32, 362,
 495, 498
 No. 13 in B-flat (op. 130) 362,
 427, 476
 No. 14 in C-sharp minor (op. 131)
 497
Great Fugue in B-flat (op. 133)
 217, 225, 348, 350
Quintet in C (op. 29) 293
Romances 323
Romance in G for Violin and
Orchestra (op. 40) 365
Septet in E-flat (op. 20) 551
Sonatas for Violin and Piano 69,
 138, 191, 194, 411, 468, 474, 495,
 519, 535
 No. 5 in F (op. 24, "Spring") 412,
 453
 No. 7 in C minor (op. 30, No. 2)
 15, 77, 80
 No. 9 in A (op. 47, "Kreutzer")
 77, 193, 412, 415, 460, 551, 553
 No. 10 in G (op. 96) 207, 276, 412,
 531
Symphonies 145, 455, 456
 No. 3 in E-flat (op. 55, "Eroica")
 199, 263, 286, 295, 341, 343,
 348, 376
 No. 4 in B-flat (op. 60) 349
 No. 5 in C minor (op. 67) 240,
 310, 423
 No. 6 in F (op. 68, "Pastorale")
 370
 No. 7 in A (op. 92) 32
 No. 8 in F (op. 93) 423
 No. 9 in D minor (op. 125) 44,
 122, 210, 224, 299–300, 377
Violin Concerto in D (op. 61) viii,
 xi, 26, 79, 118, 121, 122, 131, 143,
 148, 149, 177, 186, 221, 256, 262,
 272, 275, 281, 348–49, 356, 379,
 418, 429, 461, 469, 470, 497, 498,
 501, 511, 518, 549, 555, 559, 560
 Bellini, Vincenzo
La Sonnambula 309
 Berg, Alban 58
 Berg, Mauritz van den 340
 Berger, Wilhelm 132
 Bergonzi, Carlo 456, 459
 Bériot, Charles Auguste de xix
 Berling (? Stockholm) 409
 Berlioz, Hector 341
Benvenuto Cellini Overture 392
Herold in Italy 251
Symphonie fantastique 188, 260
 Berner, Rosalie (née Leventritt) 437
 Berner, T. Roland ("Ted") 437
 Bertha (Vischers' cook in Basel) 244
 Bertrich, Dr. 210
 Bethmann-Hollweg, Felix von 212
 Bethmann-Hollweg, Theobald von
 65, 181, 182, 183, 184, 191, 202–3,
 212
 Bing, Rudolf 371, 389
 Bizet, Georges
Carmen 249, 341, 469
 Blancard, Jacqueline 468

- Blei, Franz 223
 Bobbi, Fräulein 175
 Bodansky, Artur 120
 Boettcher, Georg ("Juju") 203, 257, 283, 284, 295
 Boettcher, Johanna 46, 198, 204, 259
 Böhm, Karl 464
 Bohnen, Michael 291
 Bohnke, Emil 211, 225, 562
 Boie, Fräulein 115
 Bondy, Elisabeth 492, 508
 Booth, Toni 386, 387, 388
 Bosch, Hieronymus 545
 Bote and Bock (publishers) 29
 Botstiber, Hugo 94
 Bottler 219
 Boulton, Sir Adrian 497
 Boveri, Frau 194
 Bowe, Mary 358
 Brahms, Johannes xi, 31, 33, 52, 68, 108, 133, 142, 146, 180, 181, 182, 319, 341, 343, 367, 489, 490
Academic Festival Overture (op. 80) 421
Clarinet Quintet in B minor (op. 115) 364
Concerto in A minor for Violin and Cello (op. 102) 40, 79, 118, 160, 249, 278, 295, 357, 491, 501
German Requiem (op. 45) 20, 21, 57, 294, 295, 347-48, 355, 373, 377
Haydn Variations (op. 56a) 13, 31, 69, 79, 108
Händel Variations (op. 24) 388
Horn Trio in E-flat (op. 40) 27, 552
Hungarian Dances (Joachim) 32, 45, 552
Intermezzo in E (op. 116, No. 4) 52
Nänie for Chorus and Orchestra (op. 82) 14
Piano Concertos
 No. 1 in D minor (op. 15) 152, 296-97, 555
 No. 2 in B-flat (op. 83) 419, 421
Piano Quartets
 No. 1 in G minor (op. 25) 32
 No. 2 in A (op. 26) 55
 No. 3 in C minor (op. 60) 55
Piano Quintet in F minor (op. 34) 65-66
Piano Trios 35
 No. 1 in B-flat (op. 8) 122
Quartets 35, 268
 No. 1 in C minor (op. 51, No. 1) 87, 211, 311, 313, 362
 No. 2 in A minor (op. 51, No. 2) 36, 362, 496, 497
 No. 3 in B-flat (op. 67) 362, 476
Sextets
 No. 1 in B-flat (op. 18) 27, 36
 No. 2 in G (op. 36) 492, 508
Sonatas 40, 182, 468, 474, 519
 No. 1 in G (op. 78) 40, 122, 135, 136
 No. 2 in A (op. 100) 19
 No. 3 in D minor (op. 108) 40, 207
Symphonies 49, 145
 No. 1 in C minor (op. 68) 84, 108, 132, 370
 No. 2 in D (op. 73) 84, 85, 86, 87, 122, 240, 313, 418
 No. 3 in F (op. 90) 84, 85, 384, 442
 No. 4 in E minor (op. 98) 84, 85, 108
Tragic Overture (op. 81) 122
Violin Concerto in D (op. 77) 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 26, 32, 37, 49, 69, 79, 108, 119, 121, 131, 132, 145, 149, 177, 211, 243, 262, 263, 272, 281, 379, 418, 445, 497, 499, 518, 529, 552, 559
 Branzell, Karin 340
 Breitkopf & Härtel (publishers) 31, 139, 247-48, 293, 330, 338, 373, 421
 Bridge, Frank 493, 495
 Bruch, Max
 Violin Concerto in G minor 26, 79

- Brücke, Herr and Frau von 185
- Bruckner, Anton
- Symphonies*
- No. 3 in D minor 156, 217
- No. 4 in E-flat 116
- No. 5 in B-flat 222
- Brueghel, Pieter xi, 30, 45
- Bruhn, Frau 209
- Brun, Alphonse 159, 163, 168, 186, 187, 188, 189, 194, 215, 238, 239
- Brun, Blanche 187
- Brun, Fritz 186, 212, 213–15
- Bucherer, Herr and Frau 44, 217
- Buchholz 215
- Buchthal, Amalia ("Maltschi," née Serkin) 386, 493, 497, 509
- Buchthal, Prof. Hugo 493, 508–9
- Bülow, Hans von 145
- Burckhardt, Adelheid (née Vischer) 244, 523
- Burckhardt, Dr. Eduard 523, 524
- Burckhardt, Jacob vii, xi–xii
- Burg, Herr (singer) 289
- Burghauser 370
- Busch, Adolf ii, xviii, xix, xx, 1, 3, 23, 59, 63, 68, 106, 158, 165, 192, 196, 206, 211, 220, 229, 245, 246, 247, 250, 252, 254, 260, 264, 273, 276, 277, 279, 306, 319, 324, 325, 326, 340, 393, 397, 425, 426, 430, 431, 436, 452, 465, 475, 477, 484, 506, 512, 515, 517, 518, 519, 523, 525, 526, 528, 531, 536
- Arrangements
- Bach Partitas and Solo Sonatas* 204, 340, 560
- Cadenza for the Beethoven Concerto* 424
- Bruckner 3rd Symphony* 156
- Reger Violin Concerto* 377–79, 380, 418
- Schütz Litany* 450
- Compositions
- Cello Fantasy* (1916) 160
- Choruses* (1910) 31; (1920) 217
- Clarinet Sonata* (1939–40) 401, 459
- Concert Fantasy for Cello and Orchestra* (1913) 65
- Concert Piece for Violin and Chamber Orchestra* (1916) 171
- Divertimento for 13 Solo Instruments* (circa 1927) 257
- Fantasy for Organ* (1921) 223
- Fantasy for Violin and Piano* (1908–9) 5–6, 21
- Händel Variations* (1937) 367, 369, 373, 375
- Infantry March* (1915) 126, 129–30
- Lieder* 38, 552
- The Lord's Prayer for Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ* (1933) 289, 346, 347–48, 349, 350–51, 353, 354–56, 364
- Madrigals after Negro Spirituals* (1943) 441
- Negro Spirituals* (1943) 439, 440, 450
- Overture to Oedipus Rex* (1917) 181, 182, 186, 187, 189, 238–39
- Piano Concerto in C* (1924) 241
- Piano Quartet in B minor* (circa 1942) 437
- Piano Sonata in C minor* (1922) 229
- Prelude, Theme and Variations in C minor for Cello* (1947) 504
- Preludes and Fugues for String Quartet* (1927) 253, 293
- Quartet in A minor* (1946) 481
- Quintet* (1908) 5
- Quintet for Flute, Violin, Two Violas, and Cello* (1950–52) 516, 534–35, 547
- Radetzky Variations* (1914) 109, 114, 115, 119, 122, 129, 130, 132, 133, 137, 139–40, 142,

- Busch, Adolf, Compositions,
Radetzky Variations (cont.)
 143–44, 145, 146, 147, 149,
 150, 152, 157, 163, 166, 173
Requiem for Mignon (1932–35)
 330–31, 333, 346, 347
Der Schwarzkünstler (projected
opera 1913–?) 60, 61–62, 64–65,
 98, 106, 123
Serenade in A for Chamber
Orchestra (1909) 10, 11
Serenade in G for String Quartet
(1917) 193
Sextet in G (1933) 289, 294
Sixth Psalm for Chorus,
Orchestra, and Organ (1951–52)
 527, 538, 539, 546–47, 557,
 561
Sonata (1909) 21
Sonata for Violin and Cello (1915)
 129, 131
Sonata in A for Violin and Piano
(1941) 419
Symphony in B minor (1916) 156,
 157, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163,
 165, 166, 170, 171, 173–74, 175,
 189
Symphony in E minor (1927) 247–
 48, 249, 250–51, 255, 257, 259
Symphony with Chorus on a Text
by Rilke (1936) 346, 347, 369,
 530
Three Etudes for Orchestra (1940)
 414, 415, 530
Variations and Fugue for Small
Orchestra (1922) 232, 259
Variations for Chamber Orchestra
on a Theme of Schubert (1910)
 24
Variations for Piano, Four Hands
(1916) 152, 160, 163
Variations for Small Orchestra on
a Theme of Mozart (1918–19)
 202, 204, 211, 212, 213–15,
 217, 219, 293, 294, 307
Variations for Two Pianos on a
Theme of Schubert (1914) 107,
 111, 115, 163
 Performances
 —as chamber musician
 with Fritz Busch 40, 46 167–68,
 182, 183, 188, 189, 191, 193,
 200, 207, 215, 219, 224
 with Hugo Grüters 65, 114, 117,
 121, 138, 139, 168, 173, 188,
 204, 552
 with Reger 92–95, 96, 116, 118,
 122, 127–28, 135–37, 139, 141
 with Serkin 228, 251, 280, 437,
 495, 519, 561; Recordings 272,
 535, 557
 with Tovey 55–56, 77, 80
 with the Busch Trio; *Concerts:*
 Heilbronn 251; Stuttgart 251;
Recordings: 528
 with the Busch Quartet;
Concerts: Aachen 189; Basel
 346; Berlin 83, 84, 85, 88, 89,
 245–46, 250, 251; Birmingham
 497; Bonn 65, 87, 211, 216–17;
 Brescia 365; Breslau 65; Bristol
 299, 497; Brussels 65, 87;
 Cologne 65, 67, 87; Darmstadt
 251; Dresden 253; Düsseldorf
 87; Edinburgh 375; Florence
 225; Frankfurt 65; Geneva 499,
 500; London 323, 362, 495,
 497, 498, 548; Lucerne 380;
 Milan 499, 500; Manchester,
 Vermont 558; Munich 65, 87,
 555; Naples 225; New York
 413, 429, 476, 501; Oxford 497;
 Padua 365; Rome 225;
 Salzburg 68, 69; Stuttgart 522;
 Turin 225, 232; Vienna 65,
 341; Zurich 555; *Recordings:*
 311, 313, 427, 435, 496
 with the Busch Chamber

- Players (Europe); *Concerts*:
 Florence 321, 322, 324; Basel
 346; Brussels 346, 560;
 London 346; *Recordings*: 340,
 361, 375, 389, 453, 560
 with the Busch Little Sym-
 phony (USA); *Concerts*: New
 York 435, 440, 457, 561;
 Princeton 457–58;
 Washington, D.C. 432;
 —as concertmaster 26, 44, 49, 55,
 57, 138, 140, 143, 163, 168, 200,
 208–9, 253, 380, 543, 559
 —as soloist: *Concerts*: Alexandria
 363; Amsterdam 205; Arhus
 511; Arnhem 205; Baden-Baden
 26, 194; Basel 271, 498, 518;
 Berlin 23, 25, 31, 32, 83, 181, 182,
 191, 198, 219–20, 251, 559; Bern
 211, 499; Bochum 65, 87; Bonn
 56, 114, 120, 121; Breslau 86,
 120, 205; Brno 144; Brussels 65,
 511; Budapest 179; Cairo 364;
 Cologne 40, 65, 100, 141, 194;
 Copenhagen 511; Cöthen 30;
 Darmstadt 32, 87; Dessau 251;
 Dresden 32; Duisburg 30;
 Düsseldorf 26, 42, 87, 113, 118,
 119, 194, 256, 516; Ede (Nether-
 lands) 29; Elberfeld 19, 40;
 Elbing 194; Ems 38; Erfurt 194;
 Essen 26, 113, 119, 120, 121;
 Eupen 31; Frankfurt 65, 83, 87,
 260; Glyndebourne 323, 327;
 Göteborg 221; Graz 110; The
 Hague 30, 135, 136, 215;
 Hamburg 30, 223; Holland 121;
 Iceland 470, 501; Jerusalem 362;
 Karlsruhe 519, 530; Krefeld 26,
 32; Leipzig 95, 113, 115, 122,
 177, 194, 251; London 37–38, 43,
 495, 497, 559, 560; Lucerne 549;
 Magdeburg 30, 32, 50, 177;
 Mainz 25; Mannheim 114, 120,
 253; Meiningen 148; Milan 271;
 Mühlhausen 48–49; Munich
 519; Münster 139; New York
 272–75, 418, 431, 445; Paris 256;
 Pilsen 143; Posen 205; Rome
 243; Stuttgart 207, 210, 223;
 Venice 511; Vienna 30, 38, 49,
 84, 85–86, 118, 142, 143, 145,
 177, 511, 559; Wiesbaden
 194, 260; Winterthur 256;
 Zagreb 181; Zurich 117, 211,
 499, 501
 Teaching 42, 43, 89, 95, 108, 116,
 120, 154, 160, 179, 199, 200, 205,
 289, 417, 427, 486–88, 503, 518
 Busch, Frieda (née Grütters) viii, 11,
 15, 17–19, 28, 43, 44–45, 46, 49, 50,
 53, 55–56, 57, 58, 59, 63, 64–65, 68,
 86, 95, 97, 99, 100, 104, 106, 107,
 111, 112, 114, 116, 117, 119, 123,
 126, 128, 129, 130, 131, 133, 134,
 137, 138, 141, 142, 144, 147, 148,
 151, 152, 155–56, 159–60, 161, 162,
 163–64, 165, 166, 169, 170, 171,
 179, 180, 181, 182, 183–85, 187,
 189, 194, 195, 196, 199, 201, 204,
 206, 207, 209, 210, 211, 217, 220,
 222, 223, 224, 233, 241, 244, 249,
 256–57, 260, 265, 269, 271, 277,
 285, 289, 302–3, 310, 311, 316, 317,
 318, 325, 326, 330, 331, 340, 341–
 43, 346, 347, 348, 349, 352, 353,
 356, 357, 360, 363, 364, 365, 366,
 367, 368, 377, 380, 385, 387, 389,
 393, 398, 401, 405, 408, 411, 412,
 415, 416, 417, 424, 426, 433, 434–
 35, 437, 444, 445, 446, 449–50, 459,
 460, 470–71, 472, 474, 475, 476,
 477, 478–79, 480–83, 484, 485–86,
 498, 499, 500, 502, 503, 504, 506,
 516, 521, 527, 542, 544, 546, 550,
 551, 552, 553, 555, 556, 559, 561
 Busch, Fritz xvii, xx, 3, 5, 10, 17–19,
 28–29, 30, 31–32, 35–36, 40, 42, 46,

Busch, Fritz (*cont.*)

- 52-53, 54-55, 64, 89-92, 100, 102, 103, 104, 105, 107, 115, 119-20, 121-22, 126-27, 129-30, 131, 139, 141, 145, 149, 151-52, 159, 160-62, 163, 166, 167-68, 170, 173-74, 182, 183, 187-88, 189-90, 191, 192, 193-94, 198-99, 200, 203-4, 207-8, 210, 215, 217-19, 221-22, 223, 224, 232-35, 238, 239, 240-43, 244, 246, 247-48, 249, 250-51, 252-58, 259, 260, 261, 273-75, 276, 277, 280, 283-84, 285-86, 287-89, 290-91, 292-98, 299-303, 304-5, 306, 307, 308-16, 318, 319, 320, 321-23, 327-30, 333-34, 335-41, 344-45, 346, 347-48, 349-51, 353, 354-57, 364, 367-68, 369-73, 374, 375, 376-77, 384-85, 388-90, 391-92, 399-401, 405-11, 414-15, 418, 419-23, 427, 431, 440, 441-44, 446-49, 450-51, 455-57, 458-60, 463, 470, 477-78, 512-14, 527, 537, 542, 548, 552, 553, 556, 557, 560
- in Aachen 46, 47, 53, 81, 100, 120, 160, 167, 187-88
- in Bad Pyrmont 11-13, 26, 28, 35, 36, 64
- in Dresden 219, 221, 235, 238, 239-40, 248, 250, 256, 259, 283
- in Glyndebourne 298, 300, 304-5, 306, 307, 344, 347, 369-72, 377, 385, 443
- in Riga 13-14, 19-21
- in Scandinavia 294, 296-97, 299-300, 321, 323, 347, 355-56, 357, 375, 376, 406
- in South America 285-87, 290-91, 292-94, 309-16, 327-30, 335-41, 414, 420-23, 442, 447, 455-56, 477-78
- in Stuttgart 203, 207-8, 217, 219, 222, 223
- in World War I 111, 112, 113, 119,

126, 151, 189, 198

- Busch, Gertrud. *See* Schultz, Gertrud ("Trudel," née Busch)
- Busch, Gisela. *See* Moltke, Gisela Countess von (née Busch)
- Busch, Grete (née Boettcher) 18, 18-29, 46, 55, 64, 92, 113, 120, 121, 126, 127, 131, 151, 159, 161, 187, 189, 191-92, 198, 204, 224, 235, 238, 241, 253, 256-57, 262, 283, 284, 286, 287, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 298, 302, 303, 304, 309, 311, 312, 330, 337, 356, 367, 371, 377, 388, 389, 391, 405, 408, 410, 414, 420, 421, 427, 441, 444, 447-48, 449-50, 455-56, 462, 478, 512-14
- Busch, Hans Peter 92, 100, 127, 130, 131, 151, 188, 283, 284, 286, 290, 292, 293, 294, 295, 300, 309, 312, 336, 356, 370, 372-73, 374, 391, 405, 406, 407, 410, 418, 419, 422-23, 441-42, 447, 449, 451, 460, 513
- Busch, Hedwig (née Vischer) 244, 417, 435, 494, 495, 497, 505, 506, 507-8, 509-10, 511, 512, 516-17, 520, 522, 523, 524, 525, 529, 530, 534, 536, 538, 539, 545, 546, 548, 556, 561
- Busch, Heinrich ("Heini") 126-27, 130, 135, 138, 141, 151, 203, 204, 241, 246, 258, 261
- Busch, Henriette (née Schmidt) xiv, xvii, 17, 20, 29, 31, 100, 113, 138, 151, 157, 171, 246, 249, 257, 261, 262, 278
- Busch, Hermann 35, 36, 46, 50, 81, 232, 246, 249, 251, 252, 253, 258, 268-69, 277, 278-79, 288, 309, 327, 352, 357, 362, 367, 375, 397-99, 400, 401-4, 408, 409, 412, 426, 437, 456, 463, 491, 493, 494, 501, 503, 504, 523, 526, 528, 529, 542, 544, 560, 562

- Busch, Irene. *See* Serkin, Irene (née Busch)
- Busch, Leni 20, 232
- Busch, Lisbeth. *See* Senkspiel, Lisbeth (née Busch)
- Busch, Lotte (née Ising) 249, 258, 288, 327, 352, 398, 400, 402, 403, 404, 408, 409, 483, 503, 504, 505
- Busch, Margareta ("Eta"). *See* Singher, Margareta (née Busch)
- Busch, Nicholas 475, 509–10, 511, 516, 520, 524, 525, 526, 529, 535, 536, 561
- Busch, Thomas 519–20, 524, 525, 529, 530, 536, 561
- Busch, Wilhelm (father) xiv, xvii, xix, 5, 28, 29, 100, 113, 116, 151, 157, 171, 246, 249, 257, 260–61, 262, 326, 459, 552, 559, 560
- Busch, Wilhelm (the humorist) 286, 550
- Busch, Willi (brother) 31, 112, 119, 122, 129, 246, 257–58, 451, 460, 500, 537
- Busch Chamber Players (Europe) 340, 346, 432. *See also* Busch, Adolf, Performances
- Busch Little Symphony (USA) 427, 431, 432, 437, 444, 445, 451, 457, 458, 467, 471. *See also* Busch, Adolf, Performances
- Busch Quartet x, 40, 44, 50–51, 58, 63, 65, 67, 81, 113, 116, 118, 123, 160, 163, 189, 204, 211, 217, 253, 254, 256, 260, 268–69, 277, 305, 306, 307, 321, 353, 362, 364, 366, 390, 398, 400, 401–3, 404, 411, 419, 435, 437, 445, 476, 483, 485, 492, 495, 501, 507, 508, 516, 523, 525, 529, 552, 555–56, 559, 560, 561. *See also* Busch, Adolf, Performances
- Busch Trio 252, 397–98, 412, 528. *See also* Busch, Adolf, Performances
- Busoni, Ferruccio 49, 235
Berceuse élégiaque (op. 42) 259
Rondo arlecchinesco (op. 47) 259
Violin Concerto in D (op. 35a) 235, 243, 251
- Bussemeyer, Herr and Frau 28
- Calusio, Ferruccio 422, 459–60
- Carreño, Teresa 50
- Casals, Pablo 45, 46–47, 291, 307, 460, 465, 467, 469, 557
- Casey, Martha 358
- Cassadó, Gaspar 352
- Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Mario 341, 343
- Catherall, Arthur 454
- Centro Lirico Italiano 385
- Chaikin, Nathan 526
- Chausson, Ernest 309
- Cherubini, Luigi
Anacreon Overture 384
- Chopin, Frédéric 341, 358
Polonaise 361
- Christie, Audrey (Mildmay) 306, 371–72
- Christie, John 298, 300, 305, 306, 368, 371–72, 385
- Cleuver, Herr (singer) 35, 36
- Cloos, Elli (née Grütters) 57, 115, 155, 341, 480
- Cloos, Frieda (née Schwab) 208, 228, 490
- Cloos, Gertrud 480, 485, 488
- Cloos, Hans 115, 155, 172, 177, 488–90, 510
- Cloos, Hildegart 57, 115
- Cobb, Dick 520
- Columbia Artists Management 400
- Columbia Records 427, 435
- Coolidge, Elizabeth Sprague 398, 411–13, 433
- Corelli, Arcangelo 194, 529, 532
- Corgen, Frau 142
- Cortot, Alfred 45
- Curtis, Edgar 454

- Czerny, Carl 318
 Dahmen, Jan 239, 286, 292
 Dakyns, Frances 298, 289, 304, 324,
 330, 340, 347, 362, 386, 494, 495,
 496, 509
 Dalmann (?) 131
 Danziger, Suzie 505
 Debussy, Claude 341
Pelleas et Melisande 469
 de Castro, Juan 422
 de Filippi, Virginette 436, 439
 de Gaulle, Charles 419
 de Haan, Frau (singer) 55
 de Haan, Willem 32
 Deneke, Lena 43
 Deneke, Marga 43, 45, 96, 330
 Deneke, Mrs. M. 43, 44–45, 497
 Denzler, Robert 467, 474
 Desz, Herr and Frau 89, 135
 Deuber, Jenny 340
 Deutsch, Fritz. *See* Dorian, Fred
 DeVecchi, Margherita 387
 de Vito, Gioconda 518
 Dohnányi, Ernst von 3
 Dohrn, Georg 86, 120
 Doktor, Georgine ("Gina") 352
 Doktor, Karl 87, 113, 116, 118, 250,
 252, 277, 340, 352, 365, 386, 398,
 399, 401, 402, 403, 404, 437, 562
 Doktor, Paul 402
 Donizetti, Gaetano
L'Elisir d'amore 309
Lucia di Lammermoor 309
 Dorian, Fred 358, 542–43
 Drucker, Ernst 445, 476, 493, 496,
 539, 561, 562
 Drucker, Eugene 539–40
 Druxes, Dr. 183
 Dukas, Paul
L'apprenti sorcier 384
 Dupré, Marcel 518
 Dürer, Albrecht 475
 Dvořák, Antonín 31, 269, 343
Carnival Overture (op. 92) 421
Quartets 36
No. 14 in A-flat (op. 105) 353, 362
Quintet in A (op. 81) 476
Violin Concerto in A minor (op. 53)
 26, 30, 79, 100, 118, 251, 366–67,
 418, 420, 511
 Eaders, Herr 97
 Ebert, Carl 286, 289, 293, 294, 309,
 312, 336, 370, 371, 389
 Ehrenfest, Paul 550
 Eicken, W. von 279–80
 Einken, Privy Councilor 157
 Einstein, Albert 220, 292, 490, 544,
 545, 549, 550
 Eisner, Bruno 541
 Eldering, Bram 2, 8, 13, 35, 224, 271
 Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians
 511
 Elman, Mischa 309, 314, 387, 388
 Engel, Erich 293, 302, 309, 311, 312
 Engel, Frau von. *See* Fleischer,
 Editha
 Envall, Helmer (Swedish agent) 390
 Erede, Alberto 309, 311, 312, 314
 Ernst, Heinrich Wilhelm 181
 Eulenburg (publisher) 280, 293
 Fahrländer, Hans Jürg 439
 Fahrländer, Max 417, 435, 438–39
 Fahrländer, May 436–39
 Fahrländer, Ulli 439
 Falke, Gustav 6
 Fall, Leo
Die Dollarprinzessin 20
 Farrar, Geraldine 258
 Fässel, Otto 300, 313
 Fauré, Gabriel
Requiem 539
 Feuermann, Emmanuel 387, 388,
 397–98, 411, 412
 Fierz (Biber), Domenica
 ("Mengeli") 340, 427
 Fink-Garden (singer) 36
 Fischer, Edwin 229, 254, 451, 461,
 467, 468

- Fisher, Dorothy Canfield *xiii-xiv*, 557-58
 Fisher, Dr. John R. 558
 Fitelberg, Gregor 422
 Fitzner Quartet 50, 51, 54
 Flaherty, Robert 528
 Fleischer (-Engel), Editha 291, 340
 Flesch, Karl 483, 488
 Forberg, Herr 517
 Ford, Henry 469
 Forsdyke, Lady Amadea ("Dea," née Gombrich) *vii, viii*, 160, 164, 170, 201-210, 340, 493
 Forsdyke, Sir John 493
 Fowler, Mr. 496
 Franck, César 318, 453
 Frank, Councilor 10
 Franke (agent in Aachen) 189
 Franke, Herr 86, 87
 Franz, Robert 83
 Franz Josef, Emperor 177
 Fried, Dr. 346
 Friedberg, Herr 80
 Friedler (?) 28
 Fuchs, Prof. 180
 Furman, Arlie 426
 Furtwängler, Frau 371, 372
 Furtwängler, Wilhelm 251, 253, 254, 288, 291, 295, 321, 322, 337, 370, 371-72, 460, 463, 464, 465, 466, 474
 Gaetani, Avvocato 544
 Gähwyler, Max 196
 Gaisberg, Fred 328, 496
 Galimir, Felix 445
 Geissmar, Berta 291, 371, 464
 George VI, King of England 469
 George, Heinrich 464
 Gerdes, Hermann 269
 Gerhard, Karl 26, 28
 Gernsheim, Friedrich 83
 Gessler, Elisabeth ("Bethli") 417
 Gessler, Paul 417
 Geyer, Stefi 179
 Giernoth (concertmaster) 28
 Giessen, Hubert ("Hupsie") 251, 268, 269, 518, 520, 530
 Gigli, Beniamino 286
 Gildersleeve, Miss 413, 429
 Giussani, Avvocato 544
 Glazunoff, Alexander 254
 Gluck, Christoph Willibald 52
 Goebbels, Joseph 322
 Goethe, Johann Wolfgang 521, 554
Wilhelm Meister 331
 Goldner, Steffi. *See* Ormandy, Steffi (née Goldner)
 Gombrich, Amadea ("Dea"). *See* Forsdyke, Lady Amadea (née Gombrich)
 Gombrich, Sir Ernst ("Bixl") *vii-xii, viii*, 164, 318, 493-94
 Gombrich, Karl *ix, x*, 159-60, 162-64, 170-71, 177-78, 183, 201-2, 206, 210, 343, 352, 386, 492, 493, 494, 497
 Gombrich, Leonie *vii, ix*, 159-60, 164, 170-71, 201-2, 206, 210, 343, 352, 492, 493, 494, 497
 Gombrich, Lisbeth *viii*, 164, 318
 Gomperz-Bettelheim 87, 164
 Göring, Hermann 283, 288, 291
 Gorki, Maxim 252
 Gossec, François-Joseph 400
 Gött, Emil 60, 61-62, 125
 Gottesmann, Hugo 476, 493, 508, 523, 529, 561, 562
 Gottesmann, Lea 495, 529
 Graf, W. 216
 Graham, Katherine (née Meyer) 446
 Gravina, Blandine Countess (née von Bülow) 325
 Green, Mr. & Mrs. 327
 Groell, Ernst 217, 562
 Grümmer, Paul 40, 44, 49, 50, 51, 64, 68, 79, 81, 87, 89, 93, 100, 109, 113, 116, 118, 122, 138, 139, 140, 141, 151, 160, 163, 183, 188, 189,

- Grümmer, Paul (*cont.*)
 204, 211, 247, 250, 252, 253, 268,
 555, 562
- Grün, Frau 20
- Grünfeld, Alfred 122
- Grüters, Frieda (née Gerson;
 mother-in-law) 11, 14–15, 24, 27,
 30–31, 38, 42–44, 48–49, 50, 53, 58–
 59, 63, 65–66, 112, 114–15, 134–35,
 138, 140, 144, 155–56, 182–83, 184–
 85, 194, 196, 210–11, 220, 225–28,
 241, 480, 482
- Grüters, Frieda (née Schwab). *See*
 Cloos, Frieda
- Grüters, Fritz 11–14, 20–21, 25, 49,
 57, 99, 100, 109–10, 114, 115, 116,
 117, 142, 147–48, 155, 171–72, 177,
 179, 180, 181–82, 204, 208–9, 221,
 229, 279–80, 460, 478, 479, 480,
 482, 486
- Grüters, Gerda (née Wilisch) 480,
 482, 483, 489, 505, 510
- Grüters, Gisela 486
- Grüters, Hanna (née Kühn) 346,
 352, 358, 380, 479, 480–81, 482,
 483, 485, 509, 516, 517, 526, 527,
 546, 547
- Grüters, Hilde 480, 482, 483, 509,
 516, 527
- Grüters, Hugo (brother-in-law) 19,
 38, 50, 57, 58, 64–65, 114, 117, 135,
 138, 168, 208, 228, 480, 490
- Grüters, Hugo (father-in-law) 11,
 14–15, 17, 19, 38, 43–44, 48–49, 50,
 53, 56–57, 58–59, 63, 65–66, 110–
 11, 114–15, 117, 121, 133, 134–35,
 138, 139, 140, 144, 155–56, 168,
 172, 173, 180, 182–83, 184–85, 188,
 194, 196, 204, 208–9, 211, 215–17,
 219–20, 225–29, 241, 480, 538, 550,
 552, 559
- Grüters, Otto *xix*, 1–14, 15–16, 19–
 20, 21, 24–25, 26–27, 32, 33, 40, 42,
 45–46, 49, 57, 60, 61–62, 65, 98–
 100, 105–6, 112, 113–14, 116, 119,
 123, 135, 169, 171, 172–73, 177,
 179–81, 182, 183, 199, 217, 225,
 229, 236, 265, 271–72, 302, 324,
 345–46, 352, 358, 377, 380, 460,
 478–79, 480–81, 482–83, 485–86,
 489, 500, 515–17, 519, 524–25, 526,
 527–28, 538, 546–47
- Grüters, Wendelgard 486–88
- Guadagnini, Giovanni Battista 60,
 517, 521
- Guarneri Quartet 293
- Gudmundsson, Tómas 557
- Gulbransson, Olaf 279, 316, 317
- Gustavus V, King of Sweden 407
- Gutmann, Herr 148
- Gwinn, Betty 358
- Halir, Karl 58
- Hämmerli, Dr. 309, 311
- Hammerschlag, Paul 97
- Händel, Georg Friedrich 52, 62,
 373, 509, 532
- Concerti grossi* 561
- The Messiah* 46
- Sonatas* 156, 173, 215–16, 217
- Sonata in A (op. 1, No. 3)* 156, 168
- Hannes (tailor) 40, 42, 43
- Hartenau, Countess 105
- Haug, Hans 467
- Hauser, Herr 121
- Hausmann, Robert 58
- Havas (news service) 117, 128
- Haydn, Franz Joseph 67, 143, 146,
 257, 341, 492
- The Creation* 318
- Piano Sonatas* 450
- Quartets* 341, 362, 452
- Quartet in D (op. 20, No. 4)* 87
- The Seven Last Words* 284, 495, 560
- Symphonie concertante* 364
- Symphonies* 418
- No. 7 in C ("Le Midi")* 146
- No. 92 in G ("Oxford")* 421
- Violin Concerto in G* 26

- Haym, Herr 198
 Hebbel, Friedrich 3, 8
 Hegen (cellist) 146
 Heifetz, Jascha x, 309, 407, 418
 Heine, Thomas Theodor 316
 Heineman, Dannie 432, 439, 440, 463, 499
 Heineman, Hettie 432, 439–40, 499–500
 Heineman, James 439
 Heineman, May 439
 Heinrich XXVII, Prince of Gera-Reuss 191
 Heller, Hugo 123, 140, 147, 148, 152, 157, 161, 163, 167, 170, 173, 201, 205–6, 223
 Hellmann, Irene 187, 200
 Hellmann, Paul 97, 120–21, 157–58, 165, 187, 200, 204–5
 Hendricks, Walter 521
 Henle, Günter 510–11, 530–32
 Henn, Frau 42
 Henry, Bob 520
 Hensel, U. (agent) 93, 107
 Hess, Annie 517, 524, 525
 Hess, Willy 251, 517
 Hesse, Hermann 282, 472, 484–85, 525, 532, 545
 Hesse, Ninon 282, 532
 Heymann, Herr and Frau 318
 Hill, Alfred 493
 Hill, Miss 536
 Hiller-Rückbeil, Emma 550
 Hindemith, Paul 223, 224, 363
 Hindenburg, Paul von 286
 Hinrichson, Walter 378–79
 Hirsch, Robert von 417, 461
 Hirschmann, Ira 362, 366, 398
 Hirshinger, Edna 500
 Hirt, Fritz 380
 His Master's Voice 327–28, 399, 435, 496
 Hitler, Adolf xi, 469
 Hodler, Ferdinand 116
 Hoehn, Herr 167
 Hofmann, Joseph 388
 Hohn, Direktor 316
 Hohner, Hilde 526
 Holbein, Hans 45
 Holland, Sir Thomas 319
 Holm (singer) 364
 Hölscher, Ludwig 489
 Homolka, Florence (née Meyer) 446
 Honegger, Arthur 535
 Honegger, Blanche. *See* Moyse, Blanche (Honegger-)
 Honegger, Henri ("Riri") 269, 340
 Hoogstraaten, Willem van 555
 Horn, Frau 278
 Horowitz, Vladimir 341–43, 384, 389, 415, 421, 422, 429
 Horszowsky, Mieczyslaw 309, 310
 Huber, Herr 258
 Huberman, Bronislaw 68, 160, 362, 465, 469
 Hug (publishers) 232
 Hull, Helen H. (née Astor) 440
 Hüni (Zurich agent) 185–86
 Hurok, Sol 366
 Hutchinson, Victor Hugh 454
 Ibbes & Tillet (agency) 494, 496
 Ibsen, Henrik 20
 Idel, Marianne (née Horster) 134
 Idel, Peter 134
 Irene (nurse) 511
 Ising, Herr and Frau 249, 404
 Istomin, Eugene 458
 Joachim, Joseph 8, 156, 168, 216, 531, 551, 559
 Hungarian Concerto 26, 140, 177, 418
 Hungarian Dances (Brahms) 32
 Variations 26, 84, 86, 100
 Joachim Quartet 3, 58, 83
 Johansen, Miss 457
 Jones, Basil 366–67, 368, 453
 Jonsson, Asgrimur 477, 522, 557
 Jonsson, Björn 475

- Jonsson, Ragnar 475–77, 484, 501, 522, 548
 Judson, Arthur 400
 Julie (Vischers' maid in Basel) 244
 Kaempfert, Max 83, 87
 Kahler, Erich 457–58, 541
 Kahn, Robert 363
 Kalbeck, Max 27, 143
 Kaminski, Heinrich
 Jürg Jenatsch 264
 Kammersänger, Herr 349, 355
 Kant, Immanuel 169
 Kantorowitz und Schulthess
 (agency) 466
 Karer (soldier) 112
 Karlen, Emmi. *See* Witzinger, Emmi
 (née Karlen)
 Katz, Frau 359
 Kaufmann, Ambassador 451
 Kempner, Barbara 471, 493
 Kempner, Fritz 471
 Kennicott, M. B.
 Das Herz ist wach 330
 Kerber, Herr 66
 Kersey, Eda 454
 Kickton, Dr. 285
 Kiefer, Frau Präsident 198
 Kienzl, Wilhelm 343
 Kinsky, Robert 293, 296, 309, 311, 312, 323, 340
 Kipnis, Alexander 340
 Kistner-Verlag 302
 Kjarval, Jóhannes Sveinsson 522
 Kleiber, Erich 294, 422
 Klingner 33
 Klingler Quartet 36, 83
 Knauer (violinist) 260
 Knepler, Hugo (agent) 131, 133, 148
 Knoblauch, Herr 136, 151, 173, 188
 Kokoschka, Oskar 223
 Kolisch Quartet 362
 Koussevitsky, Serge 433, 491
 Krämer 29
 Kraus, Dr. von 148, 150
 Krauss, Clemens 260
 Krebs, Carl 203
 Krebs, Otto 238–39, 248, 249, 269
 Krehl, Prof. Rudolf 448
 Kreisler, Fritz 194, 323, 337, 419
 Kretzchmar, Hermann 338
 Kreutzer, Rudolph
 Etudes 297, 366, 429, 503
 Krüger, Frau 28
 Kruse, Councilor 33
 Kuhl-Dahlmann, Frau 208
 Kulenkampff, Georg 160, 163, 464, 467, 468
 Künnecke, Eduard 415
 Kunwald 69
 Kurmann, Fräulein 17
 Kutzschbach, Hermann Ludwig
 138, 309
 Lalo, Édouard 318
 Sinfonie espagnole 26
 Violin Concerto in F 26
 Landecker, Herr Dir. 66, 83, 246
 Lange (translator) 20
 Lanz, Herr 200
 Lasalle (mailman) 520
 Lashanska-Rosenbaum, Hulda 387
 Leclair, Jean Marie, L'aine 19
 Leff, Frau 56
 Lehár, Franz
 The Merry Widow 311
 Lehman, Governor Herbert 388
 Lehmann, Lilli 66, 83, 84, 85, 88, 89, 92, 141, 245–47, 258
 Leopold, Prince of Bavaria 134
 Lersch, Heinrich 188
 Leschetizsky, Theodor 181
 Leuzinger (bassoonist) 467
 Leventritt, Edgar 423
 Leventritt, Rosalie ("Winnie") 423, 437, 440, 445, 450, 491, 492, 497
 Levin (manager) 362, 366, 398
 Lexer, Prof. 278
 Lichtenhan, Lucas 351, 358, 545–46
 Lindenmann, Herr 85

- Lindner, Adalbert 224
 Lorentz, Elizabeth (née Meyer) 446
 Lortzing, Albert
 Der Waffenschmied 10
 Löwe, Ferdinand 49, 56, 84, 85, 97,
 116, 122, 140, 143, 148, 161, 163,
 173, 240
 Ludmilla (Viennese maid) 98, 102,
 103, 104, 105
 Ludwig (cellist) 33–35
 Ludwig III, King of Bavaria 134
 Lüscher, Adele 417, 436, 529
 Lüscher, Jean Jacques ("Schangi")
 417, 436, 509, 529, 531, 553, 561
 Lützel 28
 Maag, Otto 460–61, 463–70, 474
 Maag, Peter 467, 469
 Mahler, Gustav 35, 36, 64
 Kindertotenlieder 35
 Symphonies 49
 No. 2 in C minor 221
 No. 4 in G 36
 No. 8 in E-flat 81
 Maison, René 352
 Mandyczewski, Eusebius 58, 180
 Mann, Katia 428
 Mann, Michael 428–29
 Mann, Thomas 316, 392, 472
 Joseph and his Brothers 311
 The Magic Mountain 159
 Marie (Viennese maid) 184
 Marinuzzi, Giuseppe 286
 Marlboro School of Music 521, 527,
 535, 561
 Marteau, Henri 66, 83, 154–55, 559
 Martucci, Giuseppe 384
 Matteotti, Giacomo 469
 Mautner, Herr and Frau 108, 164
 Mayer, Lady Dorothy 542
 Mayer, Sir Robert 542
 Meiningen, Princess Marie of 97,
 103, 104, 154
 Melchior, Lauritz 291, 443
 Mendelssohn, Francesco ("Cesco")
 von 238, 241, 265, 493, 560
 Mendelssohn, "Pummi" von 243
 Mendelssohn-Bartholdi, Frau 166
 Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix 360
 Hebrides Overture 414
 Piano Trio No. 1 in D minor (op. 49)
 388
 Quartets 268
 Quartet in D (op. 44, No. 1) 476
 Symphonies 418
 Violin Concerto in E minor (op. 64)
 20, 26, 100, 131–32, 133–34, 137,
 143, 177, 365, 379, 392, 453
 Mengelberg, Willem 205, 253
 Menuhin, Hepzibah 262
 Menuhin, Moshe 261, 262, 263, 268,
 270, 271
 Menuhin, Yaltah 262
 Menuhin, Yehudi viii, 256, 261,
 262–63, 264, 265, 267–68, 269–71,
 421, 422, 460
 Meyer, Agnes E. 402–3, 413, 429–32,
 446
 Meyer, Dr. Bill 446
 Meyer, Elizabeth. *See* Lorentz,
 Elizabeth (née Meyer)
 Meyer, Eugene 402, 429, 430
 Meyer, Eugene Bradley 446
 Meyer, Florence. *See* Homolka,
 Florence (née Meyer)
 Meyer, Katherine. *See* Graham,
 Katherine (née Meyer)
 Milnes, Miss 6
 Milstein, Nathan 421
 Mittler, Franz 80, 81
 Möckel, Paul Otto 154
 Moeschlin family 165
 Moissi, Alexander 158, 159, 161,
 164, 165, 170, 172, 181
 Molinari, Bernardino 243
 Moltke, Fleming von 390, 406, 441,
 444, 451
 Moltke, Gisela Countess von (née
 Busch) 224, 283, 286, 290, 292, 294,

- Moltke, Gisela Countess von (née Busch) (*cont.*)
 296, 312, 337, 347, 349, 356, 371, 376, 400, 405, 406, 409, 415, 427, 441, 444, 451
- Moltke, Ove Count von 377, 400, 406, 409, 427, 441, 444, 451
- Moltke, Yvonne von 427, 441, 444
- Morel, Fritz 468, 470
- Mörke, Eduard 8
- Morini, Carlo 340
- Moussorgsky, Modest
Boris Godunow 224, 235, 441, 469
Khovanshchina 248
- Moyse, Blanche (Honegger-) 340, 348–49, 356, 521, 526, 539
- Moyse, Louis 521, 526
- Moyse, Marcel 346, 518, 521, 526
- Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus x, 78, 141, 143, 146, 207, 237, 246–47, 249, 253, 257, 259, 273, 298, 312, 316, 332, 335, 339, 369, 372, 374, 380, 392, 443, 492, 520, 531
The Abduction from the Seraglio 330
Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K. 546) 372, 373–75
La Clemenza di Tito 351, 353
Così fan tutte 248, 249, 250, 259, 262, 294, 295, 309, 328, 406
Don Giovanni 207–8, 328, 335–36, 344–45, 368, 369
Flute Quartet in D (K. 285) 323
The Magic Flute 367–68, 369, 370, 469
The Marriage of Figaro 204, 446, 447
Piano Concertos
 No. 21 in C (K. 467) 366
 No. 24 in C minor (K. 491) 369, 451
 No. 27 in B-flat (K. 595) 369
Piano Trios 188
Quartets 87, 268, 362, 552
- No. 14 in G (K. 387) 211
 No. 19 in C (K. 465) 362
 No. 21 in D (K. 575) 66
- Quintets*
 No. 2 in C minor (K. 406) 521
 No. 3 in C (K. 515) 521
 No. 4 in G minor (K. 516) 521
- Rondo in C for Violin and Orchestra* (K. 373) 365
- Serenade in D* (K. 250, "Haffner") 146, 313
- Serenata notturna in D* (K. 239) 146, 521
- Sonatas* 510
Sonata in E-flat (two movements) 195
- Symphonies*
 No. 31 in D (K. 297, "Paris") 421
 No. 38 in D (K. 504, "Prague") 259
 No. 40 in G minor (K. 550) x
 No. 41 in C (K. 551, "Jupiter") 421, 442
- Violin Concertos* 78, 100, 348
 No. 4 in D (K. 218) 26, 143, 177, 199, 323, 337
 No. 5 in A (K. 219) 26, 66, 69, 143, 146, 220, 260, 518, 548
- Muck, Carl 251
- Müller, Dr. 309
- Müller, Dr. Friedrich von 278
- Müller, Pauline 387, 417
- Müller-Reuter, Theodor 26
- Münch, Hans 224, 499, 530, 557
- Muschenheim, Elsa 366, 387, 388
- Muschenheim, Frederick A. 366, 387, 388
- Mussolini, Benito 323, 465
- Muzio, Claudio 286
- Negri, Baroness von. See Nova, Ellen von
- Neitzel, Otto 38
- Nestroy, Johann Nepomuk 451
- Neufeld (conductor) 530

- Neveu, Ginette 361
 Ney, Elly 110, 187, 489, 555
 Niemeyer, Prof. 20
 Nikisch, Arthur 31, 61, 113, 122, 139, 294
 Nova, Ellen von 84, 85
 Oertli, Dr. Hans 417, 435, 501
 Offenbach, Jacques
 Orpheus in the Underworld 45, 346
 Olafson, Björn 484, 503
 Ophüls, Gustav Friedrich 14, 26, 27, 30, 32, 33–35
 Oppenheim (conductor) 347
 Oppenheim, Herr von 6
 Orgeni, Aglaja 84
 Ormandy, Eugene 366, 402, 547
 Ormandy, Margrit ("Gretel") 547
 Ormandy, Steffi (née Goldner) 366
 Ortega y Gasset, José 528
 Ossietzky, Carl von 377
 Paganini, Nicolò 181, 199, 251, 552
 Caprice in E-flat 251
 Etudes vii
 Palma, Athos 349
 Panizza, Ettore 309
 Panzner, Karl 14, 26, 121, 130, 187, 189
 Pape, Herr 168
 Paray, Paul 469
 Passigli, Alberto 321–22, 325, 460
 Pataky, Koloman von 340
 Pattiera, Tino 284
 Pearce, Peggy 297, 494, 495, 496
 Pellegrini, Alfred H. 187, 236, 237, 257, 417, 498, 518, 545, 546
 Pembauer, Joseph 148
 Perera, Caroline 387
 Perera, Lydia 387
 Perry, Dr. 453
 Pessina, Carlos 329
 Peters (painter) 99, 100
 Peters, C. F. (publishers) 23–24, 328, 334, 338, 340
 Peters, Rudolf 179–80, 215, 236–38, 290
 Pfitzner, Hans 132
 Piano Trio 188
 Philippi, Maria 31, 40, 208
 Phillips-Hill, Mr. 493
 Piening, Karl 32
 Piper-Verlag 316
 Pizzetti, Ildebrando 345
 Plesch, Dr. 309
 Poensgen, Ella 112
 Polatschek, Victor 402
 Polo, Enrico 325
 Pons, Lily 309
 Preiswerk, Gertrud (née Vischer) 244
 Preming (conductor) 28, 148
 Prohaska, Herr 54
 Quinn, Edith 494
 Quinn, Louie 494, 520
 Raabe, Wilhelm 490
 Rachmaninoff, Serge 254, 396
 Rascher-Verlag 513–14
 Raube, P. 31
 Ravel, Maurice 373
 Daphnis and Chloë 259
 Redlich, Hans Ferdinand 200, 205
 Reger, Elsa 9, 193
 Reger, Max ix, 9, 13, 23–24, 25, 27, 29, 30, 33, 56, 57, 61, 64, 92–93, 94, 95–96, 107, 108, 111, 116, 118, 122, 127–28, 135–37, 139, 141, 142, 144, 145, 150–51, 152, 154, 155, 157–58, 161, 162, 165, 166, 167, 170, 171, 182, 183, 185, 203, 215, 224, 237, 254, 256, 319, 320, 343, 344, 418, 451, 459, 552, 554, 559
 Andante con moto in B minor/major (op. 94) 459
 Bach Variations (op. 81) 361, 365, 366
 Böcklin Suite (op. 128) 119, 161, 421
 Burlesque in G minor (op. 59) 459
 Chaconne in G minor (op. 117, No. 4) 29

- Reger, Max (cont.)
Choral Fantasy "How Brightly Glims the Morning Star" (op. 40, No. 1) 372, 373, 406
Concerto in F in the Olden Style (op. 123) 52
Fantasy and Fugue in C minor for Organ (op. 29) 442
Hiller Variations (op. 100) 157, 161, 166, 217, 392
Introduction, Passacaglia and Fugue in E minor for Organ (op. 127) 162
Mozart Variations (op. 132) 119
Piano Concerto in F minor (op. 114) 157
Piano Quartets 194
 No. 1 in D minor (op. 113) 64, 65, 94
 No. 2 in A minor (op. 133) 94, 144, 145
Piano Trio in E minor (op. 102) 35 [incorrectly given as G minor?], 188, 552
Quartets 119, 268, 362
 Two Quartets, in G minor and in A (op. 54) 229
 Quartet in D minor (op. 74) 353
Requiem 157
Romantic Suite (op. 125) 276, 392
Römischer Triumphgesang (op. 126) 49
Rondo capriccioso (op. 147) 150–51, 152, 559
Serenade in G for Orchestra (op. 95) 459
Sextet in F (op. 118) 119
Solo Sonatas (op. 42 and op. 91) 161
Sonatas
 No. 5 in F-sharp minor (op. 84) 253
 No. 6 in E minor (op. 122) 122
 No. 7 in C minor (op. 139) 135, 136, 137, 210
 Sonatine in D minor (op. 103b, No. 1) 27, 194
 Sonatine in A (op. 103b, No. 2) 27
 Suites 157
 Suite in F in the Olden Style (op. 93) 193, 210
 Symphonic Prologue (op. 108) 157, 161, 166, 199, 390
 Trio in A minor (op. 77b) 64
 Two Songs (op. 144 a and b) 166
 Violin Concerto in A (op. 101) 9, 13, 14, 16, 23–24, 25, 26, 29, 33, 79, 84, 85, 86, 87, 93, 154, 155, 157, 161, 163, 166, 171, 177, 194, 211, 212, 256, 377–79, 380, 418, 420, 442, 553, 559
 Die Weihe der Nacht (op. 119) 161
Reifenberg, Herr and Frau 45
Reiff, Hermann 287, 296, 300, 555
Reiff, Lily (née Sertorius) 287, 296, 300, 428, 498, 554–56
Reiner, Fritz 219
Reinhardt, Max 247
Kurt Reiss-Verlag 466, 468, 474
Reitz, Karl 6–8, 17, 64, 211, 562
Rembrandt, Harmensz van Rijn 45
Respighi, Ottorino 309
Reuter, Hermann 106, 125
Reuters (news service) 117, 128, 314
Ribaupierre, André de 468
Rice, Tom Spring 454
Ridder, Herr de 29
Rilke, Rainer Maria 280, 504
Rimsky-Korsakov, Nikolai 241
Ritz, Gertrud 360, 416, 423
Ritz, Dr. Hans 416
Roemisch, Käthe 106, 159, 160, 167, 172, 175, 194–95, 196, 198, 260, 506–7
Roemisch, Wolfgang 106, 159, 160, 167, 172, 175, 194–96, 198, 210, 260, 332
Röhm, Ernst 310
Rohrbach (writer) 128

- Roms, Maxim 50
 Röntgen, Julius 47, 53, 89, 281
 Roosevelt, Eleanor 361
 Roosevelt, Franklin Delano 361, 446
 Rosé, Arnold 187, 223
 Rosé Quartet 35–36
 Rosegger, Peter 352
 Rosenstock, Joseph 260
 Rosenthal, Moritz 432–33
 Roth Quartet 362
 Rothschild, Fritz 50–51, 59, 87, 113, 115–16, 562
 Rothwell, Evelyne. *See* Barbirolli, Evelyne (née Rothwell)
 Rottenberg, Ludwig 133
 Rubens, Peter Paul 551
 Ruhland, Prof. 110
 Saal (cellist) 224
 Sacco, Nicola 249
 Sachs, Jules (concert agents) 67, 69, 146
 Saint-Saëns, Camille
 Violin Concerto in B minor 26
 Salin, Prof. Edgar 289
 Salter (concert agency) 69
 San Martino, Conte 386
 Sauer, Emil von 343
 Sauerbruch, Ernst Ferdinand 464
 Savoff, Marianne (née Andreae) 498
 Saxe-Meiningen, Bernhard III, Duke of 111
 Saxe-Meiningen, Charlotte, Duchess of 147, 148
 Saxe-Meiningen, George, Duke of 148
 Schaichet (violinist) 95
 Schalk, Franz 56
 Scheinflug, Paul 55
 Scherchen, Hermann 256, 467, 501
 Schiff, Dr. 351
 Schipa, Tito 309
 Schkölziger, Ruth (née Andreae) 427, 498
 Schleicher, General Kurt von 310
 Schliessmann, Hans 206
 Schmid, Alfred (concert agency) 93, 107
 Schmid-Linden, Herr 166
 Schmidt-konz, Prof. 193–94
 Schmitz-Scholl, Elli 10, 17, 33, 38, 120, 183–84, 352, 560
 Schmitz-Scholl, Wilhelm 10, 17, 33, 38, 120, 183–84, 249, 560
 Schnabel, Artur 122, 537, 542
 Schnabel, Therese 537
 Schnéevoigt, Georg 225
 Schneider, Alexander 481
 Schnitzler, Dr. 86
 Schoeck, Othmar 467
 Scholz 35, 36
 Schoenberg, Arnold 58
 Schraml, Herr 323
 Schubert, Franz 110, 360, 455, 456, 531
 Fantasy in C (D. 934) 117
 Piano Quintet in A (D. 667, "Trout") 122, 195
 Piano Trios
 No. 1 in B-flat (D. 898) 122, 188
 No. 2 in E-flat (D. 929) 188
 Quartets 552
 Quartet in D (D. 74 or 94) 268
 No. 13 in A minor (D. 804) 66
 No. 14 in D minor (D. 810, "Death and the Maiden") 362
 No. 15 in G (D. 887) 362
 Quintet in C (D. 956) 122
 Rosamunde (D. 797) 69
 Die schöne Müllerin (D. 795) 443
 Sonatas 474, 519
 Symphony No. 6 in C (D. 589) 81
 Die Winterreise (D. 911) 443
 Schuch, Ernst von 219
 Schulthess, Max 30–31, 163, 165, 166, 171
 Schulthess, Walter 494, 507

- Schultz, Gertrud ("Trudel," née Busch) 258, 398, 400, 402, 403, 404, 408, 409
- Schumacher, Dr. (magistrate) 156
- Schumann, Clara 159
- Schumann, Georg 251
- Schumann, Robert 2-3, 31, 48, 360, 392, 474
Die Dichterliebe (op. 48) 443
Fantasy in C (op. 131) 30, 195, 199
Konzertstücke 26
Quartets 362
No. 1 in A minor (op. 41, No. 1) 66
Symphony No. 1 in B-flat 364
Trios 45
- Schuricht, Carl 322
- Schuster, Lady Lucy 494
- Schütz, Heinrich
The German Litany 450
- Schweitzer, Albert 262
- Sebastian, Georges 418
- Senkspiel, Lisbeth (née Busch) 258
- Seraf, Dora 160
- Serafin, Tullio 296, 460
- Serkin, Amalie ("Maltschi"). *See* Buchthal, Amalie (née Serkin)
- Serkin, Elisabeth 400, 417, 436, 483, 497, 498, 520, 529
- Serkin, Irene (née Busch) 182, 183-85, 187, 188, 189, 194, 195, 196, 199, 201, 205, 211, 223, 225, 241, 243, 244, 253, 259, 262-64, 277, 285, 289, 293, 297, 308, 312, 316, 317-18, 321, 322, 323, 325, 326, 327, 330, 331-32, 337, 340, 341-43, 345, 351, 352, 353, 354, 357-60, 361-62, 363-64, 365, 367, 377, 380, 384, 386-88, 391, 408, 416, 417, 425, 434, 437, 441, 444, 446, 450, 451, 460, 470-71, 472, 474, 479, 480, 481, 484, 485, 491, 492-96, 497-99, 501-4, 505, 506, 507-8, 509, 511-12, 516, 518-21, 522-24, 528-30, 534, 540, 542, 543-44, 546, 556, 559, 560
- Serkin, John 44, 444, 449, 465, 483, 494, 497, 507, 520, 529
- Serkin, Judith 520, 530
- Serkin, Mordecai 326
- Serkin, Peter 494, 505, 512, 520, 529
- Serkin, Rudolf xi, xiii, 220, 223, 236, 238, 241, 249, 251, 252, 253, 254, 256, 259, 262, 265, 269, 270, 271, 272-75, 276, 277, 278, 282, 283, 285, 287, 289, 292, 293, 296-97, 300, 302, 306, 308, 309, 312, 316, 318, 321, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 330, 331-32, 337, 340, 341, 345, 347, 348, 351, 352, 353, 354, 357-58, 359, 360-62, 363, 364, 365-66, 367, 368, 369, 374, 377, 380, 384, 386-87, 388, 389, 391, 393, 398, 401, 405, 408, 411-12, 419, 421, 422, 423, 430, 434, 437, 441, 444, 450, 451, 453, 454, 457, 460, 461, 466, 468, 471, 472, 474, 475, 476, 478, 479, 480, 481, 484, 485, 491, 492, 494-95, 496-97, 498, 499, 501-4, 505, 506, 507, 516, 519, 520, 521, 522, 524, 526, 528, 529, 530, 534-35, 537, 538, 539, 541, 543-44, 546-47, 548, 549, 554, 558, 560, 561
- Serkin, Susan Veronica 470, 474, 483, 485, 486, 561
- Serkin, Ursula 346, 352, 353, 360, 363, 364, 365, 367, 380, 386, 387, 388, 391, 417, 432, 471, 483, 494, 497, 503, 506, 512, 516, 520, 529
- Serkin, Willi 453
- Sevčík, Otakar 160, 488
- Sevčík Quartet 36, 83
- Sforza 464
- Shapiro (Magnes), Frances 426
- Shaw, Robert 441
- Sibelius, Jean 341, 343, 451
Symphony No. 3 491
- Simon, Frau 351

- Simon, Herr 135, 136
- Simrock (publishers) 135, 136, 160, 161–62, 163, 166, 173, 216, 219
- Singher, Jean-Pierre Aime 449
- Singher, Margareta ("Eta," née Busch) 159, 161, 283, 286, 290, 292, 294, 295–96, 308, 312, 335, 337, 340–41, 356, 371, 391, 407, 409, 419–20, 421, 427, 441, 444, 449, 450, 451, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 514
- Singher, Martial 407, 409, 419–20, 421, 427, 441, 443–44, 448, 449, 451
- Singher, Michel ("Lolo") 419, 442, 444, 448, 449, 455, 460
- Sinigaglia, Leone
Violin Concerto in A 26
- Slezak, Leo 107
- Smetana, Bedrich 336, 419, 469
Dances (arranged by Serkin) 363, 519
The Bartered Bride 309, 311, 312, 335
- Soldat-Röger, Marie 45, 54
- Sonnemann, Emmi 283
- Sophocles
Oedipus Rex 181, 182
- Speiser, Paul 349
- Spemann, Adolf 224, 550–53
- Spemann, Hans 552–53
- Spitteler, Carl 8, 116
- Spitzweg, Carl 424
- Spivacke, Harold 412, 521
- Spohr, Ludwig 83, 367
Violin Concertos 26
No. 9 in D minor 177, 194
- Springfeld (pianist) 19
- Stefani (news service) 128
- Stein, Elsie 426
- Stein, Prof. 95
- Steinbach, Clara 38, 68, 70, 84, 104, 107, 134
- Steinbach, Fritz 2, 3, 6, 10, 13, 24, 27, 28–29, 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 67–68, 69–70, 79, 80, 81, 82, 84, 85–86, 87–88, 89, 95, 96, 97–98, 101–5, 106–8, 109, 111, 115–16, 118–19, 121, 122, 127, 128–29, 130–32, 133–34, 137, 138–41, 142, 143–44, 145, 146–47, 148–49, 150, 152, 154, 156–57, 161, 166, 170, 171, 172, 173, 319, 320, 370, 460, 559
- Steinberg, Wilhelm 414, 419, 422, 423–24, 445
- Steiner (violinmaker) 456
- Sterba, Dr. Ditta 479
- Sterba, Dr. Richard 479, 520–21
- Stern, Isaac 417
- Stock, Frederick 272, 433
- Stokowsky, Leopold 410, 423–24
- Stolberg, Prince 164, 181, 182
- Storm, Theodor 8
- Stradivari, Antonio 63, 70, 80, 97, 169, 263, 367, 445, 493, 521, 552, 555, 560
- Stramm, August 223
- Straube, Karl 127, 130, 135, 141, 157, 166
- Straumann, Bruno 483–84
- Straumann, Bruno (violinist) 483–84, 503, 508, 523, 528, 562
- Strauss, Johann
Radetzky March 109, 139
- Strauss, Richard 78, 100, 257, 259, 313, 464
Die ägyptische Helena 259
Arabella 312, 313
Ariadne auf Naxos 442
Elektra 10
Der Rosenkavalier 293
Till Eulenspiegel's lustige Streiche 78
- Stravinsky, Igor 373
- Strebi, Dr. 465
- Strechters 45
- Strub, Max 224
- Stucki, Jürg 340
- Stutschewsky, Joachim 95

- Suggia, Guilhermina 45, 46
 Suter, Hermann 186, 554
 Violin Concerto in A 518, 554
 Sutermeister, Heinrich 467
 Szell, Georg 410, 419, 441, 491
 Piano Quintet 65
 Szell, Lene 491
 Temianka, Henry 428
 Thannhauser, Justin 501
 Thannhauser, Käthe 501
 Thibaud, Jacques 45, 323, 337
 Thomann (violinist) 188
 Tischer-Zeitz (contrabassist) 195
 Tolentino, Miss 496, 505
 Tonger (music shop) 35
 Tornau, Fräulein 201
 Toscanini, Arturo x, 44, 240, 249,
 253, 256, 259–60, 271–77, 273, 274,
 277, 285, 286, 289, 291, 292, 294,
 301, 312, 327, 341–43, 345, 346,
 348, 359, 362, 363, 364, 367, 368,
 370–71, 375, 377–78, 379, 380, 384,
 385, 387, 388, 393, 396, 401, 409,
 419, 421, 422, 429, 448, 452, 459,
 461, 464, 465, 469, 543, 544, 556,
 Toscanini, Carla 363, 384, 387
 Tovey, Lady 321, 330
 Tovey, Sir Donald Francis 45, 46–
 48, 50, 51–54, 55–56, 58, 67, 69, 70–
 77, 77–78, 79–80, 81–82, 116, 280–
 81, 298–99, 305, 307, 316, 319, 321,
 323, 330–31, 375, 376, 411, 454
 Cello Concerto (op. 40) 375
 English Horn Trio in D minor
 (*op. 14*) 54
 Piano Concerto in A (op. 15) 46, 47,
 53
 Piano Quartet in E minor (op. 12)
 52, 54
 Piano Quintets
 No. 1 in C (op. 6) 54
 No. 2 in F-sharp minor 52
 Piano Trios
 No. 1 in B minor (op. 1) 54
 No. 2 in D (op. 27) 52, 54
 Quartett Variations in B-flat
 (*op. 11*) 52, 299, 323, 375
 Solo Sonata in C (op. 29) 70–78, 79–
 80, 81–82
 Sonata in G 52, 55
 Trio for Clarinet, Horn, and Piano in
 C minor (op. 8) 54
 Traubel, Helen 443
 Treichler 32
 Tschaikevsky, Peter Iljitsch 388
 Andante cantabile 400
 Violin Concerto in D (op. 35) 32,
 366, 467
 Ungar, Privy Councilor 26
 Vanzetti, Bartolomeo 249
 Verdi, Giuseppe 259, 367
 Falstaff 238, 239, 249, 346, 368, 370
 La forza del destino 248, 249, 286
 Macbeth 259, 295, 370, 373, 377
 Otello 248, 249, 420, 422, 469
 Quartet in E minor 362
 Requiem 368, 370
 Il Trovatore 420, 421, 422
 I vespri siciliani 241
 Vertel (?) 36
 Victor Records 399
 Vieuxtemps, Henri François Joseph
 32, 181
 Villinger 510
 Viotti, Giovanni Battista
 Duets for Two Violins 553
 Violin Concerto in A minor 26, 177
 Vischer, Adelheid. *See* Burckhardt,
 Adelheid (née Vischer)
 Vischer, Benedict 244, 348, 367,
 416–17, 424, 433–36, 461, 497, 505,
 509, 529
 Vischer, Gertrud (née Oeri) 505,
 529, 544
 Vischer, Gertrud. *See* Preiswerk,
 Gertrud (née Vischer)
 Vischer, Hedwig. *See* Busch,
 Hedwig (née Vischer)

- Vischer, Henriette ("Jotti," née Köchlin) 244, 360, 367, 416-17, 435
 Vivaldi, Antonio
 Violin Concerto in A minor 297
 Vogler, Carl 467
 Volkmer, Herr 66
 Voordewier, Frau (singer) 55
 Wach, Privy Councilor 157
 Wagner, Richard 52, 219, 259, 286, 292, 320, 335, 336, 337, 339, 341, 343, 370, 447, 449
 Der fliegende Holländer 312, 313
 Lohengrin 370, 442
 Die Meistersinger 204, 286, 291, 293, 346, 347, 367, 368
 Parsifal 286, 293, 442
 Der Ring des Nibelungen 133, 295
 Das Rheingold 335, 336, 339
 Die Walküre 309, 310, 311, 312, 335, 339, 347, 370
 Siegfried 335, 336, 339, 340, 370
 Götterdämmerung 339, 443, 446, 447
 Siegfried Idyll 384
 Tannhäuser 248, 249, 335, 336, 337, 442
 Tristan und Isolde 249, 291, 292, 293, 309, 312, 313, 347, 373, 443, 447
 Wagner, Winifred 272
 Waibel, Frau 535
 Walker, Dr. Ernest 497
 Walter, Bruno 346, 451, 481, 505
 Waltmann (?), Prof. 25
 Warburg, Gerald 426
 Waters, Ed 520-21
 Weber, Carl Maria von 219, 259
 Die drei Pintos 15
 Oberon Overture 392
 Weber, Herr 110
 Wegeler, Franz 44
 Wegeler, Herr 179
 Weingartner, Felix 177, 294
 Weinstein Quartet 313
 Weiss, Carlo 500
 Weiss, Hortense ("Tenci") 477, 499, 500-1, 509
 Weiss, Ottocaro 477, 499, 500-1, 509, 517
 Weiss, Piero 501
 Weissbach, Hans 255, 322
 Weisse, Miss 45
 Weissgerber (violist) 50
 Wendling, Karl 198, 222, 223, 238
 West, Aurelius Jefferson ("Westie") 494
 West, Mabel 494
 Whittall, Gertrud 413
 Wieniawski, Henryk 181, 254, 256, 460
 Wilhelm II, Kaiser 112, 119
 Wilson, Woodrow 202
 Winckelmann, Johann Joachim viii
 Winterhalter, Lina 386, 387
 Witte, Georg Hendrik 26
 Witzinger, Emmi (née Karlen) 434
 Witzinger, Felix 332, 434
 Wolff (concert agency, Berlin) 69, 145, 146, 147, 149, 150, 203
 Wolff, Albert 422
 Wolff, Christian 471, 473
 Wolff, Helen 473
 Wolff, Kurt 471-73, 479-80, 482, 503
 Wolfsohn, Wolfe 542
 Wolfram (friend of Reger's) 157
 Wood, Sir Henry 454
 Woolf, Rowsby 454
 Zaharoff, Herr 521
 Zimbalist, Efrem 536-37
 Zimmerli, Bürgermeister 380, 403
 Zirato, Bruno 418
 Zorn, Hanna 19, 20
 Zur Mühlen, Raimund von 551